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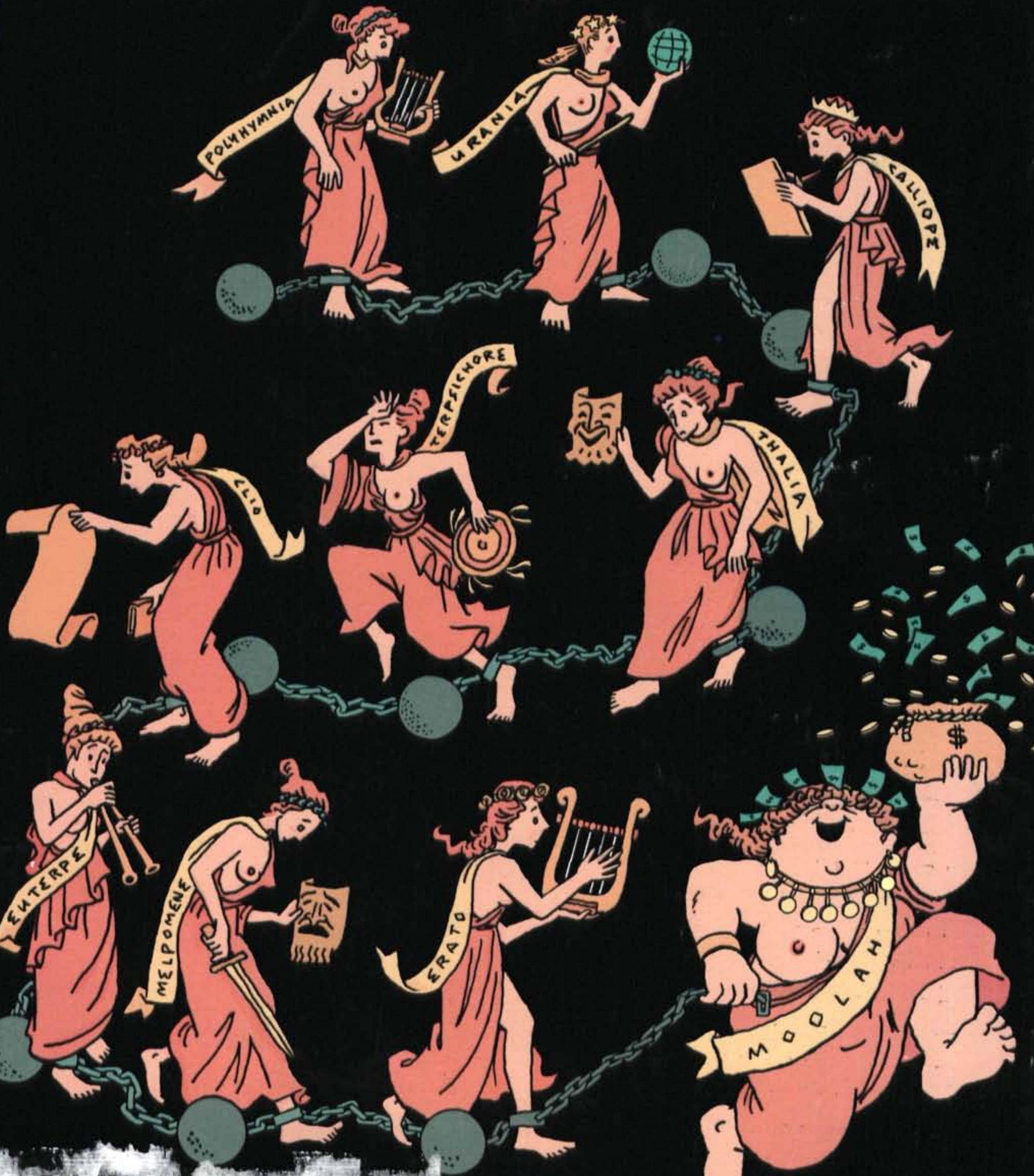
# THE NEW YORKER

OCT. 15, 2001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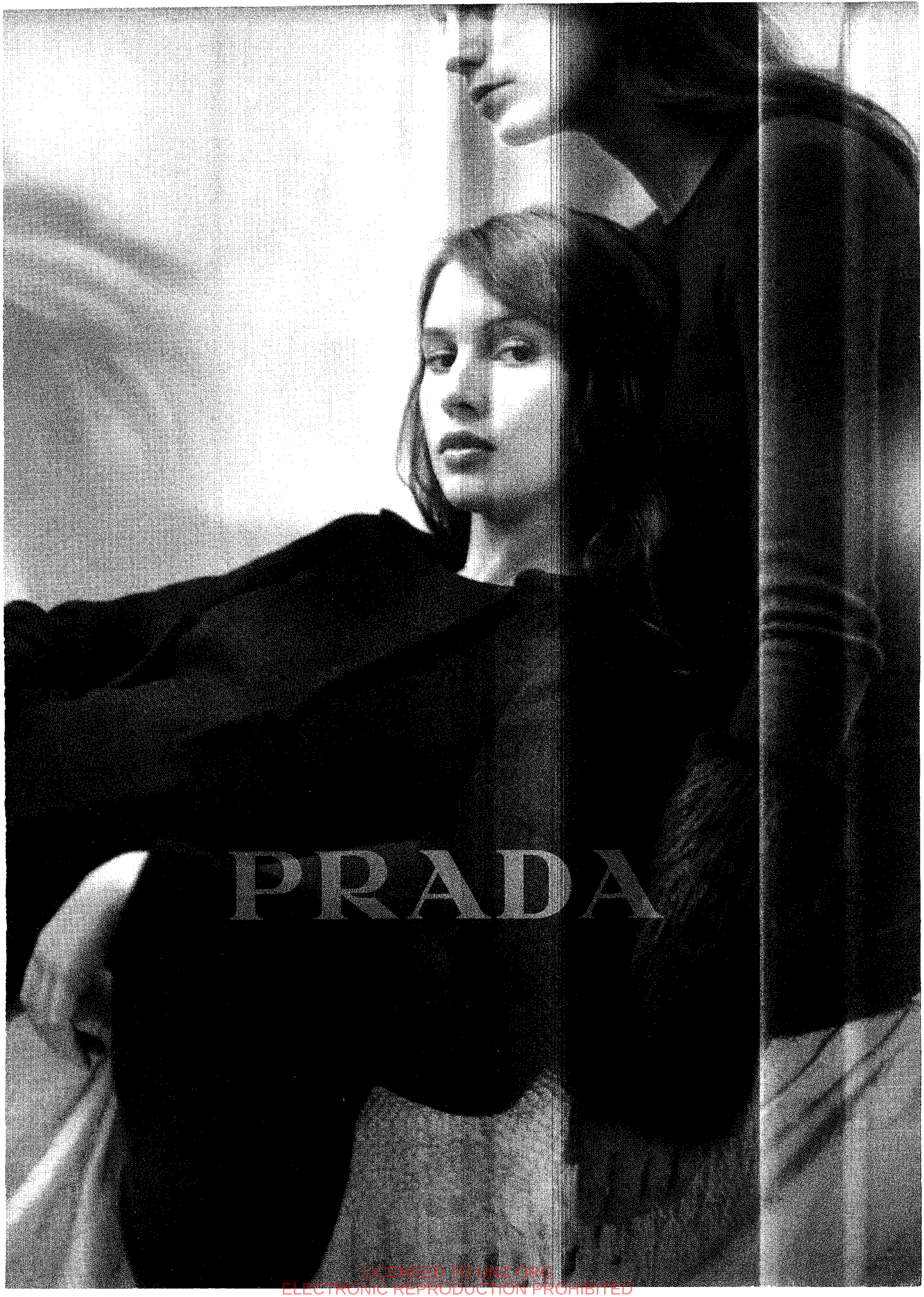
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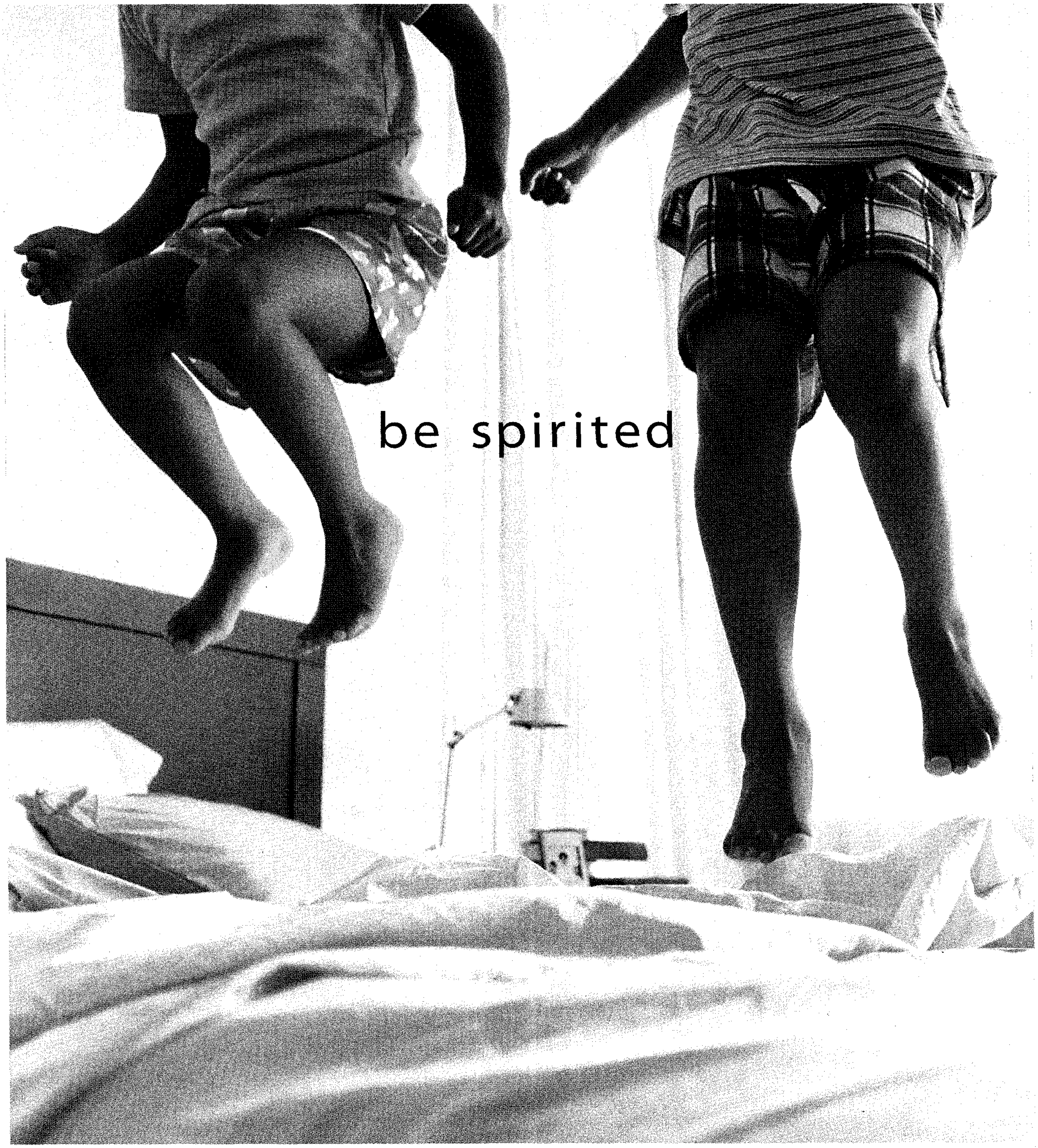

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# THE CULTURE BUSINESS

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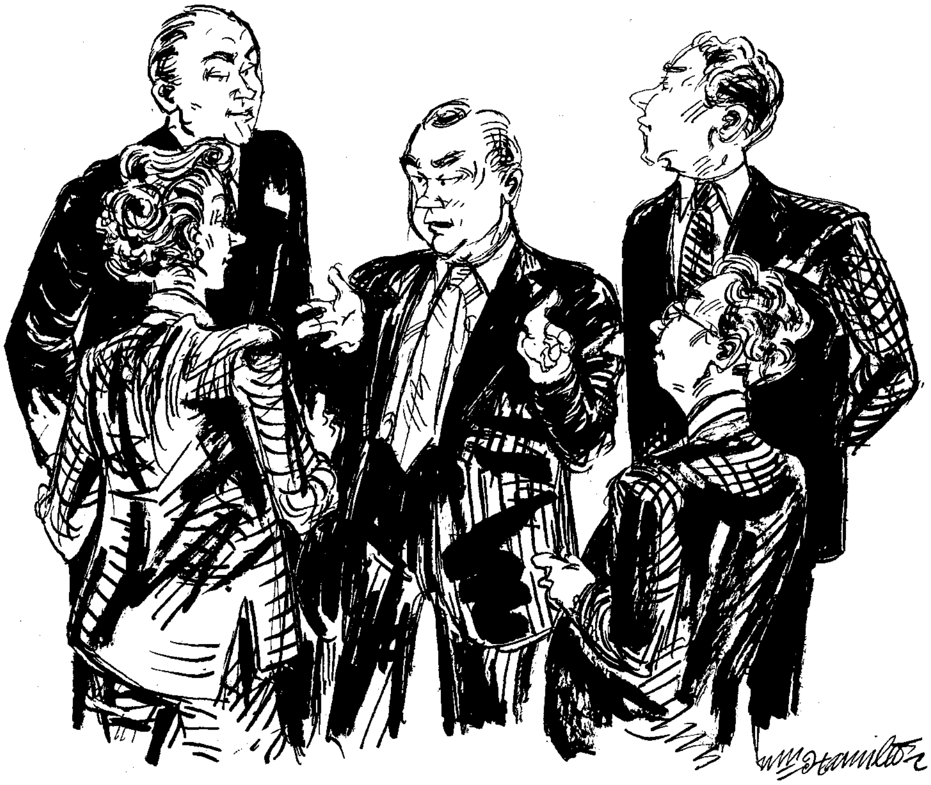

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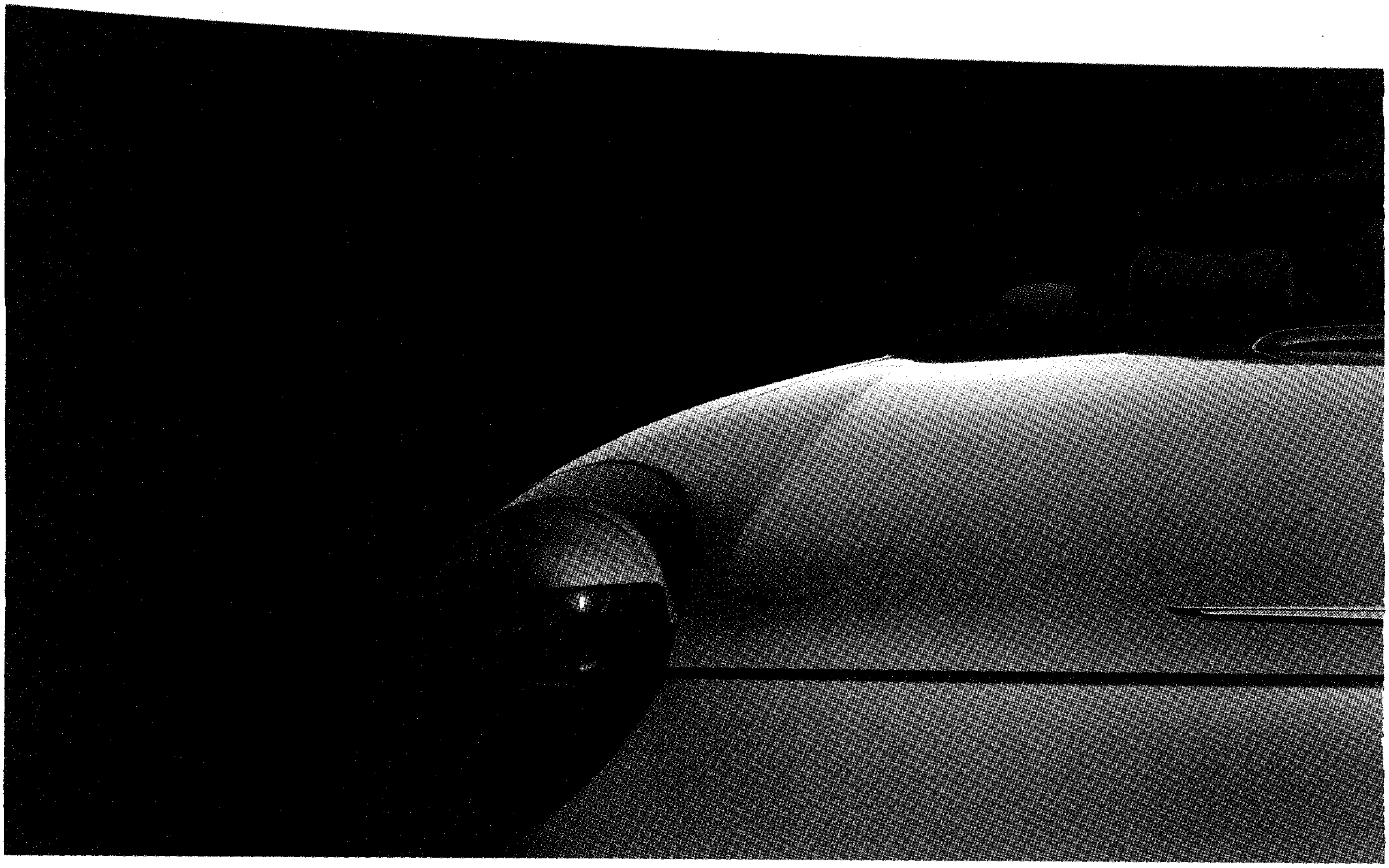

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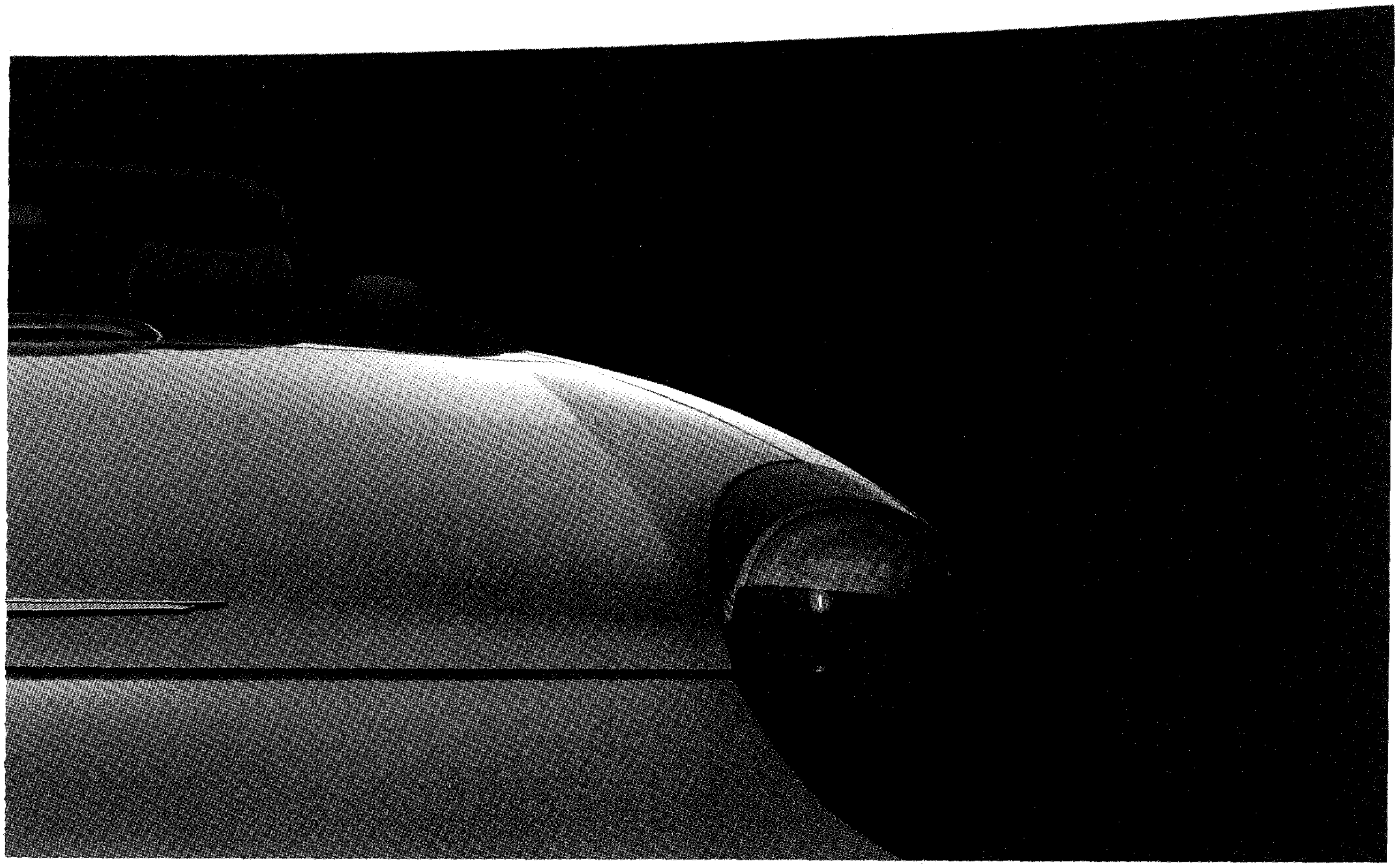

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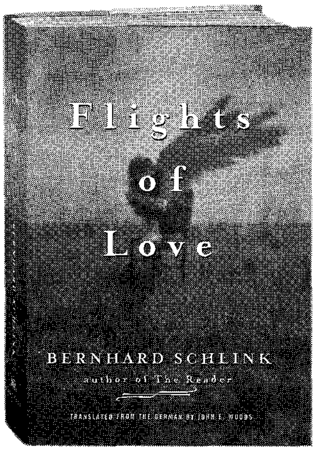

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# CONTRIBUTORS

James B. Stewart ("Bidding War," p. 158) has been a contributor to the magazine since 1993. His books include "Den of Thieves" and "Blind Eye."

Kenzaburo Oe (American Encounter, p. 123) has a new novel, "Rouse Up, O Young Men of the New Age," coming out in March. He was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1994.

Susan Orlean ("Art for Everybody," p. 124) has written five books, including "The Bullfighter Checks Her Makeup."

Héctor Tobar (American Encounter, p. 132) is the Buenos Aires bureau chief for the Los Angeles *Times*, and is the author of "The Tattooed Soldier," a novel.

John Lahr ("The Alchemist," p. 88) is the co-author, with Elaine Stritch, of "Elaine Stritch at Liberty," which opens in New York on October 27th.

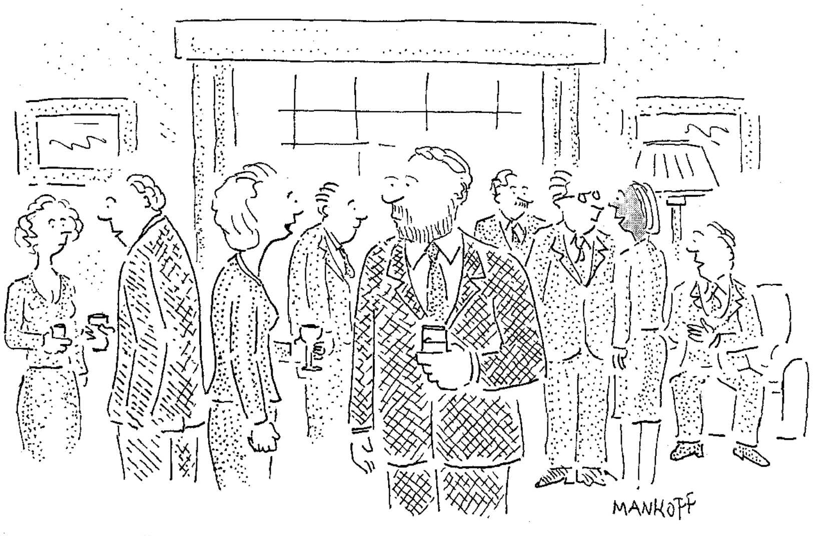
Louise Erdrich (Fiction, p. 188) has published two volumes of poetry and seven novels, including "The Last Report on the Miracles at Little No Horse," which came out in April.

Anchee Min (American Encounter, p. 181), the author of "Becoming Madame Mao," will publish her third novel, "Wild Ginger," in the spring.

Larissa MacFarquhar ("The Producer," p. 176) is a staff writer.

Nuruddin Farah (American Encounter, p. 163) is the author of the Blood in the Sun trilogy—"Maps," "Gifts," and "Secrets"—and of a nonfiction work, "Yesterday, Tomorrow."

Aleksandar Hemon (American Encounter, p. 170) recently published his first collection of short stories, "The Question of Bruno." ◆



*"Bush is starting to grow on me—sometimes he actually seems almost mayoral."*

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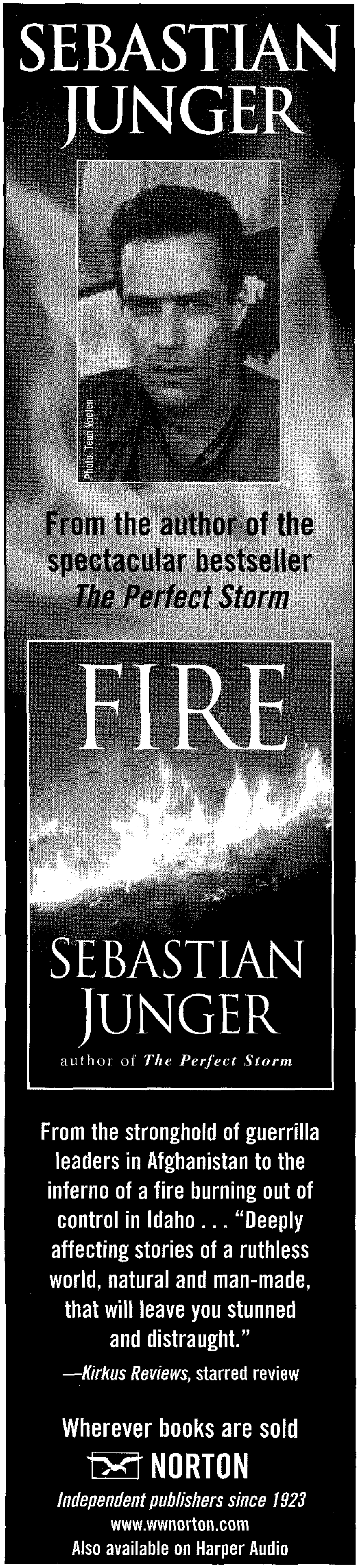
SEBASTIAN JUNGER

Photo: Teun Voeten

From the author of the spectacular bestseller *The Perfect Storm*

FIRE
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# THE MAIL

## THE NEW HIJACKERS

Malcolm Gladwell claims that security measures like the Cooper Vane "simply chased out the amateurs and left the clever and the audacious" ("Safety in the Skies," October 1st). But more than cleverness distinguishes a few guys with parachutes from teams of terrorists willing to die for their cause. We're not dealing with a tougher version of the ransom-motivated hijackers of old, who seem to have been dissuaded by the suicidal techniques that are now necessary to bring down a plane. This is a new type entirely, and its emergence may have less to do with the unintended consequences of airport security, as Gladwell argues, than with larger social and political changes here and abroad. If so, could the sophisticated screening procedures that Gladwell describes really pick out hijackers without being "discriminatory on the basis of ethnicity"? And, if they could, would we want the world that Gladwell imagines, where the elderly Park Avenue man breezes through the airport while the cash-paying, credit-weak poor, travelling from one unritzy address to another, have to wait in a special line to be "screened . . . scrutinized . . . [and] asked to undergo an electronic strip search"? If we want to prevent hijackings, we should look for other tools.

*Nicholas Beauchamp*
*Baltimore, Md.*

## BIN LADEN AND THE COURTS

In his story on the possibility of suing Osama bin Laden, Jeffrey Toobin notes that "people feel better when they know they can file a lawsuit" (The Talk of the Town, October 1st). Lawsuits aren't therapy, though, or shouldn't be. To value them that way distorts both the suits and the system. If our judicial system is, instead, about justice, a successful civil suit would simply be a grand irony, considering our inability so far to call bin Laden or anyone else to account for the September 11th attacks with any certainty. It is, in any event, hard to imagine that anyone who was directly affected by these terrorist acts would "feel better" knowing that a civil court had found against bin Laden to the tune of three million, or three hundred billion, dollars. What would the lawyers and the families of the victims say when they won? "We really showed him"?

*Mark Lenz*
*Astoria, N.Y.*

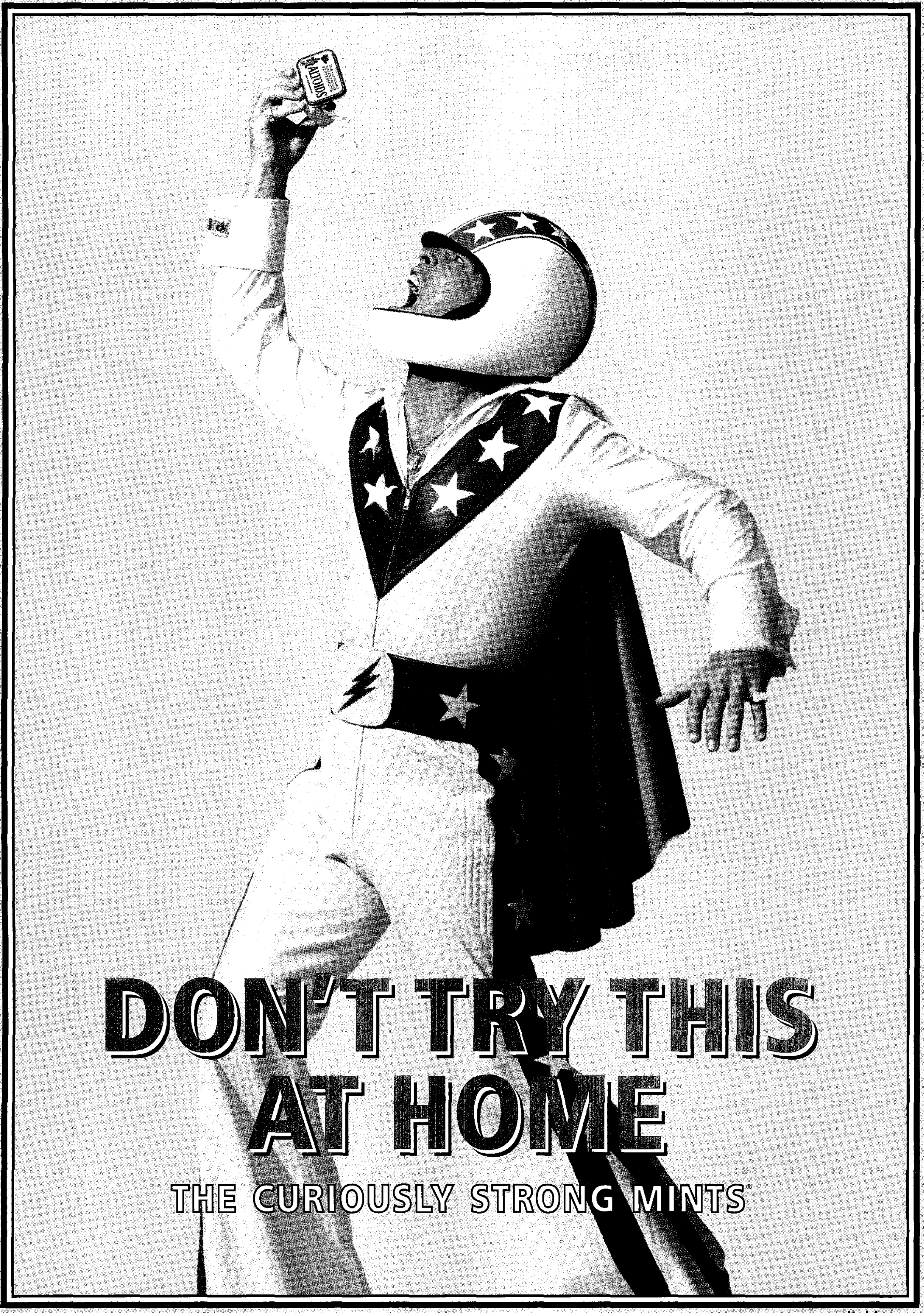
## HOLDEN'S WAR

Louis Menand points out that J. D. Salinger's character Seymour Glass can be seen (and too often is not) as "a war casualty" ("Holden at Fifty," October 1st). The same can be said of Holden Caulfield. In Salinger's "This Sandwich Has No Mayonnaise," a story, told from Holden's brother's point of view, that first appeared in *Esquire* in October, 1945, we are informed that Holden has been killed in the war, or is at least missing in action. His brother, also serving in the Army, is on the back of a truck, trying to stay dry—on account of "the crazy Georgia rain." As the editors of a collection of *Esquire* stories later noted, " 'This Sandwich Has No Mayonnaise' takes place *after* the end of 'The Catcher in the Rye,' and in it Holden Caulfield's brother remembers things that happened *before* 'The Catcher in the Rye.' " (Salinger has jumbled the time frame, as he did in his stories about the Glass family.) The story ends with a painful admonishment to the probably dead brother: "Where are you, Holden? Never mind this Missing stuff. Stop playing around. Show up. Show up somewhere. . . . Stop letting people think you're Missing. Stop wearing my robe to the beach. Stop taking the shots on my side of the court. Stop whistling. Sit up to the table."

*Elon Green*
*New Canaan, Conn.*

•

*Letters should be sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to "The Mail," The New Yorker, 4 Times Square, New York, N.Y. 10036-6592. They can also be faxed to 212-286-5047 or sent via E-mail to themail@newyorker.com. Letters may be edited for length and clarity, and may be published in any medium; we regret that owing to the volume of correspondence we cannot reply to every letter.*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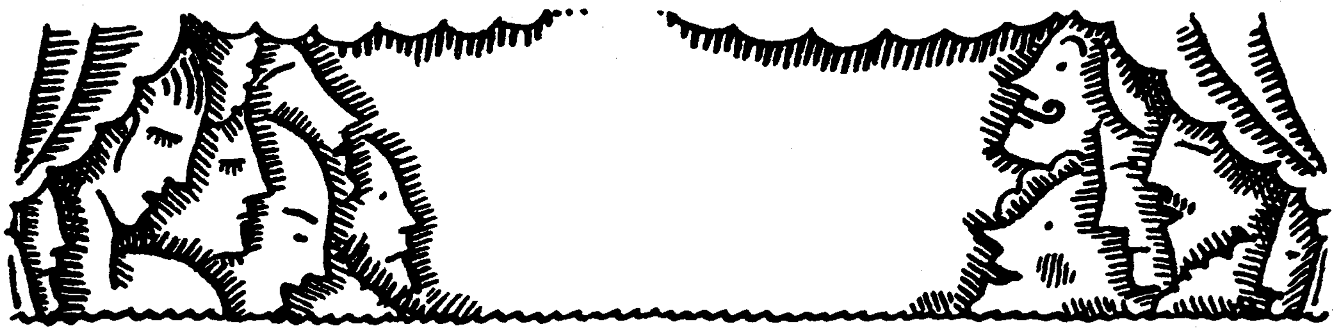

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## THE THEATRE
## OPENINGS & PREVIEWS

*Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.*

**AN ADULT EVENING OF SHEL SILVERSTEIN**
The Atlantic Theatre Company opens the season with ten one-acts by the writer-cartoonist-composer-lyricist. In previews. (336 W. 20th St. 239-6200.)

**BLOODY POETRY**
Howard Brenton's 1984 drama about the relationship between Byron and Shelley. Preview on Oct. 10. Opens Oct. 11 at 7. (Connelly Theatre, 220 E. 4th St. 674-2716.)

**THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (ABRIDGED)**
A revival of Adam Long, Daniel Singer, and Jess Winfield's comedy, in which three actors (Peter Ackerman, Jeremy Shamos, and David Turner) perform thirty-seven plays and a hundred and fifty-four sonnets in under two hours. In previews through Oct. 14. Opens Oct. 15 at 7. (Century Center, 111 E. 15th St. 239-6200.)

**DANCE OF DEATH**
Ian McKellen and Helen Mirren portray Strindberg's tortured husband and wife in a new adaptation written by Richard Greenberg and directed by Sean Mathias. David Strathairn, Anne Pitoniak, Keira Naughton, and Eric Martin Brown are also in the cast. Two previews on Oct. 10. Opens Oct. 11 at 6:30. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

**45 SECONDS FROM BROADWAY**
Neil Simon's new comedy is set in the Edison Hotel coffee shop, a hangout for theatre types. Lewis J. Stadlen, Marian Seldes, Louis Zorich, and Joan Copeland are in the cast. Directed by Jerry Zaks. Previews begin Oct. 16. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

**HAVANA IS WAITING**
In Eduardo Machado's new drama, a Cuban-American man returns to Havana after being sent to Miami as a child in 1961. Previews begin Oct. 11. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 239-6200.)

**IBSEN SERIES**
The Century Center's five-year festival continues with "Hedda Gabler." In previews through Oct. 13. Opens Oct. 14 at 3. (111 E. 15th St. 982-6782.)

**MAMMA MIA!**
Benny Andersson and Björn Ulvaeus's musical, set on a mythical Greek island, employs the songs of their defunct rock band, Abba. In previews. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 563-5544.)

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**THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO**
Beaumarchais's 1784 play opens the Target Margin Theatre's season. In previews. (Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. 358-3657.)

**NOISES OFF**
Patti LuPone and Peter Gallagher lead the cast in a revised version of Michael Frayn's 1982 backstage comedy. Jeremy Sams is the director. Previews begin Oct. 16. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

**OEDIPUS REX**
Sophocles' tragedy, in condensed form, from the Metropolitan Playhouse. Previews Oct. 11-13. Opens Oct. 14 at 3. (220 E. 4th St. 995-5302.)

**RAVE MOM**
In her latest work, the performance artist Ann Magnuson examines Ecstasy, aging, and Silicon Alley. In previews through Oct. 13. Opens Oct. 14 at 8:30. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. at 9th St. 477-5288.)

**REEFER MADNESS**
The 1936 film about the evils of weed has been turned into a musical by Kevin Murphy (lyrics and book) and Dan Studney (music and book). With choreography by Paula Abdul. Andy Fickman is the director. In previews. (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

**SEXAHOLIX**
John Leguizamo's new solo show. In previews. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

**THE SHAPE OF THINGS**
Gretchen Mol, Paul Rudd, Rachel Weisz, and Frederick Weller are in the cast of the Almeida Theatre Company staging of Neil LaBute's latest play. Mr. LaBute is the director. Opens Oct. 10 at 7. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)

**THOU SHALT NOT**
Susan Stroman is the director of a new musical, based on Zola's "Thérèse Raquin" and set in New Orleans after the Second World War, with a score by Harry Connick, Jr., and a book by David Thompson. Craig Bierko, Leo Burmester, Norbert Leo Butz, Kate Levering, and Debra Monk are in the cast. In previews. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

**THE WOMEN**
Scott Elliott directs a cast that includes Kristen Johnston, Rue McClanahan, Cynthia Nixon, Jennifer Tilly, Mary Louise Wilson, and Jennifer Coolidge, in Clare Boothe Luce's 1936 satire. With costumes by Isaac Mizrahi. Previews begin Oct. 12. (American Airlines Theatre, 227 W. 42nd St. 719-1300.)

**WONDER OF THE WORLD**
Sarah Jessica Parker portrays a runaway housewife with a disturbed husband, in a new dark comedy by David Lindsay-Abaire. Amy Sedaris, Alan Tudyk, Marylouise Burke, and Kristine Nielson are also in the cast. Christopher Ashley is the director. In previews. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

## OPENED RECENTLY

**THE CREATION OF THE WORLD AND OTHER BUSINESS**
Arthur Miller's 1972 interpretation of the Book of Genesis, staged by Stari Repertory Theatre. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 870-6784.)

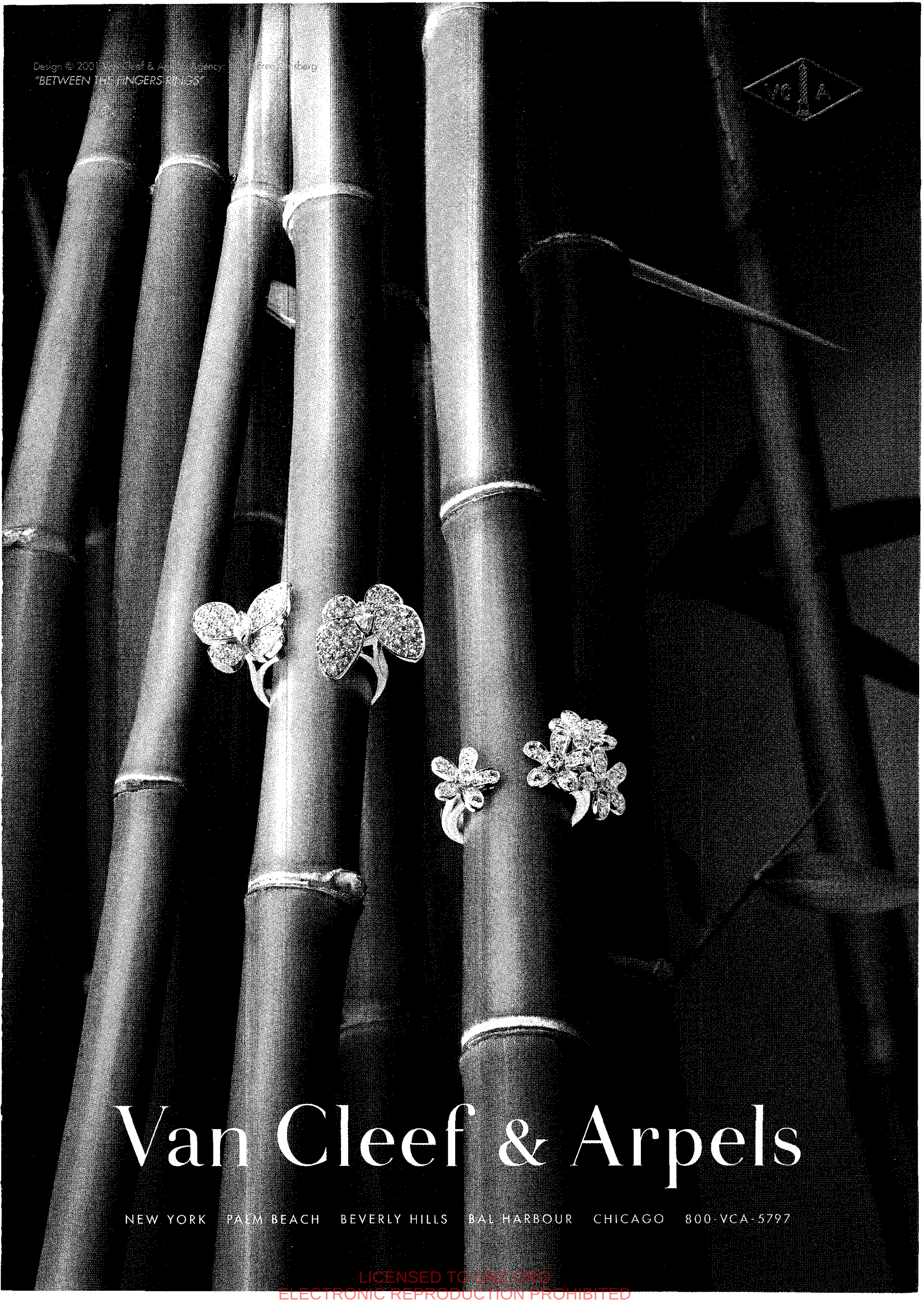
**EXIT THE KING**
The Pearl Theatre Company kicks off the season with Ionesco's 1962 tragicomedy. (80 St. Mark's Pl. 598-9802. Closes Oct. 21.)

**AN IMMACULATE MISCONCEPTION**
A drama by Carl Djerassi, better known as the inventor of the birth-control pill, about sex in the age of fertility treatments. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 333-4052.)

**HEDDA GABLER**
Kate Burton has the title role in Ibsen's 1890 play, which has been newly adapted by Jon Robin Baitz and is directed by Nicholas Martin. Harris Yulin and Michael Emerson are also in the cast. (Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

**IN ON IT**
You might think that the last thing New Yorkers need right now is a reminder that things over which we have no control will always happen. But Daniel MacIvor's new play is both bracing and, in the end, comforting. It tells the story of a man who's always been waiting for Something to happen, how he and his family react when a series of painful events do unfold, and how we try to explain to ourselves what has occurred. Thanks to dynamic and engaging performances by Mr. MacIvor and Darren O'Donnell, the evening is never dreary. Pockets of love and warmth and silliness and even regret serve as reminders that Something is always happening in our lives—often something good if we're paying attention. This show isn't a cure-all, but it's a way of reëngaging with the rest of the world and the theatre at the same time, and Mr. MacIvor should be congratulated for continuing to perform it now. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. 477-5288. Closes Oct. 21.)

**IONESCO FESTIVAL**
The absurdist playwright's œuvre, performed by twenty-nine Off and Off-Off Broadway compa-



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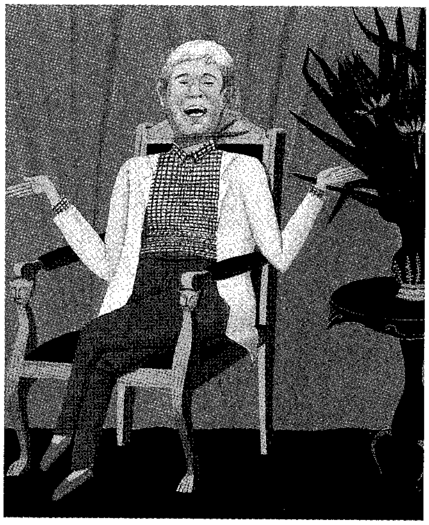
nies, including the Pearl, the Jean Cocteau Rep, the Looking Glass Theatre, and the Sanctuary Theatre. Through Dec. 2. (For information about schedules, venues, and tickets, call 387-2043.)

**THE LAST BARBECUE**
It takes guts to put a chain-link fence between the stage and the audience, but Brett Neveu does just that in his new play, about an afternoon in the life of a dysfunctional family. The production never quite overcomes this self-imposed hurdle. It's a symbol, it seems, of the barriers between people and the barriers preventing people from seeing themselves clearly. There are some finely observed moments of family tension, and Leo Farley and Barbara Myers, as a long-married couple, give strong performances. But they're at their best in the play's silent moments; Mr. Neveu's words don't match their eloquence. In the end, the audience is left with the sole message that you can't always get what you want. The Rolling Stones said it better. (29th Street Rep, 212 W. 29th St. 465-1714. Closes Oct. 13.)

**THE LATE HENRY MOSS**
Welcome back to Sam Shepard land, that now familiar slice of the American Southwest where the psychological outlook is as bleak as the terrain. A pair of estranged brothers (Ethan Hawke and Arliss Howard) show up at their abusive, alcoholic father's broken-down house to bury him. First, though, they bully the hell out of each other while trying to piece together their father's pathetic final days as well as the final days in their life as a family. The show has been pared down by half an hour since it débuted at San Francisco's Magic Theatre, and the cast has been deglittered (it starred Sean Penn, Nick Nolte, Woody Harrelson, James Gammon, and Cheech Marin), but it still drags on too long and lacks the thrilling flinch-inducing impact of his earlier, less diffuse plays. Hawke, the only real Hollywood type, blends in nicely with the legits, and his childlike face actually lends menace to his character. Talented as they are, however, Howard could never be Hawke's older brother, and Guy Boyd is too much of a cartoon bear in his portrayal of their father, who appears more befuddled than frightening in drunken-stupor flashbacks. The supporting cast members (Clark Middleton, Jose Perez, and Sheila Tousey) are excellent. Joseph Chaikin is the director. (Signature Theatre, 555 W. 42nd St. 244-7529.)


*Peter Bartlett, in "Rude Entertainment."*

KATHY OSBORN

**LOVE, JANIS**
A musical play about Janis Joplin, built around her songs, writings, and interviews. Though it contains no new insight, it's a useful corrective to the drunken, drug-addicted legend, and the production is a fine one. Randal Myler directed with a sure eye for the telling detail, and the seven-member band really cooks. (Village Theatre, 158 Bleecker St. 307-4100.)

**THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT**
Anne Jackson has the title role and Kim Hunter portrays her friend Mlle. Gabrielle in Jean Giraudoux's 1945 comic fable, in which a group of eccentric women foil an evil plot to destroy Paris. (Neighborhood Playhouse, 340 E. 54th St. 308-6866. Closes Oct. 28.)

**METAMORPHOSES**
Mary Zimmerman's adaptation of the series of myths by Ovid is set in and around a twenty-seven-foot onstage pool. (Second Stage, 307 W. 43rd St. 246-4422.)

**MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING**
It's gimmick Shakespeare, and it really works. The accomplished Aquila Theatre Company has set the Bard's comic examination of trust, mistrust, and sharp-tongued singles destined for couplehood in London in an "Avengers"-influenced Swinging Sixties. The men wear bowlers and sharp Savile Row suits, the women are smart and slinky in black vinyl. The story is advanced with the help of some go-go choreography, and "Hey Nonny Nonny" sung to a bossa-nova beat is just plain cool. What is not at all tricked up is the language, which is beautifully spoken, dramatically revealing, and crystalline in effect. (Manhattan Ensemble Theatre, 55 Mercer St. 239-6200.)

**PUPPETRY OF THE PENIS**
David Friend and Simon Morley bring their "genital origami" from the West End to New York by way of Australia, where the show originated in 1996. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

**REBEL WITHOUT A PAUSE**
The performance artist Reno, in her latest show. Continues through Oct. 21. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

**RUDE ENTERTAINMENT**
Three one-acts by Paul Rudnick ("Mr. Charles, Currently of Palm Beach," "Very Special Needs," and "On the Fence"). The casts include Peter Bartlett, Harriet Harris, and Neal Huff. Christopher Ashley is the director. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. 239-6200.)

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**SAVE IT FOR THE STAGE:**
**THE LIFE OF REILLY**
Charles Nelson Reilly performs an autobiographical one-man show, which he co-wrote with Paul Linke. (Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. 727-2737.)

**THE SPITFIRE GRILL**
A corny movie doesn't have to make a corny musical, but this one—about a wayward parolee (Garrett Long) who ends up as a waitress in a tiny Wisconsin town's only restaurant—did. The cast of characters includes the grill's salty owner (Phyllis Somerville), who's been trying to sell the dang place for ten years; her angry son (Armand Schultz), whose manhood has been robbed by the closing of the quarry; his timid wife (Liz Callaway), who feels trapped and useless; the local gossip (the often funny Mary Gordon Murray), who doesn't want her morning oatmeal served by an ex-con; and the handsome young sheriff (Steven Pasquale), who wants to escape his stifling home town until he learns to love it through the eyes of the tough but tender newcomer. From there, you can pretty much guess the outcome, the same way you can predict that most every overloaded country-folk song will have a rousing, heartfelt crescendo. Still, the show is a crowd-pleaser, and it would make a nice family outing at this point in time. (There's no kissing, but, then, there's not one kilowatt of electricity between the lovers.) The excellent Liz Callaway's rendition of the best song, "When Hope Goes," though, is touching and memorable. (Duke Theatre, 229 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

**TALE OF 2CITIES: AN AMERICAN JOYRIDE ON MULTIPLE TRACKS**
The "standup novelist" Heather Woodbury uses the Dodgers' departure from Brooklyn in 1957 to examine notions of home and community. The fourth installment in the six-part series is on Oct. 10 at 8. (Galapagos, 70 North 6th St., Brooklyn. 718-384-4586.)

**TICK, TICK . . . BOOM!**
The title represents the late author Jonathan Larson's fear of time running out on his musical dreams. The show is set on the eve of the composer's thirtieth birthday—his Walpurgisnacht—as he is caught between the pressures to succeed and to settle. The slick, hardworking cast of three is well directed by Scott Schwartz, and, with Larson's plotline deftly reworked by David Auburn, the production has a fetching modesty and reveals Larson's idiosyncrasy, energy, and promise. (7/9/01) (Jane Street Theatre, 113 Jane St. 239-6200.)

**UNI-TARD 2**
Three comic solo artists (Mike Albo, Nora Burns, and David Ilku) make an encore appearance together in an evening of special guests, sketches, and monologues. Sundays at 9:30. (Fez, 380 Lafayette St. 533-2680.)

**UNWRAP YOUR CANDY**
From Doug Wright ("Quills") a quartet of dark comedies about parenthood, childhood, secrets, and theatregoing. Leslie Lyles, Reg Rogers, Henry Stram, Michi Barall, and Darren Pettie are in the cast. (Vineyard, 108 E. 15th St. 353-0303.)

**URINETOWN**
The amount of fun to be had at this musical, by Greg Kotis (book and lyrics) and Mark Hollmann (music and lyrics), is in direct proportion to the unpleasantness of the title. Its central idea is that an evil corporation controls all the toilets in a city that bears some resemblance to New York, but you don't have to rack your brains about the ramifications of that any more than the authors did; the show is really no more and no less than a terrifically spirited sendup of musicals and their conventions, as self-conscious and gag-happy as a Warner Bros. cartoon (not only does a sign saying "Secret Hideout" hang above a secret hideout, the sign has an arrow on it). John Cullum, Jeff McCarthy, Nancy Opel, and Spencer Kayden lead the uniformly wonderful cast, which is under the direction of John Rando, and John Carraga is responsible for the clever musical staging. (10/1/01) (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd St. 239-6200.)

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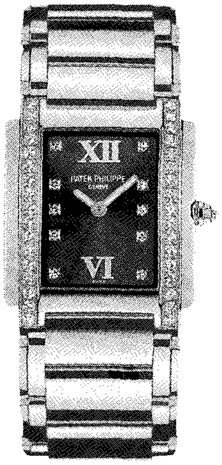

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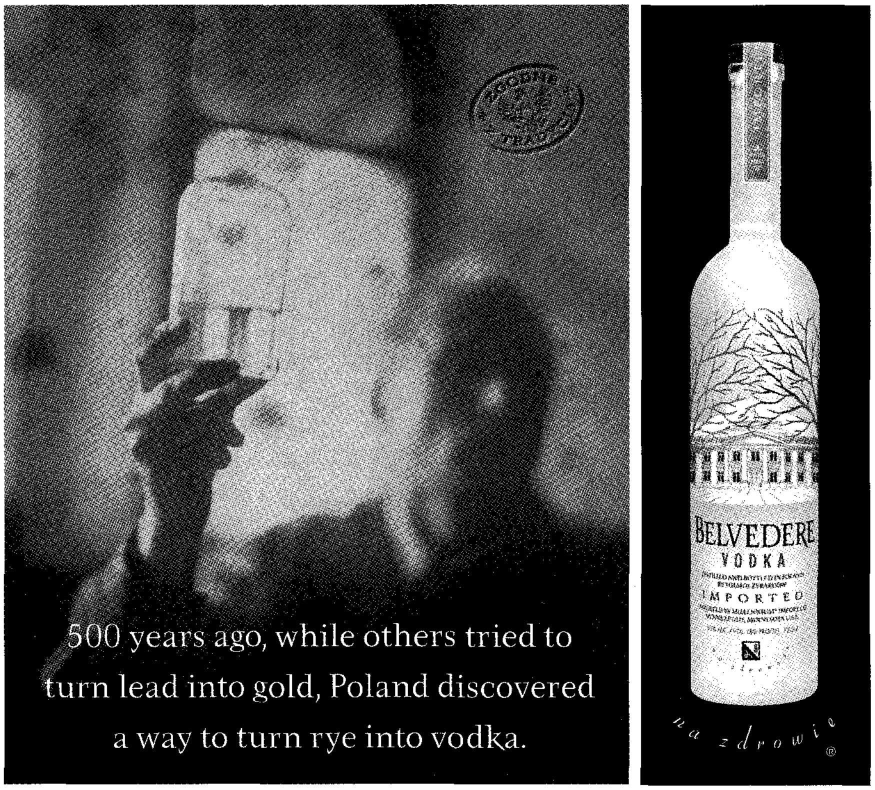
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## LONG RUNS

**AIDA**
Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4747.
**BEAUTY AND THE BEAST**
Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4747.
**BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES**
Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370.
**CABARET**
Studio 54, at 254 W. 54th St. 239-6200.
**CHICAGO**
Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.
**CONTACT**
Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.
**DE LA GUARDA**
Daryl Roth, 20 Union Sq. E., at 15th St. 239-6200.
**THE FANTASTICKS**
Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.
**FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 2001: A SPOOF ODYSSEY**
Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.
**42ND STREET**
Ford Center, 213 W. 42nd St. 307-4100.
**THE FULL MONTY**
Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.
**KISS ME, KATE**
Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.
**THE LION KING**
New Amsterdam, 214 W. 42nd St. 307-4100.
**LES MISÉRABLES**
Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.
**THE MUSIC MAN**
Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.
**PERFECT CRIME**
Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401.
**THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**
Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.
**THE PRODUCERS**
St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.
**PROOF**
Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.
**RENT**
Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000.
**STOMP**
Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.
**THE SYRINGA TREE**
Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 307-4100.
**THE TALE OF THE ALLERGIST'S WIFE**
Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.
**THE VAGINA MONOLOGUES**
Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200.

## DANCE

**CHUNKY MOVE**
This Melbourne-based modern-dance company is typically Australian, says the choreographer Gideon Obarzanek, "not because you're going to see Australian landscape or nature—you're not—but in the work's honest brutality." The two dances on the program, "Crumpled" and "Corrupted 2," take place in a dark interior dominated by a techno beat and catapulted bodies that come to rest in distorted, doll-like poses. "The dancers are caged in tasks they're trying to get out of," says Obarzanek, "but it's not possible. That dysfunction produces its own kind of beauty." (BAM's Harvey Theatre, 651 Fulton St. 718-636-4100. Oct. 10-13 at 7:30.)

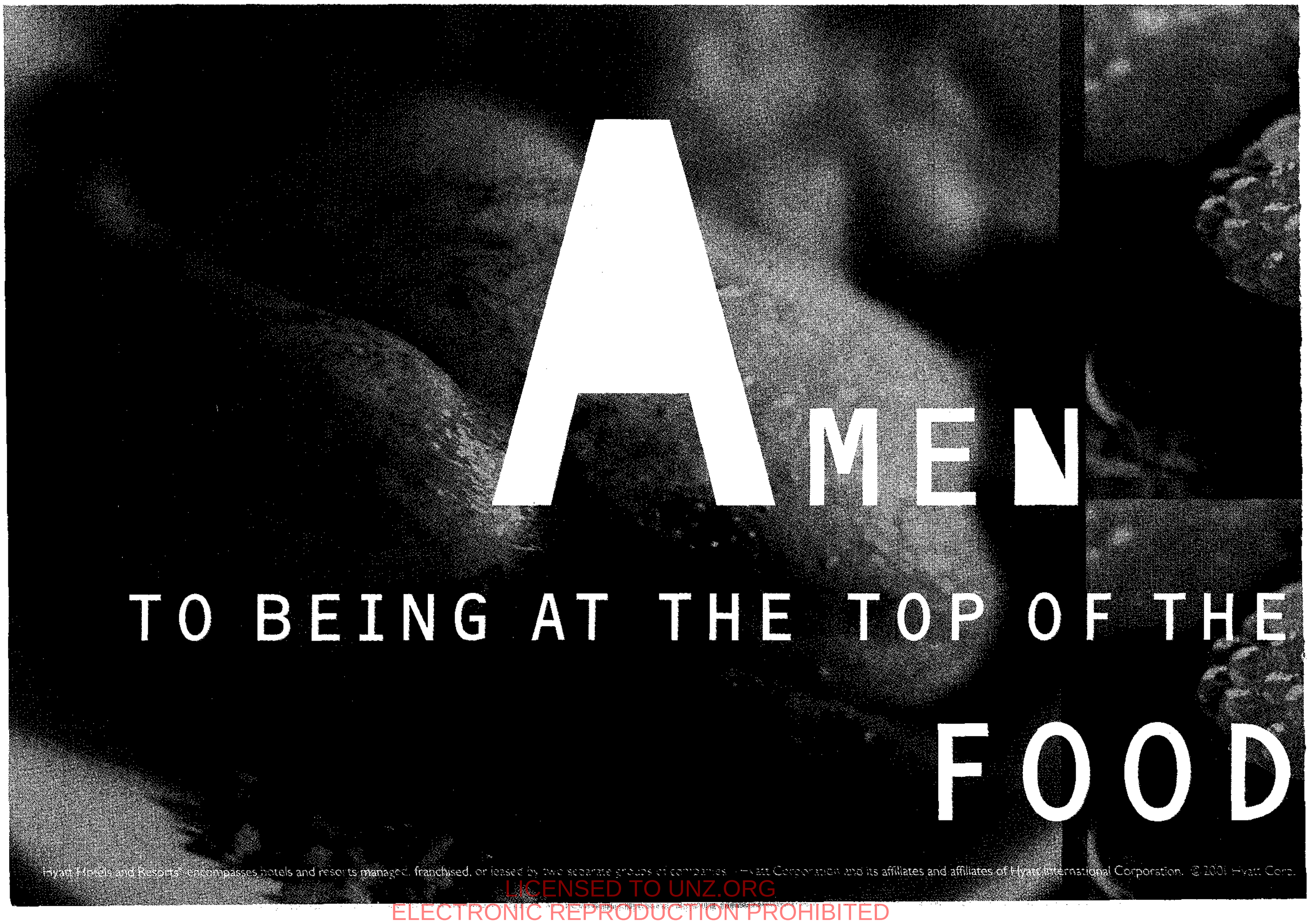
**"GYPSY CARAVAN 2"**
The four troupes in this alternately peppy and mournful extravaganza traverse Gypsy history, from the culture's supposed origins in the Rajasthan region of India to its migrations to Macedonia, Romania, and Spain. The evening begins with the dancer Sayari Sapera, of the Indian group Maharaja, adorning her ecstatic spinning and sinuous hip-swivelling with baroque proto-flamenco arm movements. Later, the Andalusian flamenco star Antonio el Pipa performs with regal deliberation to the gravelly wail of his aunt, Juana la del Pipa. And finally, the whole cast—including the lilting singer Esma Redzepova, from Macedonia, and the ten members of the klezmerlike Romanian brass band Fanfare Ciocarlia—come together in a bright and clangorous coda. (See also Night Life.) (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Oct. 12-13 at 8.)

**"BIRDBRAIN"**
The Australian Dance Theatre presents a techno-rock version of "Swan Lake," choreographed by Garry Stewart, which incorporates movements of modern dance, break dancing, gymnastics, contortionism, ballet, and yoga. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Oct. 9-13 at 8 and Oct. 14 at 2.)

**"JUST WATCH"**
The choreographer Heidi Latsky, a former jazz dancer/disco champion/Bill T. Jones company member, offers her signature solo ("What Would You Have Done?") as well as three premières: "I'm Dying to Lift You," an octet set to a soundtrack of laughter; "Just Watch," a tango duet; and "One Apart," a work for twenty-six dancers between the ages of eighteen and seventy-nine. (Danspace Project, St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-8194. Oct. 11-13 at 8:30 and Oct. 14 at 7:30.)

**"THE MAZURKA PROJECT"**
Members of Dances by Isadora, a company dedicated to re-creating the works of Isadora Duncan (or reimagining them, when the choreography has been lost), join forces with dancers from the José Limón Dance Company in two works called "Mazurkas," one choreographed by Duncan and the other by Limón. Four other works include two more mazurka-based pieces. (The Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. 289-3725. Oct. 11-13 at 8 and Oct. 14 at 3.)

**"NOA"**
In Elfi Schafer-Schafroth's solo retelling of the story of the deluge and the ark, there's a female protagonist who, instead of gathering all the animals two by



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two, uses gene technology to re-create the world. (Mulberry Theatre, 70 Mulberry St. 917-715-9560. Oct. 11-13 at 8.)

## NIGHT LIFE

## CONCERTS

**CMJ MUSIC MARATHON**
The annual gathering of established and aspiring pop acts, which had originally been scheduled for mid-September, gets under way this week, filling local clubs with hundreds of bands. Dedicated fans should visit www.cmj.com/marathon for details on the festival, which runs Oct. 10-13.

**"DUETS ON THE HUDSON"**
Both the alto saxophonist **Lee Konitz** and the drummer **Paul Motian** are painstaking improvisers who make beautiful music by playing only what absolutely needs to be played. Konitz regularly calls up tones that other hornmen only imagine exist; Motian is that rarest of instrumentalists: a lyrical drummer. / The astonishing French accordion and bandoneon player **Richard Galliano** coaxes whole worlds of sound from his instruments, mixing Gallic poetry with tough jazz sonorities; he duets with the downtown music scene's violinist of choice, **Mark Feldman.** (Kaplan Penthouse, Rose Building, Lincoln Center. 721-6500. Oct. 11-12 at 8 and Oct. 13 at 8 and 11.)

**NEIL DIAMOND**
The iconic Brooklyn-born singer-songwriter returns with his first album of original material in twenty-five years, "Three Chord Opera." (Madison Square Garden. 307-7171. Oct. 11-12 at 8.)

**"JAZZ COMPOSER PORTRAITS"**
Jazz aficionados recognize the short-lived Elmo Hope as one of the brighter stars of the hard-bop era, a spiky pianist and gifted composer whose personality-filled work deserves wider recognition. A sterling ensemble featuring pianist **Eric Reed,** the saxophonist **Joe Lovano,** the trombonist **Wycliffe Gordon,** and the drummer **Kenny Washington,** as well as Hope's widow, **Bertha,** a considerable pianist and composer herself, salute this musician's musician. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 501-3330. Oct. 12 at 8.)

**"GYPSY CARAVAN 2"**
The World Music Institute presents musicians from four countries but one culture in a reprisal of the highly successful Gypsy Caravan tour of 1999. The concert, which loosely follows the Roma migration over the past thousand years from India throughout Europe, starts with **Maharaja,** a windswept ensemble from the Thar Desert in Rajasthan. Next is **Esma Redzepova,** the bawdy Macedonian diva known as the Queen of the Gypsies. The raucous ten-piece Romanian brass band **Fanfare Ciocarlia** is then followed by the dancers and singers of Spain's **Antonio el Pipa Flamenco Ensemble.** The final act gathers all four groups onstage (see also Dance). (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Oct. 12-13 at 8.)

**STANLEY COWELL**
In the early seventies, this jazz pianist's career seemed like a sure bet; though it never quite built up a sufficient head of steam, that hasn't diminished his prodigious talents as a pianist and composer. He's still one of the more thoughtful improvisers around, only now he's an exemplar of the middle-aged "lost generation" rather than a young lion himself. And he wears experience well. (Pro Piano, 85 Jane St. 206-8794. Oct. 14 at 4.)

**"FORTY YEARS OF BOSSA NOVA"**
The Brazilian music that takes its name from a Rio de Janeiro slang term for "special ability" or "shrewdness" is slightly more than forty years old (Antonio Carlos Jobim's 1959 song "Desafinado" was the first to mention the words "bossa nova"), but it took off here in the early sixties thanks to the recordings of the saxophonist Stan Getz, who had a hit in 1962 with "Desafinado" and again with "Getz/Gilberto," the classic 1963 album that brought America "The Girl from Ipanema." Celebrating the more or less four decades of swinging and sophisticated sounds are **Gal Costa,** a veteran of the Brazilian music scene who, at the start of her career, was reportedly once told by João Gilberto, "Girl, you sing beautifully. Someday I will return only to record an album only with you"; the jazz vocalist **Jane Monheit;** the arranger **Cesar Camargo Mariano;** the guitarist **Romero Lubambo;** the São Paulo vocalist **Filo Machado;** the French accordionist **Richard Galliano;** and the classical flutist **Paula Robison.** (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Oct. 15 at 8.)

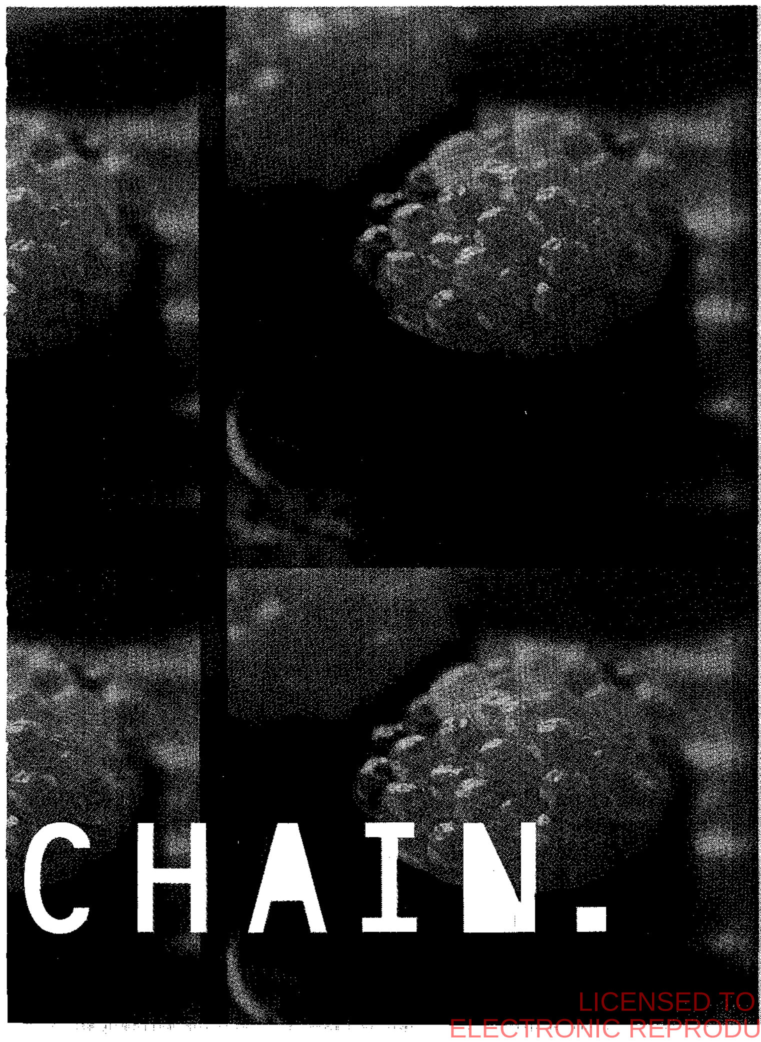
**JANE'S ADDICTION**
Perhaps the least likely band to graduate to the reunion-tour circuit, Perry Farrell's once highly influential outfit hits the road yet again (albeit without its original bass player, Eric Avery, who has wisely decided to stay home). Despite having only two studio albums to their credit, Farrell and company will do their flamboyant best to resurrect the glorious, pre-grunge days of the early nineties. With **Live,** the York, Pennsylvania, quartet best known for its mid-nineties hit "Lighting Crashes," and **Femi Kuti,** the son of Afro-beat innovator Fela Anikulapo-Kuti. (Madison Square Garden. Oct. 15 at 7.)

## CLUBS

*Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it's advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.*

**B. B. KING BLUES CLUB & GRILL**
243 W. 42nd St. (997-4144)—Oct. 15-16: The **Neville Brothers.** This New Orleans family affair is a democratic, organically tuned unit, but Aaron Neville's vocal range and the unearthly purity of his tone give their sound that final push over the rainbow.

**BOWERY BALLROOM**
6 Delancey St. (533-2111)—Oct. 10: The Liverpool art-rock foursome **Clinic** favor anonymity (they often dress up in Sgt. Pepper coats and surgical masks), but they are hardly unknown on the other



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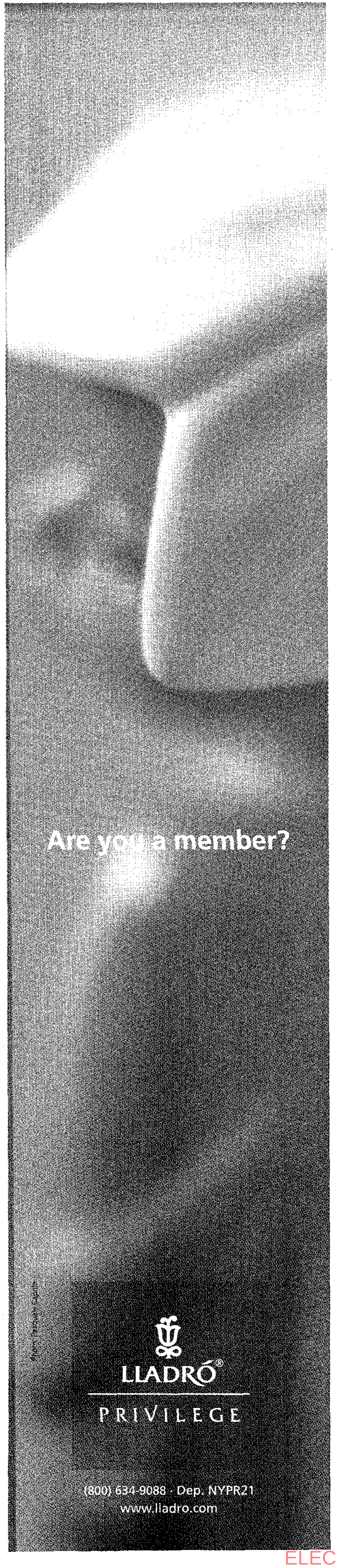

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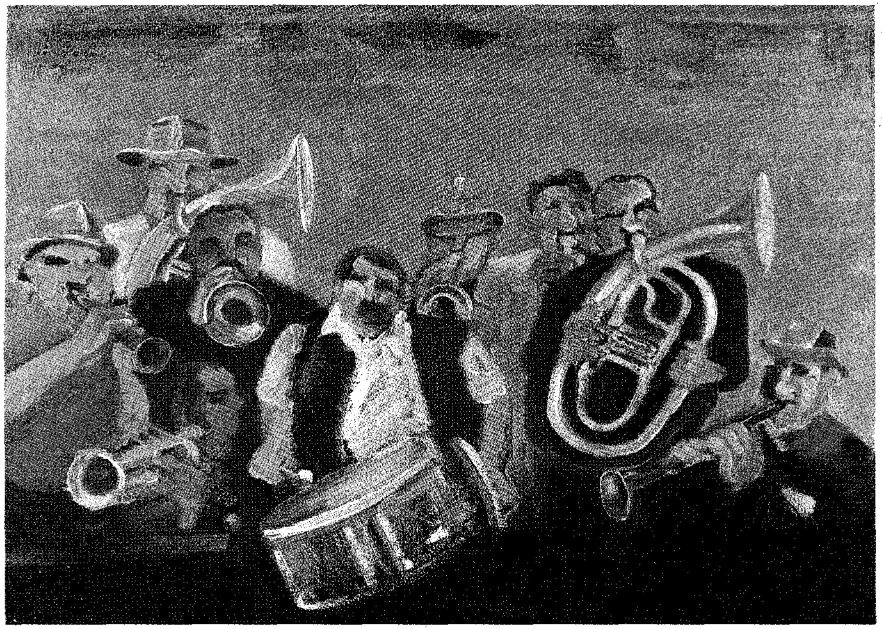


*The Gypsy Caravan 2 tour brings the Romanian brass band Fanfare Ciocarlia to town.*

MICHAEL CRAWFORD

side of the Atlantic, and among the rock cognoscenti they are considered very cool. The members of Radiohead no less are fans of Clinic's eclectic, organ-fuelled surf and of their post-punk strain of rock and roll. Oct. 12: **Jonathan Richman,** the proto-punk icon with the adenoidal voice, can wring exuberant pathos out of anything, whether he's singing about Cézanne or insects. Calling him "sensitive" is something of an understatement—two decades ago, he eschewed electrified music because he feared it could hurt a baby's ears—but the writer of "Road Runner" still knows how to have fun. His live shows, featuring the percussionist Tommy Larkins, are not to be missed.

**CBGB & OMFUG**

315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A narrow, graffiti-strewn cave packed every evening with new and used bands. ◆ Next door, at CB's Gallery, **Captured! By Robots,** a very odd one-man, multi-cyborg band from San Francisco, performs Oct. 16. The one man goes by the name JBOT, and he built his fellow band members, GTRBOT666 and DRMBOT0110, because, he says, he couldn't get along with other people. Unfortunately, the robots got the better of him and installed a biocerebral chip in JBOT's brain, and now he is their slave, or so the story goes. Onstage the robots humiliate their human band member, and the resulting music is a grinding metal-influenced onslaught of sophomoric references and rock and roll. In other words, devilish fun.

**IRVING PLAZA**

17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—Oct. 9-10: **Joe Strummer and the Mescaleros.** As the Clash's front man and primary songwriter, Strummer helped propel that seminal band out of the nihilistic confines of Sex Pistols-era punk and into a broader arena of reggae- and funk-based protest songs. Since he's been on his own, this musical adventurousness has sometimes seemed like a distraction (he went ten years between solo albums at one point), but in concert he continues to deliver on the promise of his younger days. Oct. 16-17: Once the highly touted fourth pillar of speed metal (next to Anthrax, Slayer, and their former-bandmates-turned-nemeses, Metallica), **Megadeth** are now elder statesmen from a vanished age. With much of their malevolent thunder stolen by more outrageously crude acts like Slipknot and Mudvayne, Megadeth have refined and honed their already impressive musical chops (courtesy of Dave Mustaine's furious guitar) but remain no less brutal in their unrelenting aural assault. With the up-and-coming Miami-based metal band **Endo.**

**JOE'S PUB**

425 Lafayette St. (539-8777)—Oct. 10: A night of uncompromising roots rock, with the local country-music disk jockey and singer-songwriter **Laura Cantrell,** the blues-inflected vocalist **Joe Flood,** and **Amy Allison,** a performer who seems to sing in equal measures from her heart and her sinuses. She may be an acquired taste, but that doesn't diminish the moving sadness with which she delivers every syllable.

**KNITTING FACTORY**

74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—Oct. 10: The **Clogs,** a local quartet led by Padma Newsome, a classically trained violinist and former Fulbright scholar. The music handily eludes classification, but fans of Sigur Ros, the Rachel's, and other post-rock ensembles who know how to listen in respectful silence to a live performance will have no trouble appreciating the softly evocative compositions. Oct. 11: **Jonathan Richman** (see the Bowery Ballroom).

**S.O.B.'S**

204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Having temporarily left its home at Irving Plaza, the New York Swing Dance Society has set up residency here. The dancers, who gather on Sunday nights, share a passion for the Lindy Hop, a dance that involves a lot of whirling and the occasional display of underwear. Sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.

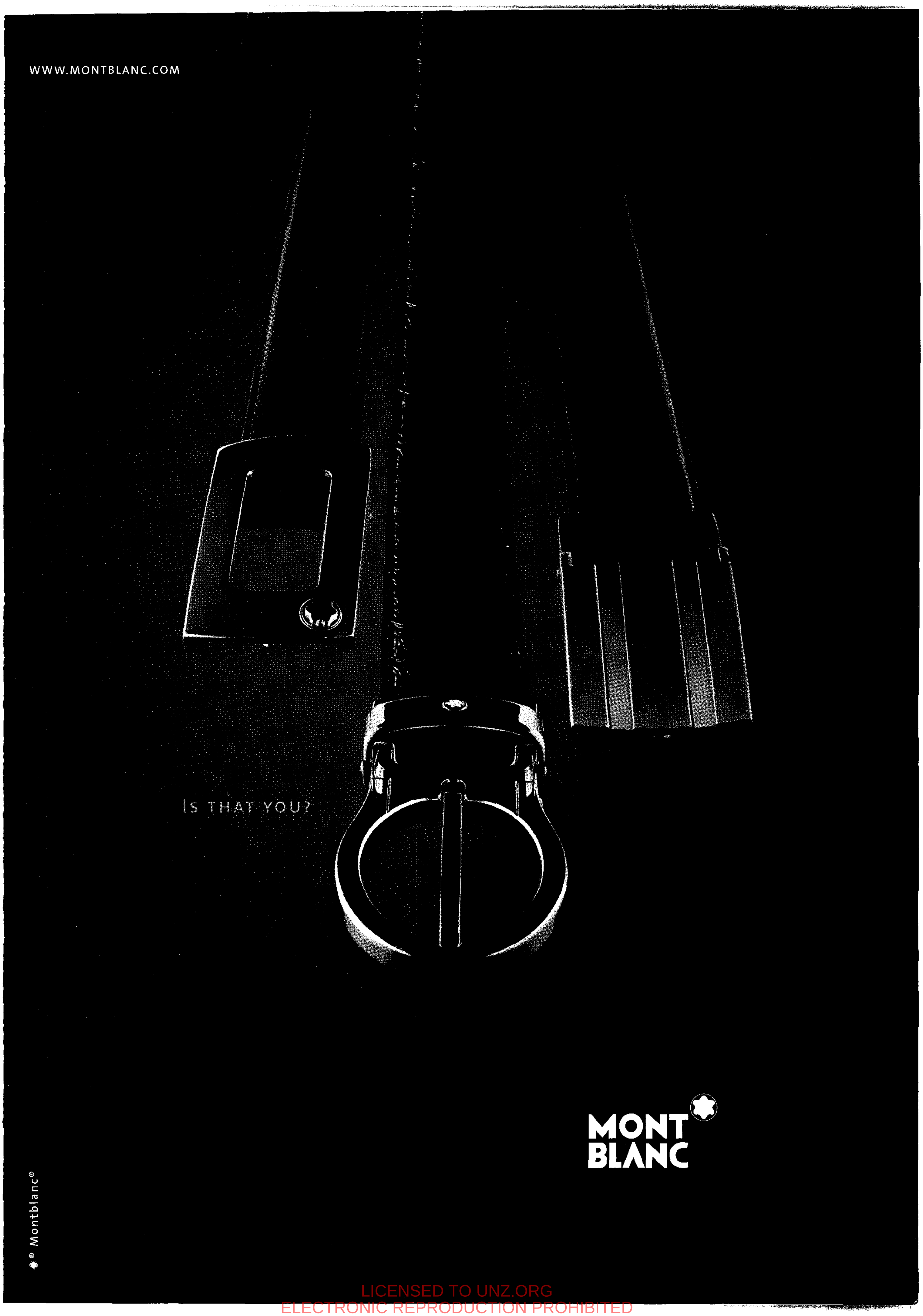
**VILLAGE UNDERGROUND**

130 W. 3rd St. (777-7745)—Oct. 12: Finally untangling themselves from a skein of major-label red tape, New York's **Firewater** triumphantly returns to promote its third album, "Psychopharmacology." Formerly a loose collective of musicians which pillaged musical styles ranging from swing to klezmer to rock and beyond, the band led by the mouthpiece and taskmaster Tod A has since pared down to a sleek foursome. The lineup boasts plenty of scowl, gritty swagger, and punky strut, putting them somewhere between the Clash's "London Calling" and one of Weegee's crime-scene photographs. Oct. 13: The brutal yet beatific **Girls Against Boys** harbor a dual affinity for punky guitar clamor and gut-thumping dance rhythms. That they're all preternaturally good looking is just a bonus for adventurous ladies willing to ride out the bottom-heavy blitz.

## JAZZ AND STANDARDS

**ALGONQUIN HOTEL**

59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Oct. 10-20: They love her in Britain, and now American fans of high-end jazz singing are beginning to warm to the distinctly nasal utterances of the vocalist **Stacey Kent.** Her latest album, "Dreamsville," exhibits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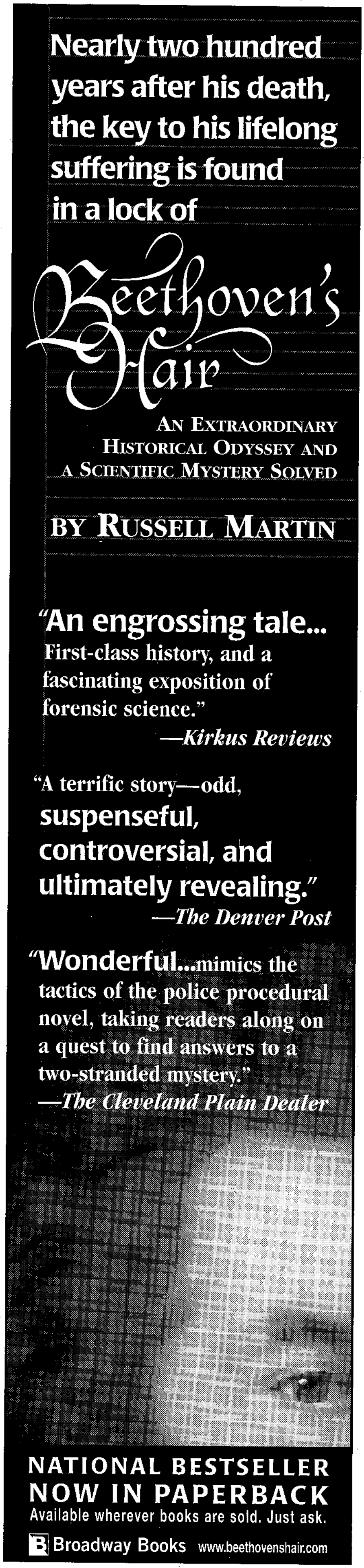

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her unerring taste in the Great American Songbook repertoire and an understandable rapport with the saxophonist Jim Tomlinson, Kent's husband. Dining.

**BIRDLAND**
315 W. 44th St. (581-3080)—Oct. 12-13: Female jazz singers are all the rage now, but **Kevin Mahogany** is still hanging on. A big man with a voice to match, he can purr his way through a ballad or shout the blues with insouciant glee, and his enthusiasm can be contagious. Sundays: Although the Maestro passed this year, the **Chico O'Farrill Afro-Cuban Jazz Big Band** is in good hands under the direction of his son, the energetic pianist **Arturo.** The senior O'Farrill, after being consigned to the storage room of history, found himself recognized late in life for his massive achievements; the big band that he nurtured in the late nineties is fully primed to keep his legacy fresh for a new generation of Latin-jazz fans. Mondays: The **Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra.** How Akiyoshi has kept her big band going strong for thirty-plus years is nothing less than a triumph of the jazz spirit. A personal forum for its leader's skillful compositions, modernist arrangements, and fluid bop piano, the orchestra also has a guaranteed whirlwind of a soloist in Akiyoshi's husband, the tenor saxophonist and flutist **Lew Tabackin.** Dining.

**BLUE NOTE**
131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Through Oct. 14: All the imperial bassist **Ray Brown** needs to celebrate his seventy-fifth birthday in high style is his instrument: his solo playing is a quick trip to instrumental nirvana. But extra support will be provided by the singer **Dee Dee Bridgewater,** whose vivacious spirit and steadfast swing is a party in itself. Dining.

**CARLYLE HOTEL**
Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wraparound pastel murals, and starting Oct. 16, the magisterially puckish **Bobby Short.** Mondays belong to **Woody Allen and the Eddie Davis New Orleans Jazz Band.** ♦ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **Peter Mintun** is in attendance through Oct. 13.

**IRIDIUM**
1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (582-2121)—Through Oct. 14: The **Jason Moran** trio. You can still hear plenty of Moran's mentors—Andrew Hill, Richard Muhal Abrams, and Jaki Byard—in his piano playing, and more power to him. Channelling the spikier styles of those deep individualists has allowed Moran to stay clear of the tired Herbie Hancockisms that cloud the work of his peers. Mondays belong to the electric-guitar innovator **Les Paul.**

**JOE'S PUB**
425 Lafayette St. (539-8777)—Oct. 16: The drummer and bandleader **Chico Hamilton** obviously has an ear for talent—his alumni include Charles Lloyd, Eric Dolphy, Jim Hall, and Arthur Blythe—so whoever he brings to the stage should be worth listening to. Sharing the bill is the pianist **Kirk Nurock.** A mere handful of recordings over the course of a three-decade career and low visibility on the club circuit have kept this highly individual stylist off the map—he deserves belated attention.

**LE MADELEINE**
403 W. 43rd St. (246-2993)—Sunday and Monday nights: It seems that only beautiful sounds emanate from **Gene Bertoncini's** guitar. This graceful stylist who moves effortlessly between his classical and electric instruments may be best known as part of a matchless duo with the bassist Michael Moore, but Bertoncini has more than enough talent to enchant on his own. Dining.

**VILLAGE VANGUARD**
178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—**Bill Frisell** (here with his trio through Oct. 14) approaches the guitar the way Miles Davis played trumpet: he's a radical thinker who has transformed the very nature of his instrument. And, like Davis at his best, Frisell loves a lot of legroom in his improvising—where extra space terrifies others, it quickens his blood. Frisell sounds like no one else, mating the tonality of rock with the classic ease and economy of a guitarist like Jim Hall. The violinist **Jenny Scheinman** lends a hand. The **Vanguard Jazz Orchestra** holds sway on Mondays.

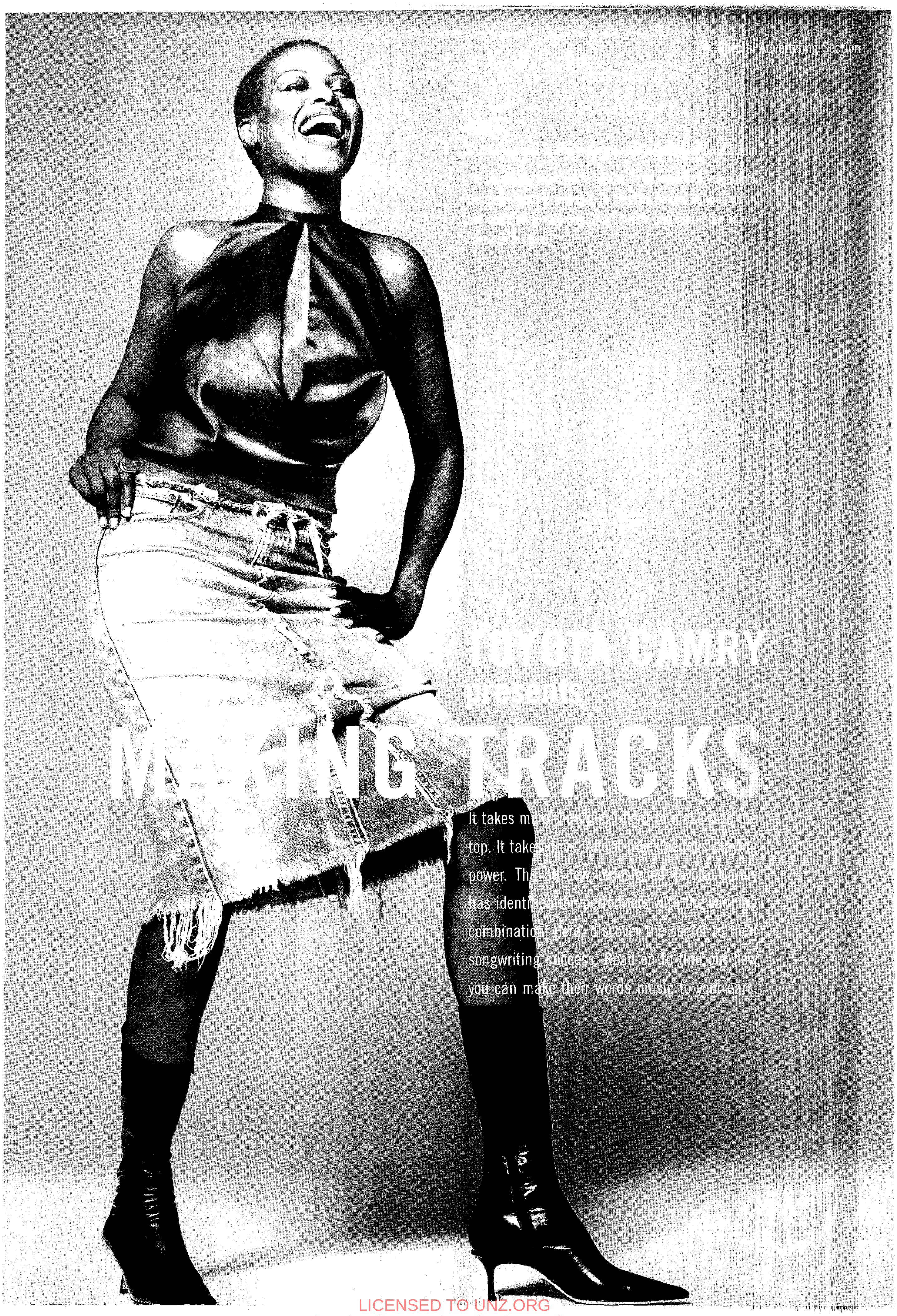
## ART
## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**
Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (879-5500)—**"Pieter Bruegel the Elder, Drawings and Prints."** Long perusal of this show will install the genius of the sixteenth-century Netherlander in your mind like mystery software. Fifty of Bruegel's sixty-one known drawings, many of them paired with the engravings (by other talented hands) for which they were designs, range from acutely poetic landscapes to surreal fantasies that were influenced by Hieronymous Bosch. Bruegel's teeming incarnations of vice and folly are every bit as wild and cruel as Bosch's, but funnier. (A monkey pulling down the pants of a sleeping man holds its nose: "Phew!") While taking the dimmest possible views of human character, he embraced raw human energy with a zest that feels all-forgiving. His landscapes comprehend the grandeur and the scraggliness of nature in equal measure. The show offers a vivid crash course in connoisseurship, documenting recent scholarly successes at carving the echt Breugel from a mass of longstanding misattributions. Discovered amid the castoffs are two wonderful anonymous artists—dubbed the Master of the Mountain Landscapes and the Master of the Small Landscapes—who merit fan clubs of their own. Through Dec. 2. ♦ The Met celebrates its first acquisition of a painting by the German Romantic Caspar David Friedrich with a small, absorbing show that includes borrowed works by the artist and some of his contemporaries. The acquisition, "Two Men Contemplating the Moon" (1830), is joined by the two other pictures that Friedrich painted of the same scene: figures in autumnal woods gazing at a crescent moon. It represents the mystical extreme of a lunar preoccupation in early-nineteenth-century Germany (think of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata"), which the show documents. But the history lesson takes a back seat to the fraught, slow-acting beauty of the Friedrichs, especially the intoxicating "Moonrise Over the Sea" (1822). A cult hero to other painters even today, he expressed convulsive emotions through motifs of dead calm. His darkly sizzling color anticipates Mark Rothko. Medieval garb and other outlawed iconography of German nationalism add a retrospective whiff of sulfur. Through Nov. 11. ♦ **"Along the Nile: Early Photographs of Egypt"** documents nineteenth-century Egypt—the pyramids of Giza, the temples of Karnak, Luxor, and Abu Simbel—in forty-three well-preserved prints from the eighteen-forties and fifties. Through Dec. 30. ♦ **"Paul Signac 1863-1935: Master Neo-Impressionist."** Through Dec. 30. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**
11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Olafur Eliasson's **"Seeing Yourself Sensing"** affixes a set of alternating clear and mirrored bars on the lobby windows, so museumgoers see reflections of the lobby, entry desk, and themselves, between glimpses of the dismantled sculpture garden. Eliasson says, "For a while it has been meaningless to speak of objective, autonomous conditions," and perhaps the curators were thinking along those lines, too. Meanwhile, there's something on the windows that partially hides the ongoing construction in the garden. ♦ An exhibition devoted to the works of Alberto Giacometti includes forty paintings, sixty drawings, and ninety sculptures, including those done before he discovered his signature attenuated style. Through Jan. 8. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, and Thursdays, 10:30 to 5:45; Fridays, 10:30 to 8:15.)

**GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM**
Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (423-3500)—Selections from the permanent collection are on display. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 9 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 9 to 8.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART**
Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-3676)—The Venezuelan-born, New York-based artist Arturo Herrera works at the border of high modernism and popular culture, so it's hard to imagine a better venue for his work than a Marcel Breuer building on Madison Avenue. For this site-specific installation,



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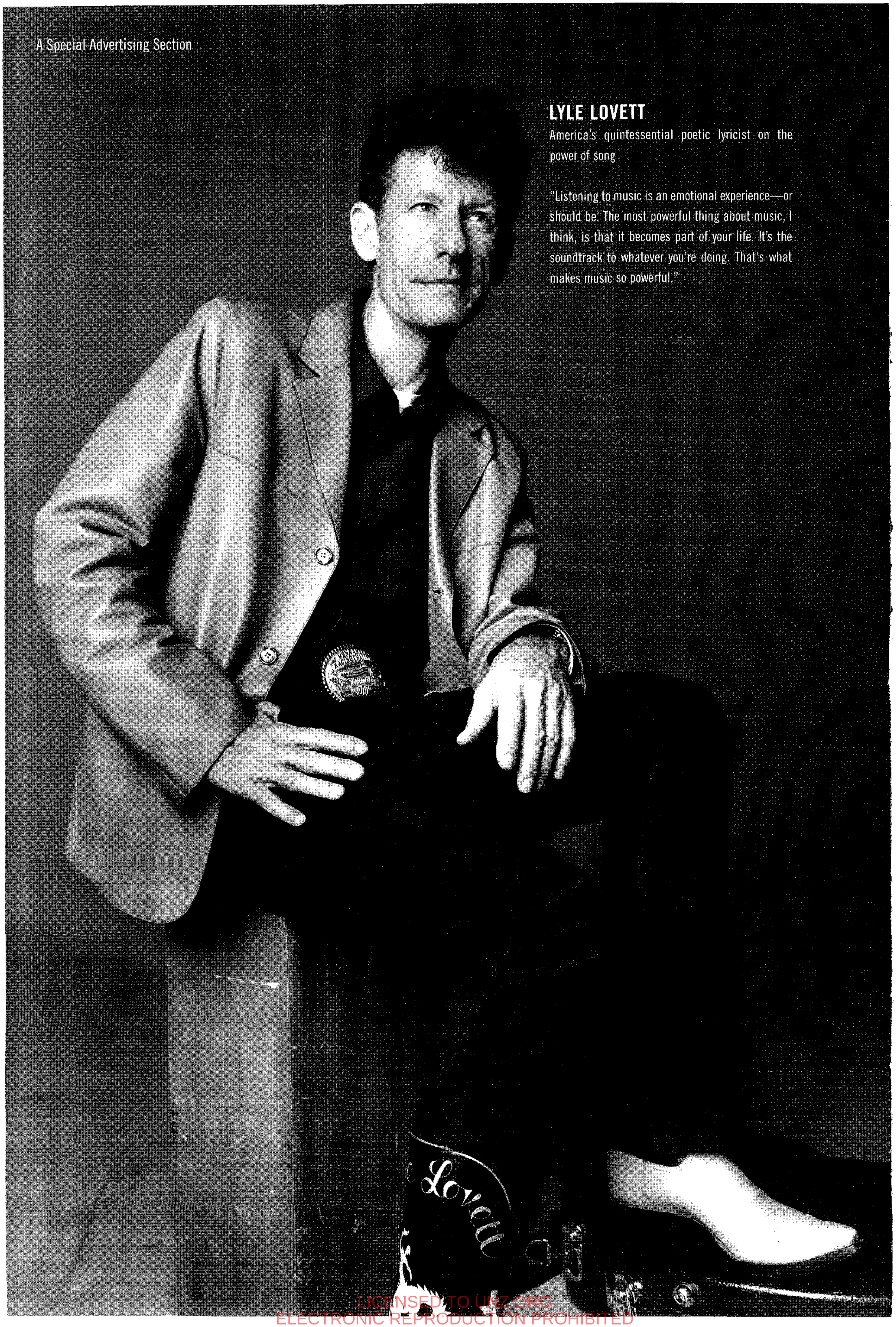
## THE GO-GO'S

The Eighties' reigning punk pop divas on their new reunion album, *God Bless the Go-Go's*

"I would say one thing about the Go-Go's songwriting—there are always two qualities going on at the same time. It's either sunny-sounding music with dark lyrics or optimistic lyrics with slightly bitter-sounding music. We always have those two things. And if one's missing, it doesn't sound like the Go-Go's."

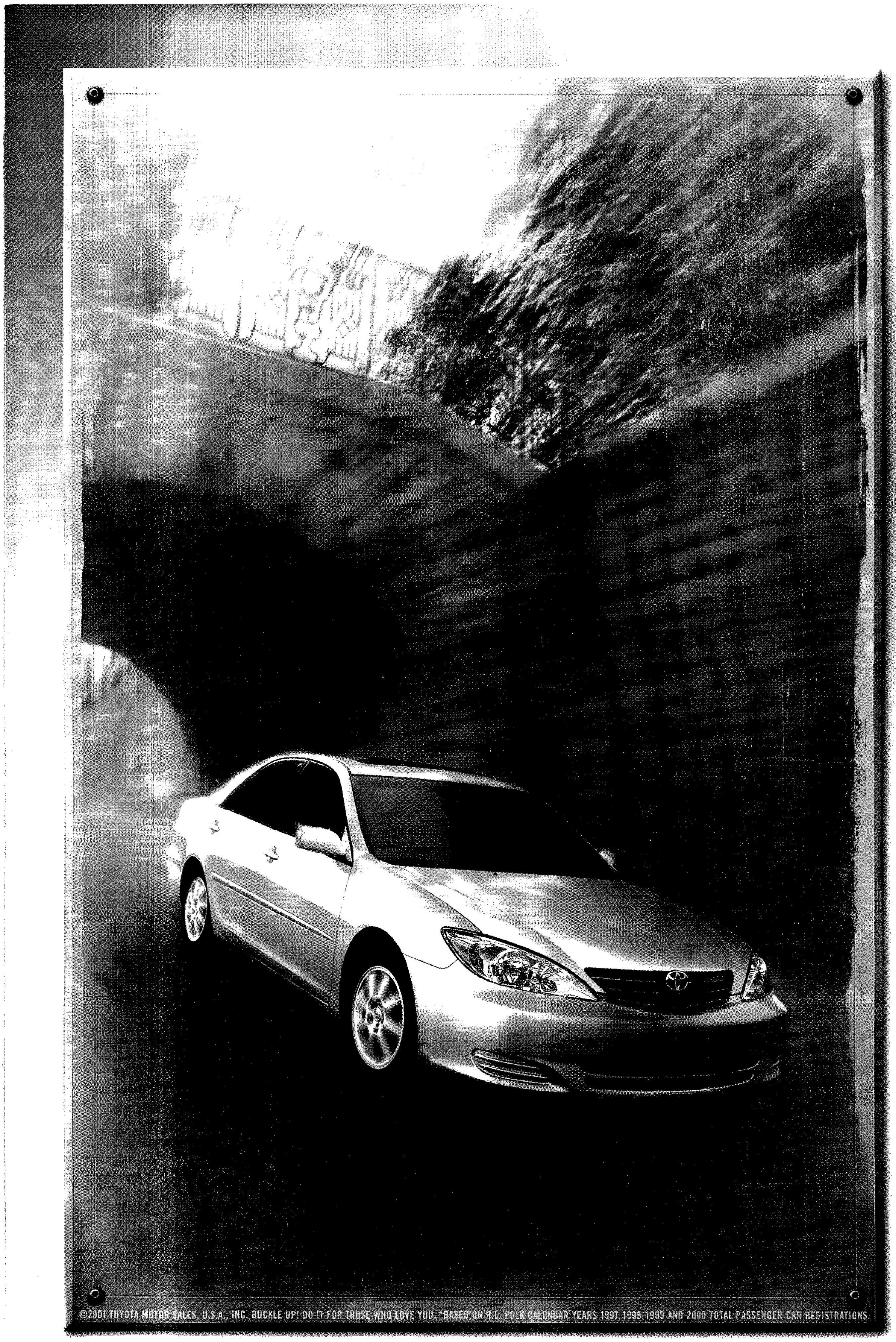
yle Lovett and the Go-Go's: Hair by Nicolas Jurnjack for Garren N.Y. Makeup by



## LYLE LOVETT

America's quintessential poetic lyricist on the power of song

"Listening to music is an emotional experience—or should be. The most powerful thing about music, I think, is that it becomes part of your life. It's the soundtrack to whatever you're doing. That's what makes music so powerful."



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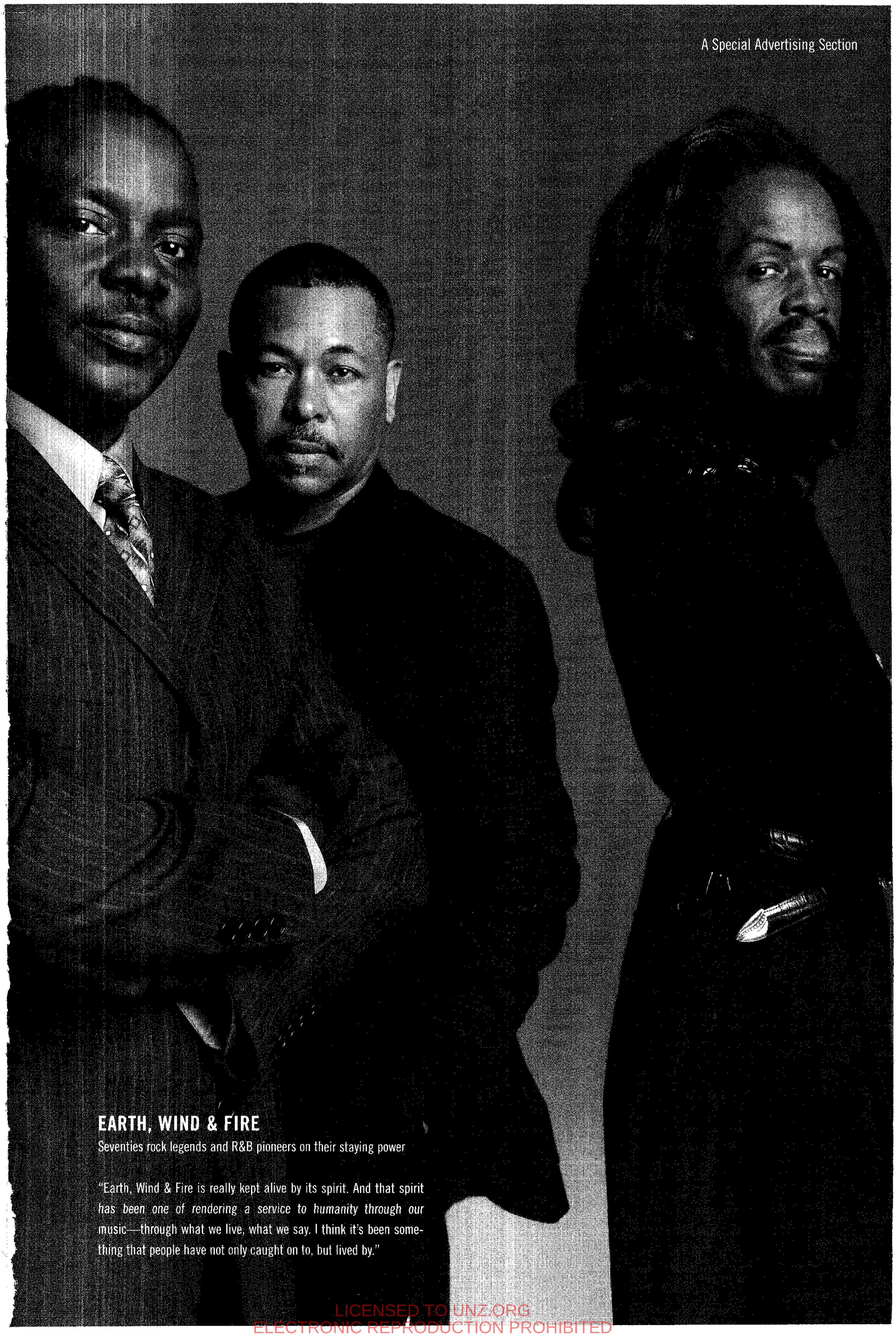

## EARTH, WIND & FIRE

Seventies rock legends and R&B pioneers on their staying power

"Earth, Wind & Fire is really kept alive by its spirit. And that spirit has been one of rendering a service to humanity through our music—through what we live, what we say. I think it's been something that people have not only caught on to, but lived by."

Earth, Wind & Fire: Hair by Jabari McDavid   Makeup by Jeanne Rochette for Artists by Timothy Priano

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he has painted the museum's windows with vertical channels of crimson, as if dangling a ribbon from Snow White's hair. (Herrera typically disguises the inspirations for his fairy-tale formalism, taking images from childhood stories and then manipulating them past the point of recognition.) The mural also evokes color-field painting—the fluid veils of Morris Louis solidified or the hard-edged forms of Ellsworth Kelly softened and compressed. Through Dec. 9. ♦ **"Sharon Harper: Photographs from the Floating World"** includes black-and-white images of rural scenes taken from a high-speed train, as well as images of clouds in metallic tones. The exhibition inaugurates the Whitney's "First Exposure" series, dedicated to the museum débuts of young photographers. Through Jan. 6. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, and weekends, 11 to 6, Fridays, 1 to 9.)

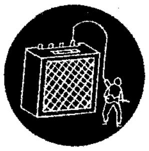
**AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY**
Central Park W. at 79th St. (769-5100)—**"Meeting God: Elements of Hindu Devotion"** shows the rituals, prayers, customs, and festivals of Hinduism in more than seventy-five photographs, talismans, and video portraits. Accompanied by **"Meeting God,"** an exhibition of photographs of office shrines, taken around New York. Through Feb. 24. ♦ **"The Genomic Revolution"** is as stagy as the museum's permanent wildlife dioramas and as wired as the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. Throughout the dark, labyrinthine exhibit, sound bites from scientists and Everymen overlap with a soundtrack of doubt-fostering minor-key hums and beeps. The tone tends toward boosterish enthusiasm for progress, with an occasional raised eyebrow; pronouncements like "Our perception of medicine and ourselves is forever changed" are spoken within hearing range of explanations of why it might be unwise to clone Rex or Muffin. (For one thing, two calico cats with the same genes would be unlikely to have the same pattern of spots.) Touch-screen surveys tabulate visitors' responses to controversial questions, and the museumgoers prove much more enthusiastic about genetic technologies than respondents in a recent national sample—at last count, thirty per cent of the visitors would replicate a person. Through Jan. 1. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF ART**
Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000)—**"Wit and Wine: A New Look at Ancient Iranian Ceramics from the Arthur M. Sackler Foundation"** presents vessels, primarily for wine, many shaped like animals or painted with their likenesses. Through Dec. 30. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM**
40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535)—Some of the best objects in **"Objects for Use: Handmade by Design,"** aren't in the museum's galleries, they're next door in the lobby of the Deutsche Bank, which co-sponsored this exhibition. The museum is stocked with hundreds of "Objects for Food and Dining" and "Objects for Interior Space" (i.e., housewares and furniture); the bank gets the "Objects for Sports, Music, and Play" (toys). The two wooden sleds could make one beg for snow, while Krist King's leather whips could simply make one beg. The "strumstick," a three-stringed instrument that makes the ukulele look versatile, is the only product smart enough to advertise itself (with a Web address printed on a pick tucked into the strings). Through Jan. 6. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

**CHINA INSTITUTE**
125 E. 65th St. (744-8181)—**"Exquisite Moments: West Lake and Southern Song Art."** When the Song dynasty lost its Kaifeng stronghold to Jechen armies in 1127, the court moved south and called its new home Lin'an, or Approaching Peace. These fans, scrolls, and album pages from the Lin'an years, 1127-1279, show archetypal scenes—lone trees against mountainous backdrops—which are at once indistinguishable from those on thousands of bolts of patterned satin in Chinatowns around the world, and irreplaceable clues to their locale and era. The poems that grace the pages, whether they were written by or ghost-written for the imperial family, help explain why the dynasty was considered a bit too introspective for its own good (and, sure enough, in 1279 it was dispatched by Mongols). Ceramics of the region are also on display, with large cloth-backed images of dragons and tigers, and one "broken branch of blossoming emerald peach," painted in such detail that it looks as though viewers ought to be able to smell it. Through Dec. 9. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

## POP NOTES



### PURE POP FOR NOW PEOPLE

Ryan Adams, still in his mid-twenties, has been handpicked by critics to lead the alternative-country revolution, and for good reason: in the last five years, he has released five records, four with the now-defunct outfit Whiskeytown and last year's solo début "Heartbreaker." **"Gold"** (Lost Highway), the hot-on-the-heels followup, illustrates Adams's prolific talent: though the album already has sixteen songs, Adams has tacked another five compositions on a bonus disk. The moods here range far and wide, from the jaunty, motormouthed opening track, "New York, New York" to the fragile "Harder Now That It's Over." While "Heartbreaker" was earthy and hushed, performed largely without drums and mostly with the hyperauthentic team of Gillian Welch and David Rawlings, this time around Adams employs grizzled session pros like Benmont Tench and Jim Keltner. The result takes Adams even further from country music, into polished, precocious, sometimes prolix pop that isn't shy about its radio roots: echoes of the Band, the Rolling Stones, and even Cat Stevens drift through the album.

The year that Ryan Adams was born, Elton John was dominating the pop-music world with hits like "The Bitch Is Back" and "Don't Let the Sun Go Down on Me." How odd, then, to find tucked away in the liner notes to John's new album, **"Songs from the West Coast"** (Universal), a child-is-father-to-the-man dedication: "Special thanks to Ryan Adams, who inspired me to do better." John has spent the last decade cranking out grandly sappy ballads and counting (or is that spending?) his millions; this record has been touted as a return to the sharper pop of his early years. And in some sense, it is: the opening song, "The Emperor's New Clothes," and the first single, "I Want Love," prove that the lifelong collaboration between John and his lyricist Bernie Taupin is still fertile. Even in the weaker moments—"American Triangle," a song about the gay-bias murder of Matthew Shepard, is as flat as a high-school book report—John sounds revitalized.

If John was the king of seventies pop, the clown prince was Nick Lowe, who combined impeccable melodies with an incorrigible sense of humor and managed to turn out a series of nearly perfect singles, including "Cruel to Be Kind," "So It Goes," and "(What's So Funny 'Bout) Peace, Love, and Understanding." Over the last decade, Lowe has refashioned himself as a torchy balladeer, first on 1994's "The Impossible Bird" and then on 1998's "Dig My Mood." **"The Convincer"** (Yep Roc) is his mellowest outing yet. With the exception of one light rockabilly exercise, the songs rarely rise above a whisper, musically or lyrically—the topic here is love among adults, sometimes resigned, sometimes wry, sometimes warm. While Lowe's emotional sophistication is indisputable (songs like "Lately I've Let Things Slide," "Bygones (Won't Go)," and "Let's Stay In and Make Love" are every bit as wise as their titles), "The Convincer" is, finally, a slight disappointment—not dim but muted, and without enough flashes of wit.

*—Ben Greenman*

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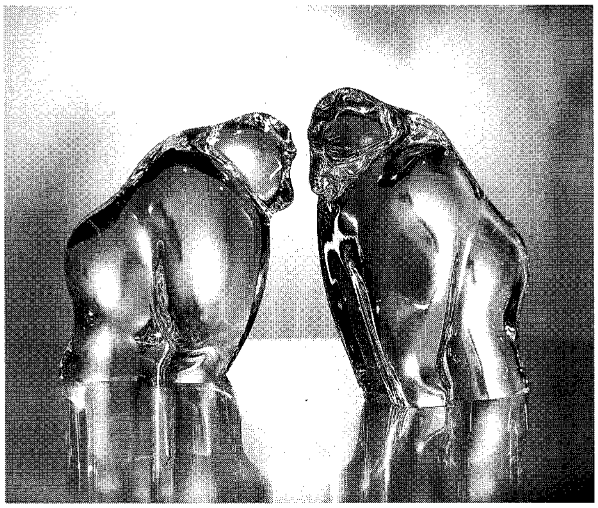

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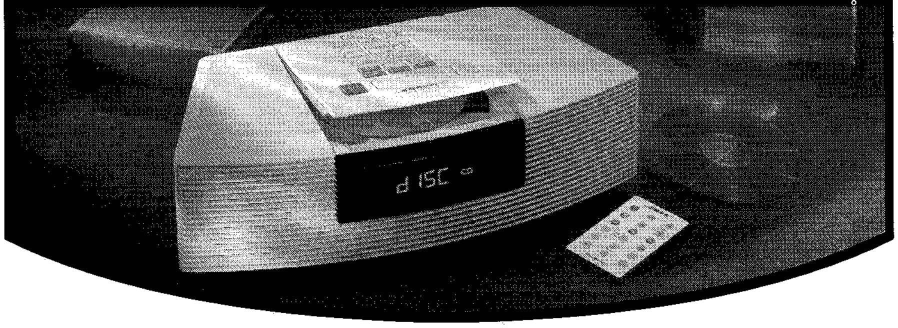

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**DIA CENTER FOR THE ARTS**
548 W. 22nd St. (989-5566)—The polymath painter Alfred Jensen, a contemporary of the Abstract Expressionists, drew inspiration from sources as varied as electromagnetic theory, the Mayan calendar, and the "I Ching." Jensen believed that brushwork disrupted the relationship between light and surface, so he squeezed paint directly from tube to canvas; his paintings have a gooey impasto surface. The prismatic palette, which he derived from Goethe's color theory, is limited to primary and secondary colors and black and white. The results resemble giant game boards with fathomless rules. Through June 16. ♦ **"Knots and Surfaces,"** an installation by Diana Thater, consists of sped-up video footage of honeybees flitting over colored hexagons. The images are projected across the floor and walls to create a kind of intermittent speckled effect. Nearby, a wall of stacked monitors features more bees, this time crawling languidly over marigolds. A gallery handout says that Thater is interested in recent scientific research about the way bees use movement to communicate with one another—Thater, alas, is no honeybee. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

**MORGAN LIBRARY**
29 E. 36th St. (685-0008)—Alfred Lord Douglas's red-leather letter box, a gift from Oscar Wilde (1854-1900), is the brightest thing in this exhibit of Wilde memorabilia, **"Oscar Wilde: A Life in Six Acts,"** which is packed with cards, reviews, and caricatures that are hard-pressed to conjure their subject's dramatic grandiosity. On the other hand, some subjects don't need much color—an edition of the first and only issue of *The Chameleon,* an Oxford literary magazine, lies open to Bosie's well-known lines about the love that dare not speak its name, next to a transcript of Wilde's eloquent courtroom defense against these charges. Through Jan. 13. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10:30 to 5; Fridays, 10:30 to 8; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

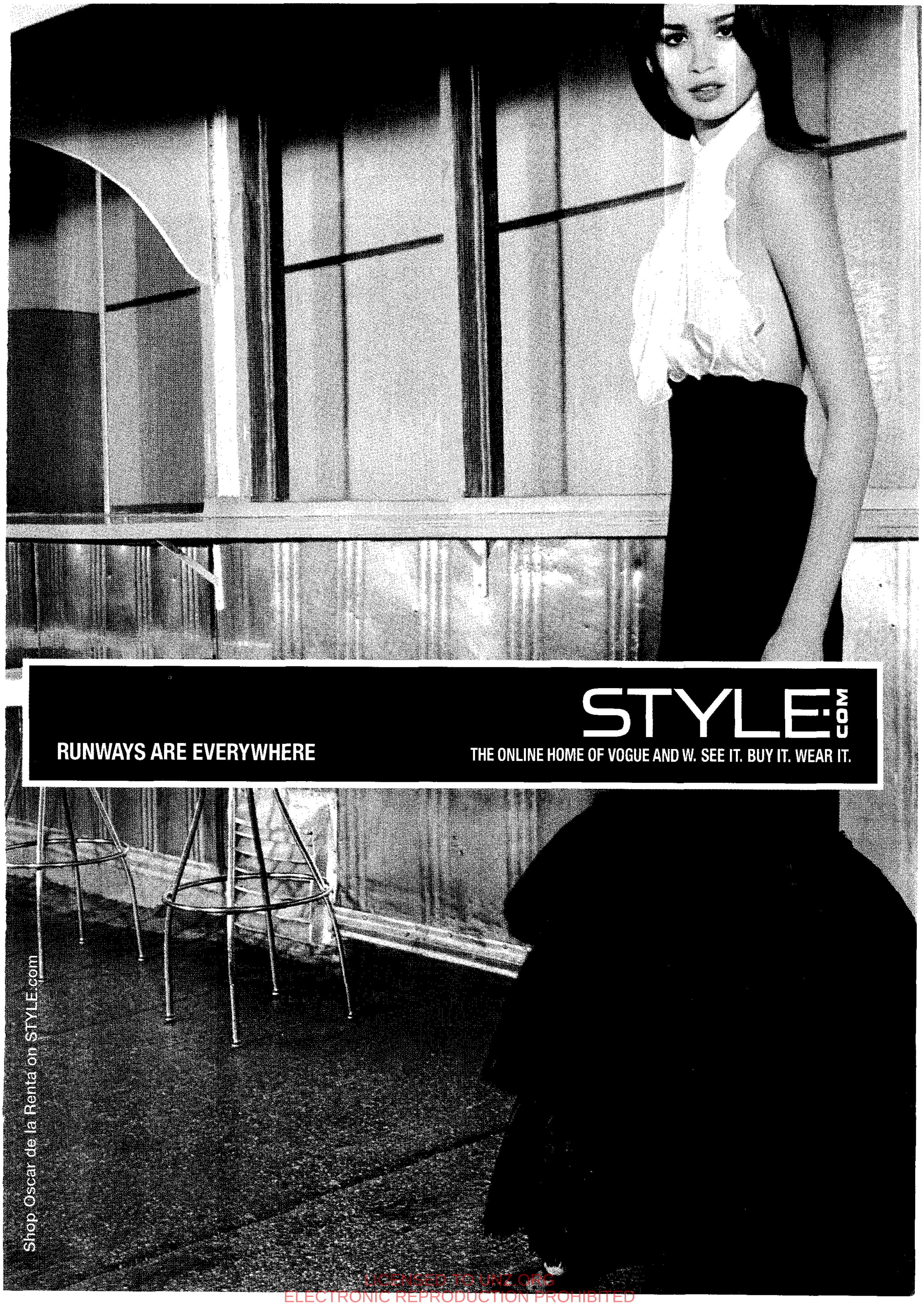
## GALLERIES–UPTOWN

*Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.*

**LEDA CATUNDA**
Catunda printed her own photographs on a gauzy veil for the wavy, quilted "Cigarras Beach," but most of the fabric she uses in her soft sculptures is basic consumer stuff. One sculpture made up of flat, teardrop-shaped pillows sewn from beach towels brings to mind an oversized bunch of grapes. "Padres" ("Priests") uncannily resembles a clutch of red bowling pins. Catunda's curvy shapes seem to strive for a sort of representation, which turns out to be perfect for the show's only figurative work, a black fly whose long velvet wings dwarf the other pieces in size and menace. Through Oct. 20. (Ramis Barquet, 41 E. 57th St. 644-9090.)

**TIM LITZMANN**
To create these wan riffs on minimalism, the artist applies contrasting pigments to the back and edges of sheets of etched acrylic, so that each monochrome panel emits an aura at its perimeter. Yellow bleeds red, gray glows chalk-line blue, and so on. Litzmann's art-historical references run the gamut from Barnett Newman's zips to early Brice Marden to the machined gleam of a Donald Judd stack. Through Oct. 20. (Mary Boone, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 752-2929.)

**GERHARD RICHTER**
A big show of new paintings bolsters a case for the sixty-nine-year-old artist as the most profound and challenging painter of our time. Most are grayish abstractions that give perplexingly mixed signs of intention and chance. Mechanically smeared paint effaces any sense of an underlying image or a personal touch and, at the same time, generates an image and a gesture in its own right. Augustly controlled composition and achingly sensitive color emit a sort of grand, melancholy songfulness. Also in the show are works in Richter's Photo-Realist mode, notably a pair that picture his baby son, Moritz, in a high chair. The boy's grave, chubby face is splotched with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spaghetti sauce, and he clutches a spoon like a dagger. The infantile chaos of the subject and the Old Masterish look of the form make for a piquant sensation, to say the least. One suspects a portrait of the artist as a very, very young man. Through Oct. 27. (Marion Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. 977-7160.)

**"MARKED"**
This selection of works on paper by Bay Area artists emphasizes unorthodox approaches to drawing. Guy Overfelt pushes the envelope by stealing stationery from galleries and framing the crumpled pages. RIGO 01 collects lost-bird flyers (pun apparently intended) that he finds posted in the streets of San Francisco. But not all the works here were filched. In a twist on Duchampian ready-mades, Charles Linder rides his mountain bike wearing a white T-shirt that's later stretched like canvas and laminated. Through Oct. 13. (Leubsdorf Gallery, Hunter College, 68th St. at Lexington Ave. 772-4991.)

### *Short List*

**GABRIELLE BAKKER**
McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. 956-3366.
Through Nov. 3.
**BRUCE MC CALL**
James Goodman, 41 E. 57th St. 593-3737.
Through Oct. 30.
**CHRISTINA RAMBERG**
Baumgold, 74 E. 79th St. 861-7338.
Through Oct. 13.
**DOROTHEA TANNING**
Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. 752-1223.
Through Oct. 13.

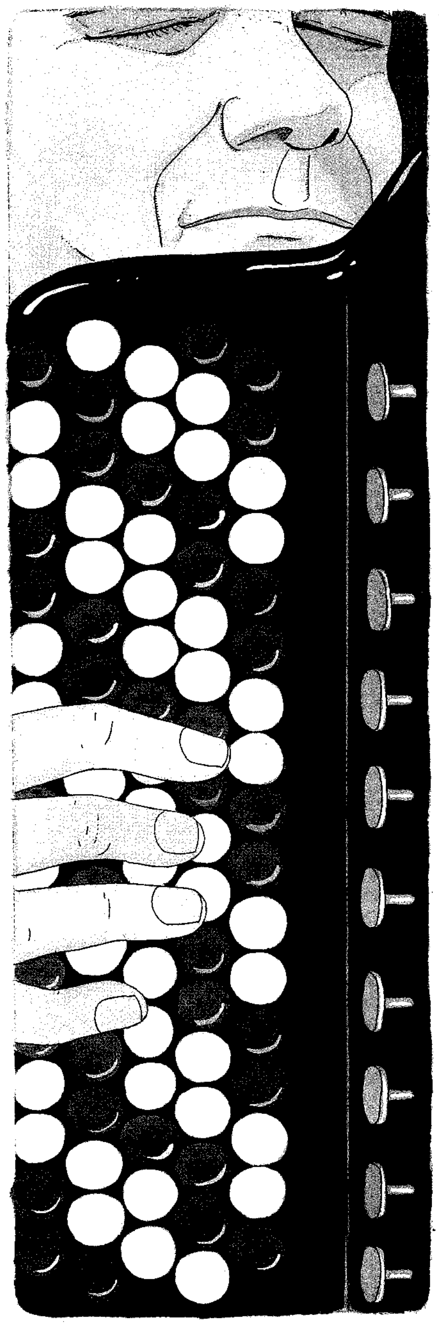
## GALLERIES–CHELSEA

**RINA BANERJEE**
Vivid, creepy sculptures that look more like infestations than installations. In the two largest pieces the contagion is contained within rooms fabricated from metal studs and saran wrap. The first sprouts a cyborg garden of wire, beads, light bulbs, and the occasional ball of fur. In the second, fleshy blobs fashioned from foam and studded with plastic ticks languish grossly on a glitter-strewn carpet. Through Oct. 13. (Debs, 525 W. 26th St. 643-2070.)

**FRANCIS CAPE**
Form defies function in the sly work of this conceptual cabinetmaker. Here, he transforms the south wall of the gallery into an elegant, pale-yellow built-in, replete with window seat and windowsill. Cape simultaneously venerates and spoofs minimalism, a point most clearly made by the shallow cupboard placed at the show's entrance. The piece is worthy of a Judd box in its geometric precision and majestic uselessness; for instance, the cupboard is hinged, but it doesn't open. Yet the same feature also gives it the secretive air of a naughty Victorian. Through Oct. 27. (Murray Guy, 453 W. 17th St. 463-7372.)

**RODNEY GRAHAM**
Anyone with psychedelic memories will recognize tones of listless rapture in "Phonokinetoscope," Graham's looped color film (not video) of himself dropping acid, riding a bicycle, and staring at ordinary things in Berlin's Tiergarten. Even those who have just said no may acquire a contact high—if they can stave off boredom as the work sinks into an oddly paced tedium. The show also includes a beautiful black-and-white film that uses the burner on an electric stove and some sprinkled cinnamon to conjure a vast, scintillating cosmos. All in all, as far out as one can get with no risk of impaired brain function. Through Nov. 3. (303 Gallery, 525 W. 22nd St. 255-1121.)

**GRACE HARTIGAN**
Hartigan is an underrated American treasure. She has an aggressive talent for thick black cartooning lines and runny paint in drenching saturations of plangent color (purple's a specialty), and this compact fifty-year survey of her paintings hits the high points. Never entirely abstract, her work often plunges after historical and ingenuously "exotic" subjects, ranging from Napoleon to a phalanx of geishas. Her jazzy touch still channels the smoky poetry of nineteen-fifties downtown style. Through Oct. 13. (ACA, 529 W. 20th St. 206-8080.)



*Richard Galliano, at "Duets on the Hudson" and "Forty Years of Bossa Nova" (see Night Life—Concerts).*

LARA TOMLIN

**DAVID KORTY**
Large-scale watercolors and acrylics on panel that recall the calligraphic delicacy of Chinese scroll painting, the abstract roil of Turner's seas, the laconic haze of Ruscha's Los Angeles, even Seurat's dot-happy obsessiveness. At times, the palette turns fluorescent (a municipal building glares orange and acid green) at others, aquatic (an ocean-colored Ellis Island ferry). The artist's touch is so fluid that a pale-gray urban nightscape—the ashen glow of its skyscrapers unavoidably conjuring the recent tragedy—looks less rendered than wept into existence. Through Oct. 19. (Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. 463-7770.)

**YEK / TIM BAVINGTON**
Two purveyors of ferocious visual pleasure who studied with the epicurean theorist Dave Hickey at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas. Their painting is to normal aesthetic sensibility what crack cocaine is to mint tea. Yek's concave panels are sprayed with saturated purples, lime greens, oranges, and

courtesy of South African Tourism

**WHERE THE EXOTIC IS COMMONPLACE**
In the wilds of South Africa, a red-billed oxpecker grooms an impala, perhaps the most elegant member of the antelope family.

# a walk on the wild side

BY SIMON MILLS

Viewing big game in the wild is a highly privileged, emotionally charged, and awesomely humbling experience—one of those rare, life-affirming moments when beauty and equanimity conspire to overwhelm you with a potent mix of fear and respect. There are few places on earth where this unique sensation is more palpable and frequently experienced than in God's VIP area, South Africa.

It is the vastness of the sky and the *grand cru* light that first hit you at Kruger National Park. The reliably azure and languorously clouded canopy is jaw-droppingly serene and formidably beautiful over the private game reserves of Sir Richard Branson's luxurious Ulusaba or the extraordinary Earth Lodge on Sabi Sabi (think organic, semi-subterranean minimalism). The earth's surface is an uninterrupted screen of brutally natural and unaffected terrain. But it is the animals that really get your heart racing.

Giraffes, Africa's most elegant comedians lolloping through the bush will make you stop and gawk. So will elephants, regal, calm, and nonchalant, their extraordinary bulks romping through the dust like silent juggernauts, ready to charge if you get too close. You'll see lions, astonishingly and intimidatingly handsome, tearing off the meat of an impala leg like it is nothing more than the peel of a banana. Then there are zebras—nervous, bar-coded horses, nuzzling up to each other like bits of living, breathing op art. Or the insane, acid-trip proportions of the ostriches and the punky, haphazardly designed wildebeests. Most preposterous of all, perhaps, are the rhinos, ramming the head-high trees, their uni-horns lethally primed, their ill-fitting suits made of what looks like nuke-proof gray flannel bagging comically around the thighs. Yes, South African wildlife takes your breath away and it's reason enough to visit this wonderful country. But if truth be told, there is much, much more to be seen here.

Once regarded as a global pariah, twenty-first century South Africa is a vast tract of land (nearly twice the size of Texas) on an anxious mission to prove itself as a culturally diverse, liberal-minded "rainbow nation." The confirmation last year that Johannesburg had been chosen to host Earth Summit 2002 has galvanized the country's worldwide reputation.

This spirit of change, however, is best reflected in cosmopolitan Cape Town, which is a very good place to start any South African journey. Few cities have such a dramatic setting, situated as it is on rugged Cape Peninsula. With the colossally imposing Table Mountain looming over the city, virtually every view here is worthy of a prized picture postcard.

Cape Town is also fast becoming a *de rigueur* stopover for the international set because of its sybaritic accommodations. When they visited Cape Town in 1998, Bill and Hillary stayed at the exclusive Cape Grace on the tony V&A Waterfront. But the fashionable crowd will prefer to rent a house in the desirable Camps Bay area, elevated from Cape Town proper, or book a room at the Mount Nelson Hotel and indulge in afternoon cream teas.

Take a day trip to the spectacularly lush Winelands area (SA's equivalent of Napa Valley). About thirty miles east of Cape Town, the Winelands surround Stellenbosch, an informally pretty town packed full of epicurean restaurants and wine bars. Later drive through the Helshoogte Pass between Stellenbosch and Paarl.

The Atlantic Ocean beaches at Cape Town are big, wide, and commercial so you'd best hang out at the intimate Llandudno beach, twenty minutes from the city. Or, if you're feeling adventurous, why not try the even more isolated Sandy Bay, which is accessible via a fifteen-minute walk from Llandudno. Bathers are forewarned that the sea around Cape Town is absolutely freezing.

Warmer waters await swimmers along the country's spectacular scenic stretch from Cape Town to Port Elizabeth along the Indian Ocean. The famous Garden Route, a narrow but gloriously verdant 125-mile route of densely forested and tranquil land between Mossel Bay and Storms River Mouth, boasts stop-offs with idyllic names such as "Garden of Eden" and "Wilderness." Horticulture enthusiasts will appreciate the carefully manicured and sensitively commercialized wilderness of the Garden Route which provides world-class botanical delights.

Golf fans should stop just east of Cape Town at the magnificent Fancourt Hotel & Country Club Estate, near George, in the shadow of the Outeniqua Mountains. From November 7–10, 2002, its Links Golf Course at the club will play host to the biennial Presidents Cup, an international team-match competition that will be contested outside of the United States for only the second time.

If you want to get the full, unadorned, earthy African bush experience, take a jaunt to the eastern flank of the country. Fly to Johannesburg, rent a car, and take the half-day drive to the mighty Kruger National Park. You won't be disappointed.

*(Simon Mills writes regularly for British* Vogue *and is a columnist for* The London Evening Standard.*)*

**SAFARI TO SUN CITY**

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SEA CHALLENGER

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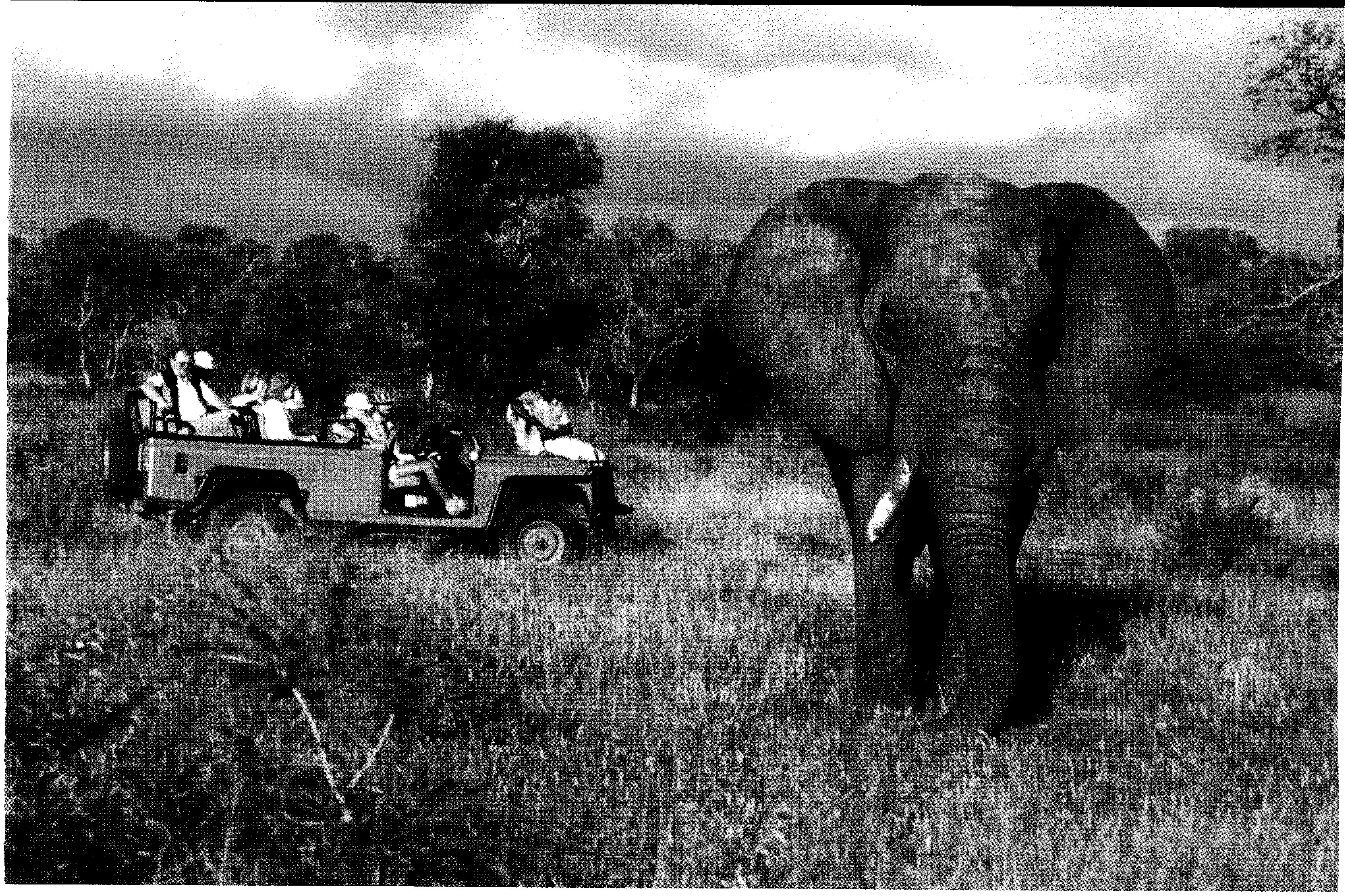

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other high-calorie hues and are edged with scalloped lines that suggest cartoon explosions. Even in daylight, they emit an ultravioletlike buzz. Bavington's long horizontal canvases, closely packed with sprayed vertical stripes in candy colors, are not so much like neon lights as they are what neon lights dream of growing up to be. The taste of these two painters bids to become a fashion. Win or lose, they will not be readily outdone. Through Oct. 13. (Feigen, 535 W. 20th St. 929-0500.)

### *Short List*

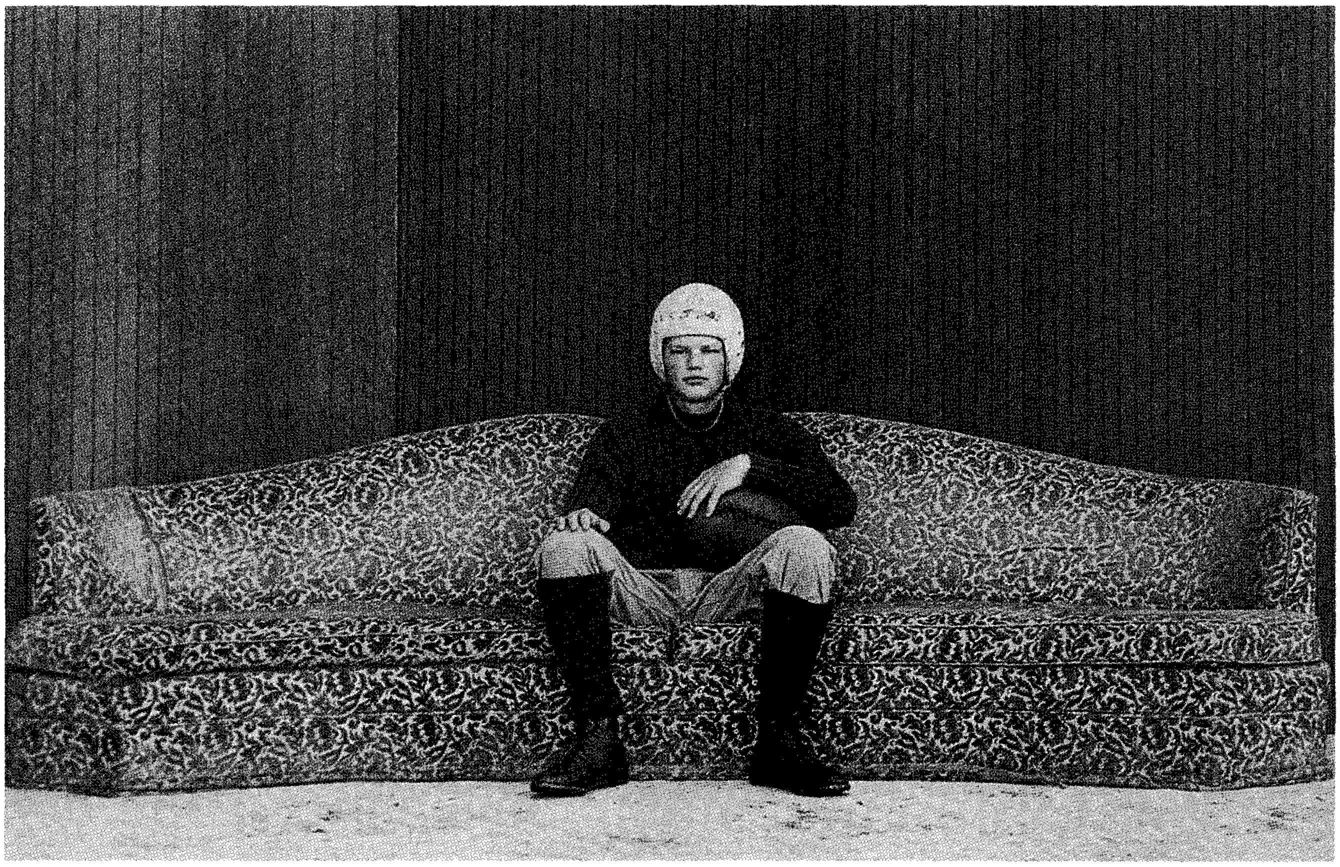
**REE MORTON**
Alexander and Bonin, 132 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. 367-7474. Through Oct. 13.

**KARA WALKER**
Sikkema, 530 W. 22nd St. 929-2262. Through Oct. 13.

**PETER WEGNER**
Mary Boone, 541 W. 24th St. 752-2929. Through Oct. 20.

## GALLERIES–DOWNTOWN

**NICOLA DE MARIA**
Last month, De Maria moved temporarily from Torino, Italy, to Sperone Westwater, at 121 Greene Street, where he lived for two weeks while making a wall painting called "La Testa Allegra di un Angelo Bello" ("The Happy Head of a Beautiful Angel"). That exuberant mural, which covers everything down to the electric socket with bright, poster-paint curves, is paired with an equally bright suitcase waiting in front of it, as if to suggest a bright curvy landscape you could run off into, or, less grandly, to remind us of the transience of the artist himself. The installation is set off by a selection of paintings from the eighties and several recent collages—they look like greeting cards that Matisse might have made for his mother. Through Oct. 27. (Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St. 431-3685.)



*Luke Smalley's retro images of athletes in period gear are on exhibit at Wessel and O'Connor (see Photography).*

**MICHELLE LOPEZ**
Sculptures of unidentifiably salacious objects (oyster? macadamia nut? pancreas?) covered in glistening, pettable deerskin, calfskin, pony skin, etc. The underlying flirtatiousness is made explicit in the show's title, "Adventures in the Skin Trade." The imaginary glands are legitimately well made and fashionable, as if Vuitton had designed artificial organs, but they're all ridiculously subliminal, filled with lumpish labiomorphs and phallaciousness. The effect of such teasing is both an homage to and a sendup of the desirable. Through Oct. 27. (Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. 343-7300.)

### *Short List*

**PAUL CHOJNOWSKI**
Bridgewater, Lustberg, 560 Broadway. 941-6355. Through Oct. 13.

**ANYA GALLACCIO**
Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. 965-0753. Through Oct. 20.

**CATHERINE MURPHY**
Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway. 941-0012. Through Nov. 3.

## AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES

**SOTHEBY'S**
Oct. 10 at 2: The collection of Frederick W. Hughes, Andy Warhol's legendary business manager. Hughes's tastes were exceptionally broad, and the sale includes items ranging from the grandly traditional (such as a rosewood cellarette, circa 1795, attributed to John and Thomas Seymour of Boston) to the delightfully silly (a pair of Mickey Mouse and Charlie McCarthy dolls from the nineteen-thirties). There are, of course, a number of art works by Warhol himself, including a pair of silk screens of Jacqueline Kennedy, in mourning, from 1964. Photographs, silver, and a selection of American Indian objects are also included in the sale. ♦ Oct. 11 at 10:15 A.M. and 2: Americana, including silver, folk art, and furniture. ♦ Oct. 12 at 10:15 A.M.: The Hegarty collection of antique toys, including a beguiling Ives mechanism of a smoke-ring-blowing General Grant, circa 1877, a life-size cigar-store Indian figure, circa 1885, and a big selection of fire trucks and other fire-fighting toys. ♦ Oct. 13 at 10:15 A.M. and 2: The Robert E. Crawford collection of furniture and decorative art works, including a George III nine-basket silver epergne (from 1784) and a Federal mahogany writing desk made by Elisha Tucker of Boston, circa 1800, originally owned by John Quincy Adams and kept in the Adams family until 1967. ♦ Oct. 15 at 10:15 A.M.: A broad range of Indian and Southeast Asian art works, including Tibetan religious paintings, a selection of Indian jewelry and decorative objects, and a fine bronze Buddha from fourteenth-century Thailand. ♦ Oct. 16 at 10:15 A.M. and 2: A small selection of Korean bronzes and celadons precedes a sale of Japanese prints (by Torii Kotondo, Hokusai, and others) and paintings. (York Ave. at 72nd St. 606-7000.)

**CHRISTIE'S**
Oct. 10 at 10 A.M. and 2: Furniture, sculptures, ceramics, and art works from the nineteenth century. ♦ Oct. 11 at 10 A.M.: U.S. coins and paper money. ♦ Oct. 12 at 10 A.M.: American furniture. ♦ Oct. 15-16 at 10 A.M.: Two sessions (compacted from three) devoted to the capacious collections of Chinese and Japanese ceramics and art works of Pauline and Johnny Falk. An imperial Ming blue-and-white bowl, from the reign of the emperor Xuande, is a highlight of the sale. ♦ Oct. 15 at 2 and 6: Japanese and Korean art works. ♦ Oct. 16 at 2: Chinese ceramics, furniture, and art works primarily from the Ming period, including a rare *huanghuali* horseshoe-back armchair from the collection of Dr. Elizabeth A. Sackler. (20 Rockefeller Plaza, at 49th St. 636-2000.)

**CHRISTIE'S EAST**
Oct. 10 at 10 A.M.: Old Master paintings. ♦ Oct. 15 at 10 A.M. and 2: A sale of jewelry. (219 E. 67th St. 606-0400.)

©2001 Volkswagen. 1-800 DRIVE VW or VW.COM We took some artistic license and removed the window glass and the side-view mirror. Sometimes we're just crazy like that.

**SWANN**
Oct. 11 at 10:30 A.M.: Books on astronomy, chemistry, electricity, mathematics, and physics, including a first edition of Alessandro Piccolomini's "Della Sfera del Mondo," from 1540, containing the first printed star atlas. A number of patent documents are also featured, including first British printings of Edison's design for the phonograph and Igor Sikorsky's plan for the single-rotor helicopter. ♦ Oct. 11 at 2:30: A session devoted to books on medicine and natural history. Guido Guidi's translation of a Byzantine surgical manuscript, "Chirurgia è Graeco in Latinum Conversa," in its first edition, from 1544, is the highlight of the sale.

## PHOTOGRAPHY

**THÉODORE BRAUNER (1914-2000)**
At thirteen, Théodore Brauner was running his own "anti-art" magazine in Bucharest. By twenty, he'd begun the photographic experiments that led to his camera-free anti-photography, in which he exposed photographic paper to unorthodox combinations of negatives, chemicals, and direct light. The resulting "Solarfixes," now on show at Ubu, are more colorful descendants of Man Ray's photograms. The most serious of them feel like early Abstract Expressionism, but others succumb to goofiness—Brauner scratched a graffiti face with spiral eyes onto one. That cartoonish impulse led to the work in a second show, a few blocks away at Gat, "The Masks." Working in late-nineteen-fifties Paris and early-nineteen-sixties New York, Brauner zoomed in on locks, spouts, and outlets looking for human features. He discovered a solemn tribe of tarnished metal hobgoblins who stare out at viewers from everyday gadgets. The idea is contagious—those who look long enough at this show risk seeing faces everywhere they go. Both shows through Nov. 3. (Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. 327-0441. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. 794-4444.)

**JOHN COPLANS**
In 1984, Coplans began photographing his body as if it were a landscape. Now eighty-one, he offers a diptych of the inside of his elbow, images instantly recognizable as human, but hard to place—are those things thighs, or maybe torsos? Large prints of interlocking fingers bring to mind legs crossed over one another in a Busby Berkeley routine. The most recent series, this year's "Self Portrait (Sideways)," shows a nude Coplans lumbering from one side of the frame to the other over the course of several images—as if to say that he plans to keep on moving. Through Oct. 27. (Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. 627-6000.)

**LARRY FINK**
This greatest-hits compilation of Fink's most influential work, the "Social Graces" series, brings out vintage black-and-white prints of nineteen-seventies New York society: Museum of Modern Art benefits, débutante balls, and Studio 54 parties. With his simple and ingenious trademark technique, a flash held apart from the camera, Fink sets up spotlit dramas surrounded by looming shadows—pearls, fur coats, and champagne flutes glisten, and faces seem all the more made up as the flash glances off them. Through Oct. 13. (Richardson, 535 W. 22nd St. 646-230-9610.)

**KENRO IZU**
In the course of his twenty-two-year "Sacred Places" project, this intrepid photographer of religious buildings and sacred land has hauled his large-format camera to some really remote piles of rocks. This time he headed into the mountains of Cambodia, India, Tibet, and China. As usual, the platinum-printed results are gorgeous, and much more than architectural documents. Izu's weather-beaten shrines seem to have been adopted by the craggy peaks they were built to honor. Through Oct. 20 at Greenberg and Oct. 25 at Sepia. (Greenberg, 120 Wooster. 334-0010. Sepia, 148 W. 24th St. 645-9444.)

**LUKE SMALLEY**
In the acknowledgments for this project, "Gymnasium," Smalley thanks the coaches and students who worked with him on it over the last twelve years. It's a wonder they did—the boys who gamely wear his often revealing vintage athletic gear and cavort with his antique sports equipment for these retro-Adonis images are clearly objects of a searing male gaze. But they followed stage directions, doing backbends, wrestling, carrying one another around, and doing their best not to smile much. The results look like less glamorous and more meticulously period Bruce Weber. Through Nov. 25. (Wessel and O'Connor, 242 W. 26th St. 242-8811.)

**"HERE IS NEW YORK"**
This impromptu show, subtitled "Images from the Frontline of History: A Democracy of Photographs," invites the public to submit amateur or professional pictures related to the attack on the World Trade Center. These images are reprinted, displayed, and sold for twenty-five dollars each, with all proceeds going to charity. Through Oct. 14. (Here Is New York, 116 Prince St. 917-304-9162.)

**"101 BOOKS"**
This show of seminal photography books of the twentieth century begins with Alvin Langdon Coburn's "London" (1909) and goes through to David LaChapelle's "LaChapelle Land" (1996). The volumes in between include a *Camera Work* issue devoted to Paul Strand (1917), Leni Riefenstahl's "Schönheit im Olympischen Kampf" (1937), and work from more recent leaders and mavericks—Peter Beard, Michael Lesy, and Allen Ginsberg make it in. The show is a pleasure, but most of all it's an excuse for a lush catalogue, "The Book of 101 Books" (2001). Through Nov. 3. (Roth Horowitz, 160A E. 70th St. 717-9067.)

**INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**
1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. 860-1777—**Helmut Newton** was most recently in the spotlight with the 2000 release of his sixty-six-pound book, "Sumo," which came with its own Philippe Starck table. He's back with this retrospective, curated by his wife, June Newton (also known as the photographer Alice Springs). She includes everything from the fetish-tinged fashion photography her husband is best known for—with separate sections for mannequins and medical devices—to his previously private montages. Revealing portraits of Andy Warhol, Sigourney Weaver, and Leni Riefenstahl may surprise viewers; a series of his imposing "Big Nudes" may not. Through Dec. 30. ♦ **"The Construction of the Paris Opera: Photographs of Delmaet and Durandelle"** and **" 'Greed' and Other Recent Acquisitions"** will also be on show through Dec. 30. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10-5; Fridays, 10-8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10-6.)

### *Short List*

**AMY ARBUS**
Bateman, 560 Broadway. 227-1431.
Through Nov. 14.

**JOHN COFFER**
The Viewing Room, 114 W. 17th St.
646-638-1920. Through Oct. 31.

**MARK COHEN**
Silverstein, 504 W. 22nd St. 627-3930.
Through Nov. 10.

**PAUL D'AMATO**
Milo, 552 W. 24th St. 414-0370.
Through Oct. 27.

**MICHEL FRANÇOIS**
Marcus, 578 Broadway. 226-3200.
Through Oct. 13.

**MARIO GIACOMELLI (1925-2000)**
Gallery 292, at 120 Wooster St. 431-0292.
Through Oct. 20.

**LUIGI GHIRRI / TODD HIDO**
Saul, 535 W. 22nd St. 627-2410.
Through Oct. 20.

*See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Whitney Museum of American Art, and the American Museum of Natural History.*

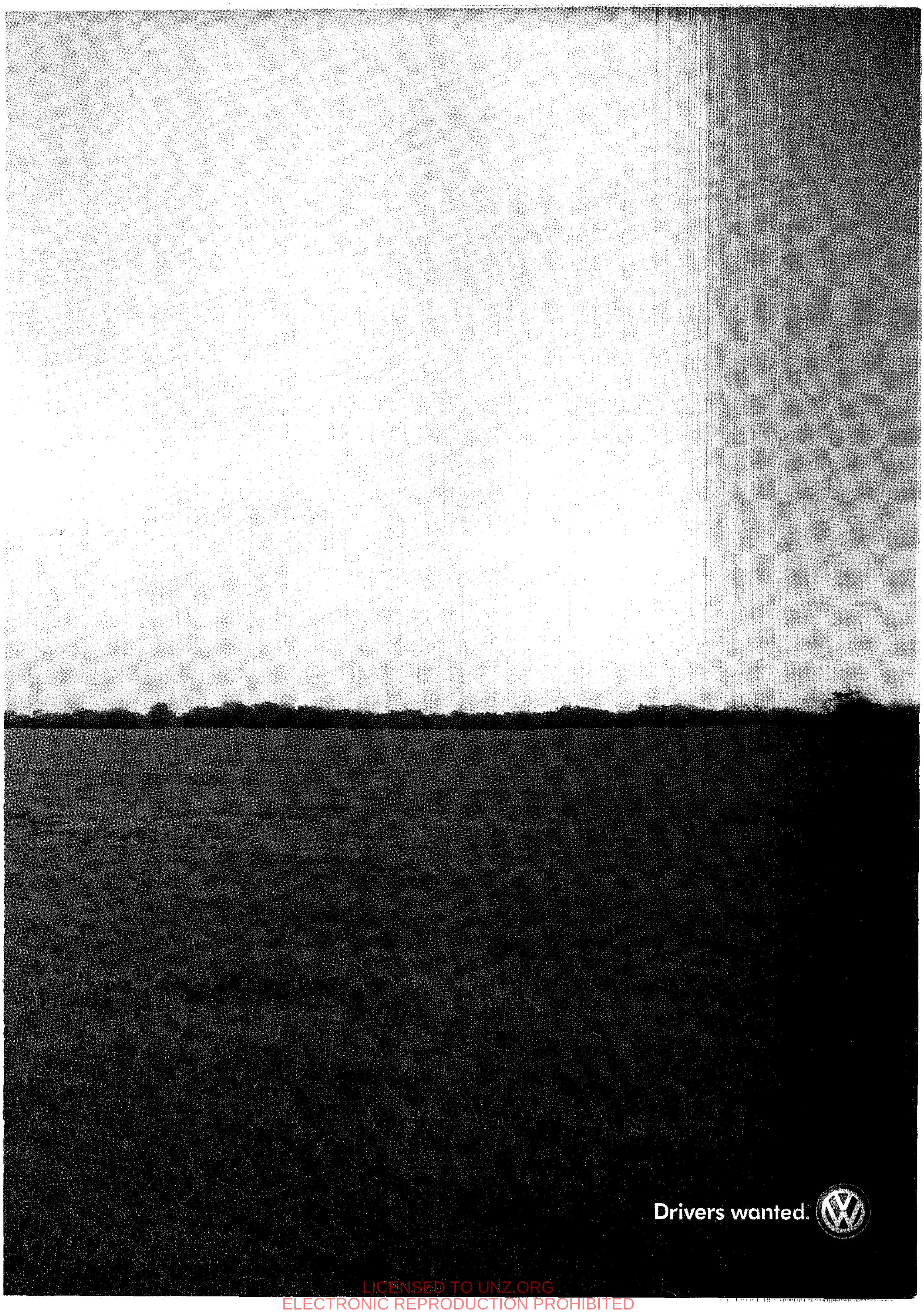
## CLASSICAL MUSIC
## OPERA

**METROPOLITAN OPERA**
Mozart's **"Idomeneo,"** featuring Dawn Upshaw, Carol Vaness, Susan Graham, and Plácido Domingo; the conductor is James Levine. (Oct. 10 at 7:30 and Oct. 13 at 8.) ♦ Jane Eaglen and Dolora Zajick (along with Richard Margison and Carlo Colombara) lead the cast in John Copley's new production of **"Norma,"** with sets by John Conklin; Carlo Rizzi. (Oct. 11 at 8 and Oct. 15 at 7:30.) ♦ **"Eugene Onegin,"** Tchaikovsky's impassioned sequence of "lyrical scenes" adapted from Pushkin's novel in verse, may be the ultimate nononsense opera. Robert Carsen's spare and spacious 1997 production, impeccably costumed in early-nineteenth-century style, echoes the score's clean lines and lack of pretense, and fits well with Vladimir Jurowski's taut and polished account of the score. The cast, which includes Solveig Kringelborn, Katarina Karnéus, Marcello Giordani, Thomas Hampson, and the British bass Robert Lloyd (making a brief but memorable appearance as Prince Gremin), is uniformly eloquent. (Oct. 12 at 8.) ♦ With Elena Evseeva and Svetlana Serdar replacing Kringelborn and Karnéus, and Paul Plishka replacing Lloyd. (Oct. 16 at 8.) ♦ **"La Bohème,"** with Hei-Kyung Hong and Frank Lopardo as Mimi and Rodolfo, and Inva Mula and Bruno Caproni as Musetta and Marcello; Carlo Rizzi. (Oct. 13 at 1:30.) (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

**NEW YORK CITY OPERA**
Verdi's **"Macbeth,"** a return of the 1997 production, with Richard Paul Fink in the title role and Lauren Flanigan reprising her role as Lady Macbeth. Despite its stylistic discontinuities, this trenchant Shakespeare adaptation is more notable for its dramatic ambience than for its individual moments—though Lady Macbeth's sleepwalking scene remains one of the composer's most haunting creations. George Manahan conducts. (Oct. 10 at 7:30 and Oct. 14 at 1:30.) ♦ Bellini's **"The Capulets and the Montagues,"** with Mary Dunleavy (as Juliet), Sarah Connolly (as Romeo), Raul Hernandez, Jan Opalach, and John Marcus Bindel; Joseph Rescigno conducts. (Oct. 11 at 7:30 and Oct. 13 at 1:30.) ♦ Jonathan Miller's production of **"The Mikado,"** with Jan Opalach (in the title role), Anna Christy, Myrna Paris, Kirstin Chávez, Keith Jameson, and Richard Suart; Gerald Steichen. (Oct. 12 at 8 and Oct. 16 at 7:30.) ♦ James Robertson's fresh and engaging production of **"La Bohème"** returns from last season, with Maria Kanyova, Alexandra Coku, Misha Didyk, and Alfredo Daza; Brent McMunn. (Oct. 13 at 8.) (New York State Theatre. 307-4100.)

**"NO EASY WALK TO FREEDOM"**
Chandler Carter's operatic tribute to Nelson Mandela, which blends South African folk and classical styles, enjoys its première, at Riverside Church; the baritone André Solomon-Glover leads the cast. (Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 870-6784. Oct. 12 at 8 and Oct. 14 at 3.)

WALTER MINUS


Drivers wanted.

**"LOGIC OF THE BIRDS"**
A collaboration, loosely based on twelfth-century Persian mystical writings, between four noted Iranian-born artists—the visual artist Shirin Neshat, the composer Sussan Deyhim, the filmmaker Ghasem Ebrahimian, and the writer Shoja Azari. It combines film, music, and drama to illustrate the story of an Iranian woman (a role sung in Farsi by Deyhim) who attempts to break free from the social and political realities of her country. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Oct. 10, Oct. 12-13, and Oct. 15-16 at 8.)

## ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC**
Oct. 11-13 at 8: André Previn is a persuasive advocate of the music of Rachmaninoff, whose Symphony No. 2 he conducts on a program which also features Mozart's "Coronation" Concerto (with the pianist Alicia de Larrocha). ♦ Oct. 15 at 6:45: The Rachmaninoff is repeated in a shorter "rush hour" concert. (Avery Fisher Hall. 721-6500.)

**AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**
Leon Botstein leads a concert in memory of the victims of the World Trade Center disaster, with a program of European music, mostly written during the Second World War, by Gerhard (the Violin Concerto, with Mira Zheng-Rong Wang), Petrassi, and Hartmann (including the U.S. première of "Symphonic Hymns"). (Avery Fisher Hall. 721-6500. Oct. 10 at 8.)

**AMERICAN COMPOSERS ORCHESTRA**
Electronic music has come a long way since the days when academic audiences in darkened halls would sit before two speakers arranged on a barren stage. The A.C.O. presents a five-concert series celebrating the interaction of performance and technology, mixing new works with historic masterpieces. Oct. 10 at 8: Gil Rose and Jeffrey Milarsky lead a chamber-orchestra concert featuring works by Randall Woolf ("Hee Haw"), John Oswald (a concerto that employs an electronic "conductor's jacket," developed at M.I.T.), and the late Otto Luening, a beloved pioneer of the genre. (Miller Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799.) ♦ Oct. 11 at 8: Speculum Musicae, the crack modern-music group, offers music by Mark Appelbaum, Mathew Rosenblum, and others. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 917-579-3269.) ♦ Oct. 12 at 8: The electric string quartet Ethel presents a concert including works by Steve Mackey, Roger Reynolds, and Ingram Marshall (the mysterious "Fog Tropes II," a benchmark of American minimalism). (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. 279-4200.) ♦ Oct. 13 at 8: A quartet of electroacoustic composer-performers, including Daniel Trueman and Martha Mooke, perform at the Knitting Factory. (74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. 210-3006.) ♦ Oct. 14 at 8: Paul Lusting Dunkel conducts the A.C.O. in a final concert at Carnegie Hall, featuring premières of works by Tod Machover, Morton Subotnick, Tristan Murail, and a new version of Varèse's "Déserts," with a video by Bill Viola. (247-7800.)

**BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA**
Pursuing his bent for thematic programming, Robert Spano leads the group's first concert in a series entitled "Songs of the Earth." Stravinsky's savagely rhythmic "Rite of Spring" closes a program that begins with contemporary works by Ross Edwards and Ramon Zupko, which draw their strengths from aboriginal and American Indian music, respectively. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 718-636-4100. Oct. 12-13 at 8.)

**NATIONAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA: "MORE DRUMS ALONG THE POTOMAC"**
Music with a beat is the focus of two concerts led by Leonard Slatkin, with the percussionist Evelyn Glennie as guest. Oct. 12 at 8: Music by Gershwin and Ravel (the "Boléro") along with premières of works by Stewart Wallace ("Gorilla in a Cage") and Joan Tower. ♦ Oct. 13 at 8: Classics by Varèse and Revueltas (the volcanic "Night of the Maya") bookend new works by George Tsontakis and Chen Yi. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800.)

**I MUSICI DE MONTREAL**
The 92nd Street Y starts off its season with a concert presented by this noted chamber orchestra, conducted by Yuli Turovsky. Music by Beethoven dominates the program: the Symphony No. 2 in D Major and the Piano Concerto No. 2 in B-Flat Major (with Anton Kuerti). (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5500. Oct. 13 at 8.)

**MARK O'CONNOR AND THE METAMORPHOSEN ORCHESTRA**
The crossover fiddler plays music from his latest album, "American Seasons," in a concert conducted by Scott Yoo, who also leads his ensemble in works by a young American composer, Dan Coleman, and by John Adams ("Shaker Loops"). (Avery Fisher Hall. 721-6500. Oct. 16 at 8.)

**BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**
Seiji Ozawa conducts the orchestra and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus in the Berlioz "Requiem." (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Oct. 16-17 at 8.)

## TABLES FOR TWO

**BALDORIA**
249 W. 49th St. (582-0460)—"I'm Tina and that's Gino," says the lady bartender with swept-up blond hair, nodding to a grinning waiter in a powder-blue shirt. The welcome-to-the-family introductions go down as easily as everything else does here, thanks to the knowing amiability of the place's owner, Frank Pellegrino, Jr., who was weaned on the good red sauce at Rao's, his parents' celebrity joint in East Harlem. Baldoria may be only eighteen months old, but with its roomy booths, centrally located jukebox, and wall-to-wall photographs of children, relatives, and show-biz types (the most recognizable is Raquel Welch in cave-girl attire, circa 1965) it has the air of a theatre-district classic that's been around longer than anyone can remember.

The menu is a primer—updated and distilled—in the sort of casually regional Italian-American fare that James Beard had in mind when he quipped about "food that never lets you see the pattern on the plate." Standouts among the antipasti include grilled octopus with broccoli rabe and cippolini onions, and a lighter-than-air fritto misto of calamari, shrimp, sardines, and zucchini. The soup of seared bread in chicken broth with a poached egg and Parmesan cheese should be saved for the first winter chill. The pastas—fusilli with sausage and cabbage in a marinara sauce, ravioli with spinach, ricotta, butter, and sage—make up in satisfying familiarity what they lack in surprise. The main courses—butterflied breaded veal chop with arugula, calf's liver Veneziana, striped bass with artichokes, capers, and olives—are as blunt as Casca's tongue. Desserts tend unerringly toward the soft, the sweet, and the gooey. And every time Gino returns to ask "How ya doin'?" he seems on the verge of bursting into "That's Amore." (Open weekdays for lunch and dinner, weekends for dinner only. Entrées $18-$36.)

—*Charles Michener*

## RECITALS

**THOMAS HAMPSON**
Songs by Schubert complement a set of Whitman settings by such composers as Hindemith, Bernstein, and Ned Rorem, along with a group of traditional American songs. The pianist is Wolfram Rieger. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Oct. 10 at 7:30.)

**NEW YORK FESTIVAL OF SONG: "AT HARLEM'S HEIGHT"**
No group in the city presents a more scintillating program of songs than those offered in this valuable series, which opens its fourteenth season with a program devoted to the great African-American jazz and classical composers (including Ellington, Strayhorn, Florence Price, and William Grant Still) who flourished during the years of the Harlem Renaissance. The singers are Dana Hanchard, Darius De Haas, and James Martin; Steven Blier is at the piano. (Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. Oct. 11 at 8.)

**BEAUX ARTS TRIO**
The Metropolitan Museum of Art hosts the venerable piano trio's first concert of the season, a program of Copland, Beethoven, and Brahms (the Trio in B Major, Op. 8.) (Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. 570-3949. Oct. 12 at 8.)

**BROOKLYN BAROQUE**
The pocket period-instrument ensemble starts its season with a program of Telemann, Quantz, and Domenico Scarlatti at the historic Morris-Jumel Mansion, one of upper Manhattan's most charming spots. (162 Jumel Terrace, between 160th and 162nd Sts. 923-8008. Oct. 13 at 2.)

**BORROMEO STRING QUARTET**
Randall Svane's Quartet No. 2 enjoys its première on the quartet's Merkin Concert Hall program, which also features works by Beethoven (the Quartet in E-Flat Major, Op. 127) and Debussy. (129 W. 67th St. 917-579-3269. Oct. 13 at 8.)

**CHRISTIAN GERHAHER**
The young German baritone sings Schubert's "Schwanengesang," accompanied by Gerold Huber. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. Oct. 14 at 5.)

**CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER**
An evening of music by Beethoven (including the "Kreutzer" Sonata and the rarely performed String Quintet in C Major), featuring the violinist Leila Josefowicz and the pianist André Watts. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5788. Oct. 14 at 5 and Oct. 16 at 7:30.)

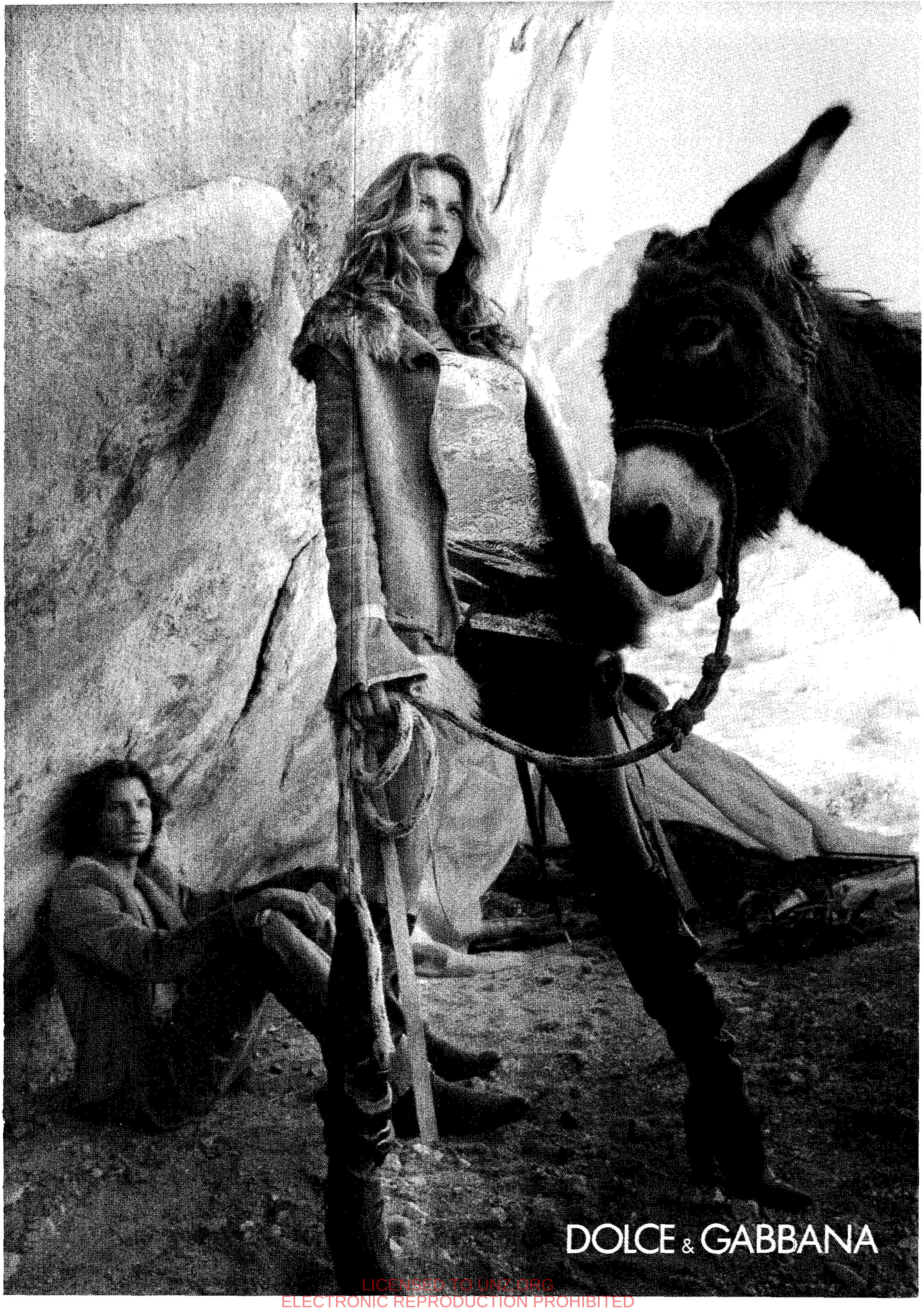
**DAVID HURD**
A classic program of mostly French music (including works by Franck, Widor, and Duruflé), presented by the renowned American organist. (Church of the Holy Apostles, Ninth Ave. at 28th St. 807-6799. Oct. 16 at 7:30.)

**KALICHSTEIN-LAREDO-ROBINSON TRIO**
This season finds the piano trio collaborating with members of some of the country's leading string quartets. They begin their series with two members of the Orion Quartet, the violinist Daniel Phillips and the violist Steven Tenenbom, who assist in Schumann's Piano Quintet; the program also includes Beethoven's "Ghost" Trio and Stanley Silverman's kinetic "In Celebration," a toast to the generation of American talent that included Leonard Bernstein and Jerome Robbins. (92nd St. Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5500. Oct. 16-17 at 8.)

## ABOVE AND BEYOND

**READINGS**
Oct. 10 at 8: By the novelists Peter Carey and Russell Banks, from their work. (BAM Café, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn. 718-636-4139.) ♦ Oct. 10 at 8: By Fanny Howe and Kimberly Lyons, from their poetry. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Tickets at the door.) ♦ Oct. 11 at 8: By Don DeLillo, John Updike, Woody Allen, Jhumpa Lahiri, and other *New Yorker* writers, in a benefit for the victims of the World Trade Center disaster. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.) ♦ Oct. 16 at 7: By Joan Didion, from her new collection of essays, "Political Fictions." (Music Building, Queens College, Flushing. For more information, call 718-997-4646.)

**TALKS**
Oct. 10 at 6: D. Graham Burnett discusses "Trial by Jury," his account of his experience as a juror in a murder case. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. 930-0084.) ♦ Oct. 10 at 6: As part of the Mercantile Library's ongoing series about adultery, Mary Bly, an English professor and the author of "Queer Virgins and Virgin Queens on the Early Modern Stage," joins Virginia Scott, a theatre professor and the author of "Molière, a Theatrical Life," for a discussion titled "The Imaginary Cuckold: Suspicion and Adultery in Shakespeare and Molière." (Mercantile Library, 17 E. 47th St. For reservations, which are required, call 755-6710.)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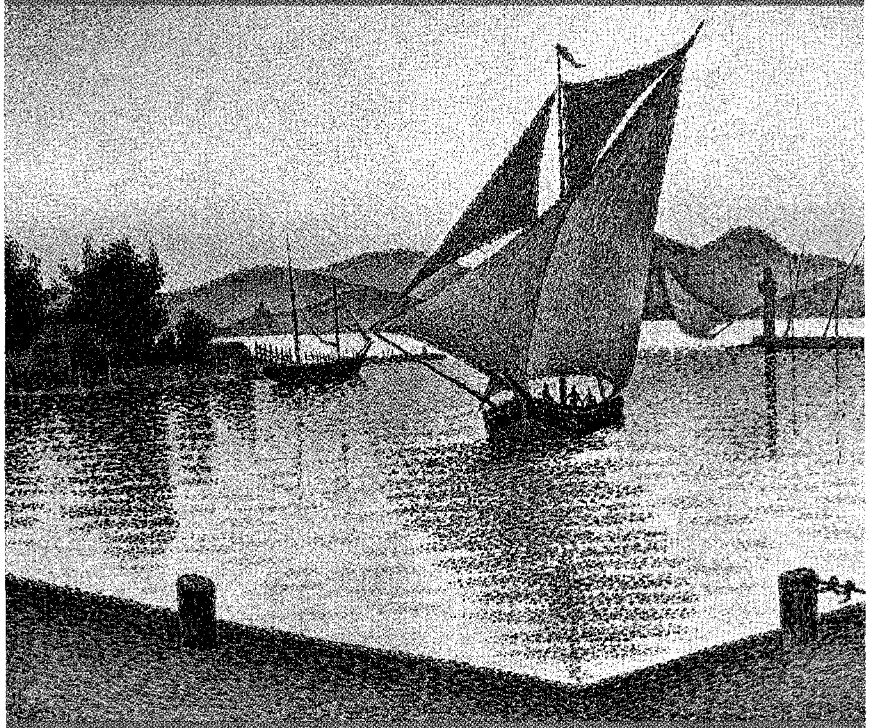

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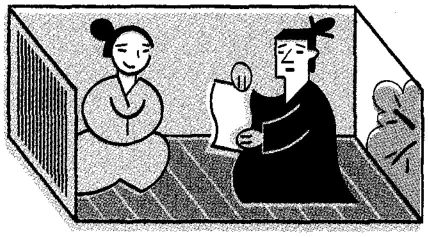
## BOOK CURRENTS

### *The Origins of the Novel*

"In a certain reign (whose can it have been?) someone of no very great rank, among all His Majesty's Consorts and Intimates, enjoyed exceptional favor." So begins Royall Tyler's limpid new English translation—the first in twenty-five years—of Murasaki Shikibu's eleventh-century work **THE TALE OF GENJI** (Viking).



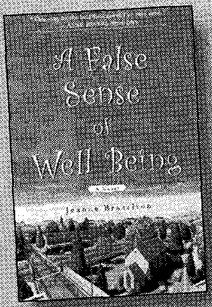
Tyler's delicate ear for the language of the original helps breathe new life into the story of Genji, the illegitimate son of the emperor by his favorite concubine, who becomes a rising star at court and a prolific seducer of women before his dalliances catch up with him. Murasaki's work, which some consider the world's first novel, provides an incomparable glimpse into the political, aesthetic, and erotic aspects of the Heian court.

The first illustrations of Genji's adventures seem to have appeared shortly after the text itself, but these images have been lost. Later works have survived, including the luminous Burke albums, which are reproduced in **THE TALE OF GENJI: LEGENDS AND PAINTINGS** (George Braziller). In her introduction, the art historian Miyeko Murase describes how these heavily gilded seventeenth-century miniatures employ the conventions of classical Japanese style, notably *fukinuki-yatai*, or "stage with the roof blown away," which allows the artist to show the interiors of rooms.

Murasaki herself remains elusive. What little is known of her comes mostly from her diary, parts of which are woven into Liza Dalby's fictionalized memoir, **THE TALE OF MURASAKI** (Anchor), which portrays Murasaki as a sharp-eyed but lonely young woman. Drawn into a liaison with one of the most powerful men at court, Murasaki faces the bitter truth that life often can't match fiction. "He was no Genji," she writes, "that was certain."

—*William Cohen*

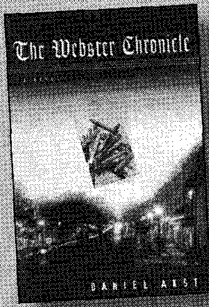
STEPHEN SAVAGE



## WEDLOCK

Eleven years into her marriage, Jessie Maddox finds herself in the throes of a full-blown midlife crisis. Her storybook romance on the wane, she suddenly can't stop fantasizing about disturbingly creative ends to her husband's life.

***A FALSE SENSE OF WELL BEING***
**by Jeanne Braselton**
Pub. Price: $23.95
Our Price: $19.16
**Readers' Advantage Price: $17.24**



## WITCH-HUNT

Mass hysteria erupts in a small town after allegations of abuse at a local preschool. In an attempt to scoop the national media, a local reporter down on his luck fans the flames of the story and ends up losing control of events.

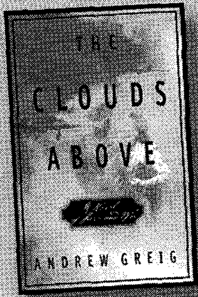
***THE WEBSTER CHRONICLE***
**by Daniel Akst**
Pub. Price: $24.95
Our Price: $19.96
**Readers' Advantage Price: $17.96**

Only In London

## WAYFARERS

A flight from Dubai to London throws together four people from distant corners of their society. Back on the ground, their lives intersect intriguingly as they each seek love and liberty in London's burgeoning Arab community.

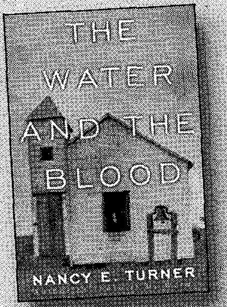
***ONLY IN LONDON***
**by Hanan al-Shaykh**
Pub. Price: $23.00
Our Price: $18.40
**Readers' Advantage Price: $16.56**



## WW II

An RAF pilot and a young female radar operator fall in love beneath the menacing skies of World War II. To write this story of both love and war Andrew Greig drew on his mother's diary chronicling her experiences from the period.

***THE CLOUDS ABOVE***
**by Andrew Greig**
Pub. Price: $24.00
Our Price: $19.20
**Readers' Advantage Price: $17.28**



## WITNESS

A young woman in East Texas keenly observes the racial hatred and fears of white rural America in the early 1940s. After escaping town on the arm of a Native American soldier, she returns to confront painful rejection.

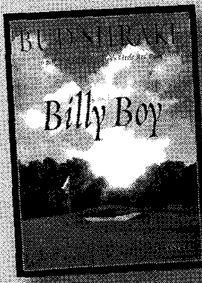
***THE WATER AND THE BLOOD***
**by Nancy E. Turner**
Pub. Price: $26.00
Our Price: $20.80
**Readers' Advantage Price: $18.72**

Austerlitz
W.G. Sebald

## WHERE

An orphan who arrived in England in 1939, Jacques Austerlitz retains no conscious memory of where he came from. He engages the narrator in a fascinating and diverting 30-year conversation to unravel his real identity.

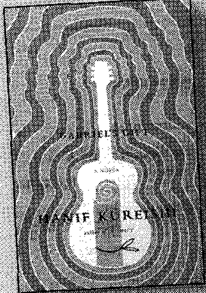
***AUSTERLITZ***
**by W.G. Sebald**
Pub. Price: $25.95
Our Price: $20.76
**Readers' Advantage Price: $18.68**



## WEDGE

After his father blows their bankroll at the craps table, young Billy fends for himself as a caddie at the Colonial Country Club. He makes an honest living on the links and dreams of the chance to meet his hero, the legendary Ben Hogan.

***BILLY BOY***
**by Bud Shrake**
Pub. Price: $21.00
Our Price: $16.80
**Readers' Advantage Price: $15.12**



## WISH

Abandoned by his washed-up rock musician father and left alone by his working mother, 15-year old Gabriel dabbles with his ability to produce real objects simply by drawing them. His extraordinary gift may help heal the family rift.

***GABRIEL'S GIFT***
**by Hanif Kureishi**
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# MOVIES OPENING

**THE AMERICAN ASTRONAUT**
Reviewed below in Film Notes. Opening Oct. 12.

**BANDITS**
Reviewed below in Film Notes. Opening Oct. 12.

**CORKY ROMANO**
Chris Kattan plays the effeminate son of a mobster in this comedy directed by Rob Pritts. With Peter Falk. Opening Oct. 12.

**FAT GIRL**
Reviewed below in Film Notes. Opening Oct. 10.

**GRATEFUL DAWG**
A documentary about the friendship and musical partnership between David Grisman and Jerry Garcia, directed by Grisman's daughter Gillian. Opening Oct. 12. (Cinema Village.)

**IRON MONKEY**
A rerelease of a 1993 martial-arts movie, directed by Yuen Wo Ping, the action choreographer for "The Matrix" and "Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon." In Mandarin. Opening Oct. 12.

**MY FIRST MISTER**
Christine Lahti directed this drama about the relationship between a rebellious teen-ager (Leelee Sobieski) and her boss (Albert Brooks) at a men's clothing store. Opening Oct. 12.

**THINGS BEHIND THE SUN**
Writer-director Allison Anders's drama about a music journalist (Gabriel Mann) who interviews his childhood friend (Kim Dickens), now a rock star dealing with a painful memory. Opening Oct. 12. (The Screening Room.)

**YANA'S FRIENDS**
A drama set during the Gulf War about the effects of Russian immigration to Israel. Arik Kaplun directed. In Hebrew and Russian. Opening Oct. 12.

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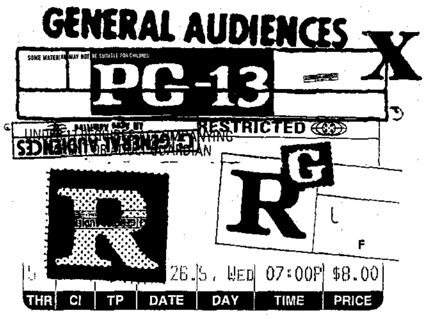
# FILM NOTES

**THE AMERICAN ASTRONAUT**
Cory McAbee's black-and-white feature début (which he wrote, directed, and stars in) has all the quirky kick of a budget-impaired independent film. The story, set in the future, tells of a shipping contractor chased by a deranged killer, but it's just an occasion for McAbee to run wild with his genre-busting ideas. The film is filled with psychotic Astaire-style musical sequences, Three Stooges-esque humor, slimy nightmare imagery, and hilarious Flash Gordon-inspired space scenes. The strange brew may not be to everyone's taste, but there's no mistaking the original and talented point of view McAbee brings to his grab-bag adventure.—*Bruce Diones* (Angelika Film Center.)

**BANDITS**
Bruce Willis as a macho daredevil with thinning long hair and an impassively cool manner; Billy Bob Thornton as a fussbudget hypochondriac who squints and starts and hears bells ringing in his head. They work together as polite, nonviolent bank robbers. But why? God knows we're willing to be amused, but the picture needs a bit more reality in order for us to accept it as a fiction. Some of Billy Bob's tremors are funny, but we never understand what holds these two together. The director, Barry Levinson, wants to cross "Bonnie and Clyde" with "It Happened One Night," but the combination doesn't work. He also makes frequent intercuts to a droning TV news show about the bank robbers, a device that kills the movie's momentum every time. With Cate Blanchett as the madcap married woman who throws in her lot with the two men.—*David Denby* (Chelsea Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, and Union Square.)

**CHOP SUEY**
Bruce Weber's new picture plays like a home movie filled with his particular pleasures and friends: the hip jazz singer Frances Faye, the jujitsu master Rickson Gracie, and Diana Vreeland, among others. He gives them all room to speak and entertain in the kindest of environments (Vreeland in her opulent



apartment, Gracie with his family on the lawn). At the movie's center is the handsome, gap-toothed Peter Johnson, a high-school wrestler whom Weber discovered in Iowa and has been photographing obsessively over the last few years. Weber captures Johnson's adventurousness and innocence with such gentleness and humor that the film, and its myriad subjects, come together to form a deeply personal joyride.—*B.D.* (Film Forum.)

**LA CIÉNAGA**
The title translates as "The Swamp," and here it applies to the claustrophobic confines of a summer mansion and the imploding family that inhabits it, like refugees from a Cheever story. Lucrecia Martel, the Argentinean writer-director, has a gift for domestic detail—the way children talk over each other, the wordless stares, and the kind of mess people make when they never pick up after themselves. Her house is a complicated latticework of servants, cousins, and half-remembered quarrels and affairs. There is little nobility on display; when the family matriarch takes to her bed, her daughters and son spend most of the day beside her. Martel has chosen to shine a light on the accumulated sadness of compromise, a world without grace. It's a bitter, affecting journey. In Spanish.—*Michael Agger* (Film Forum.)

**THE DEEP END**
A heartfelt and beautifully made neo-noir thriller that takes its moods and colors from the turquoise blue of Lake Tahoe. A mother of three, Margaret (Tilda Swinton), discovers a dead body outside her family's lakeside home one morning. It is her teen-age son's gay lover, a Reno club owner and lowlife, and Margaret sets about disposing of the corpse as if it were a particularly cumbersome household nuisance. The movie, which is beautifully shot by Giles Nuttgens, develops rhapsodic and fatalistic moods that hold you even when the story becomes improbable. Written and directed by the team of Scott McGehee and David Siegel.—*D.D.* (Reviewed in our issue of 8/13/01.) (Angelika Film Center, Chelsea Cinemas, Cinema 3rd Avenue, Empire 25, and Lincoln Square.)

**THE DEER HUNTER**
A romantic adolescent boy's view of friendship, with the Vietnam War seen in the Victorian terms of such movies as "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and "Four Feathers"—as a test of men's courage. Without sharing the film's implicit God-and-country, flag-on-the-door political assumptions, one can see that, even with its pulp components and its superman hero (Robert De Niro, as a Pennsylvania steelworker), it is not merely trying to move people by pandering to their prejudices. Michael Cimino's 1978 film is an astonishing piece of work, an uneasy mixture of violent pulp and grandiosity, with a poetry of the commonplace.—*Pauline Kael* (American Museum of the Moving Image; Oct. 13.)

**DINNER RUSH**
A modestly scaled independent film about a long, long evening of cooking, eating, intrigue, hustle, sex, and murder at a Tribeca trattoria. The movie, well directed by Bob Giraldi, is made up of many little vignettes, most of them incisively written by the team of Rick Shaughnessy and Brian Kalata. Danny Aiello plays the tough-old-pro owner who may give up the place to his son (Edoardo Ballerini), a brilliant chef who has turned the family restaurant into something very chic. With Kirk Acevedo as a compulsive gambler who works as a sous-chef, Sandra Bernhard as a food writer in a wig, and many others. The movie was shot at Gigino, an actual restaurant that Giraldi owns.—*D.D.* (10/1/01) (BAM Rose Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, and Union Square.)

**DON'T SAY A WORD**
Vicious jewel thieves kidnap a smart little girl; her father, a master psychiatrist (Michael Douglas), must wrest a certain bit of information that the thieves want from a young woman (Brittany Murphy) who may or may not be crazy. Meanwhile, the psychiatrist's wife (Famke Janssen) lies in bed with a broken leg and fights off the gang with her crutch. All these not quite fascinating activities take place in an oppressive, gray-blue Manhattan and culminate in a violent fight that goes on forever in the semi-darkness of a graveyard. The movie's gravity is inane; nothing here works. Directed by Gary Fleder.—*D.D.* (Beekman, Chelsea Cinemas, Empire 25, Murray Hill Cinemas, Olympia I and II, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, Union Square, and Ziegfeld.)

**FAT GIRL**
A pitiful title for this gnawing French film, directed by Catherine Breillat, about the love-hate relationship between two teen-age sisters—one beautiful, the other not—during a family summer vacation. For the most part, the film is an artful examination of first love and sexual awakenings, but the tender, quiet scenes have a restless play beneath them. There's a psychological tension to Breillat's neutral style, and she employs it in an unnerving way whether she's filming a graphic love scene, a long drive, or a short, sharp burst of violence.—*B.D.* (Quad Cinema.)

**GO TIGERS!**
You know you have arrived in a place where high-school football is taken seriously when the dedication of the team exceeds that of the marching band. Massillon, Ohio, is one such town, a mostly blue-collar community of thirty-three thousand, where boys are held back in the eighth grade so they will have more time to become bigger and stronger. The filmmaker Ken Carlson documents the season of the local team, the Tigers, and follows the fates of three players: the black defensive end who sees football as his ticket out, and the white quarterback and linebacker who sense that senior year is their reward, not their staging ground. Carlson gets at the way the adults and the teens feed off each other, making the game into a test of the town's character. He also catches the fever himself: the second half of the movie plays like a highlight reel.—*M.A.* (Quad Cinema.)

**HEARTS IN ATLANTIS**
Based on a Stephen King story, this adaptation directed by Scott Hicks is treacly beyond all reason. The screenplay—pure mush—overflows with scenes that allow the characters to be caressed by a golden, understanding light. The film is so lacking in movement that there seems to be no direction, just gloppy cinematography. Anthony Hopkins plays the joyless lead role; he's a huggable psychic stranger who befriends a fatherless boy.—*B.D.* (Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, 72nd Street East, and Village Theatre VII.)

**JOY RIDE**
For the first half hour, John Dahl's latest movie is true to the joviality of its title. By the end, nothing could be more ironic, unless you think it is joyful to be locked in a motel room with a shotgun tied to the door handle. Dahl, as he proved in "The Last Seduction" and "Red Rock West," has a gift for unearthing laughter in the dark, and the new picture marks a welcome return to form. Steve Zahn and Paul Walker play a couple of brothers, driving across country with only a CB radio for entertainment. A practical joke goes badly wrong, and they become the terrified quarry of a man—or a voice—called Rusty Nail. The film belongs to Steve Zahn: his helpless tendency both to taunt the world and to cringe with dread at the consequences has never been put so smartly to the test. With Leelee Sobieski as a semi-girlfriend.—*Anthony Lane* (10/8/01) (East 86th Street Cinemas, Metro Cinema 1 and 2, Murray Hill Cinemas, 64th and 2nd, Union Square, and Village East Cinemas.)

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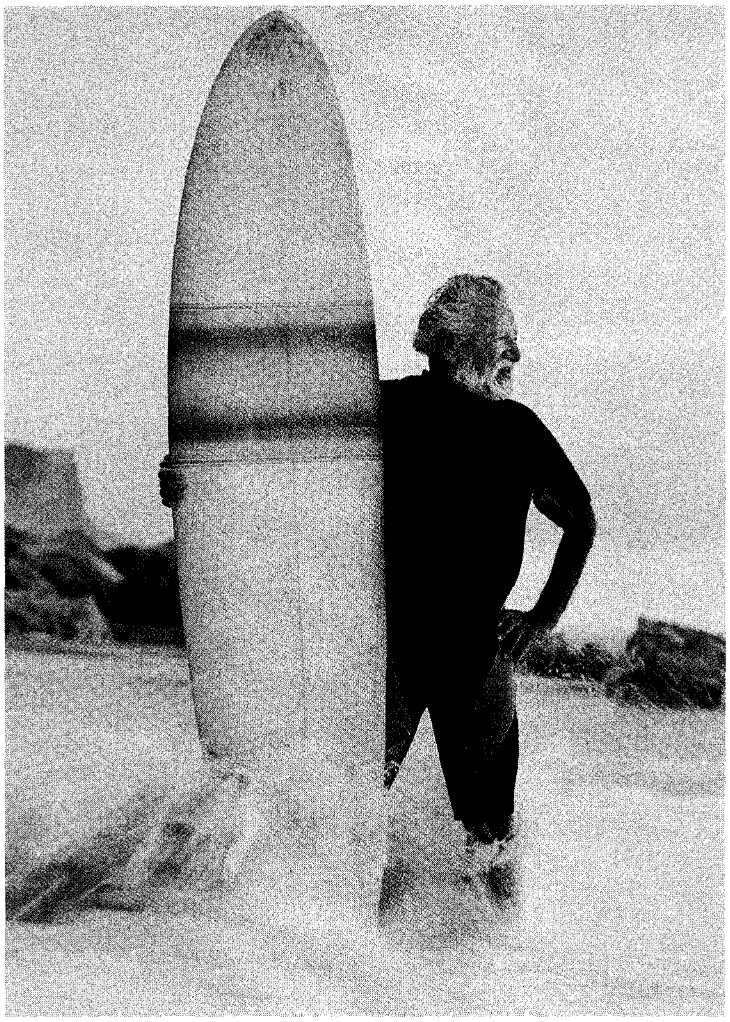

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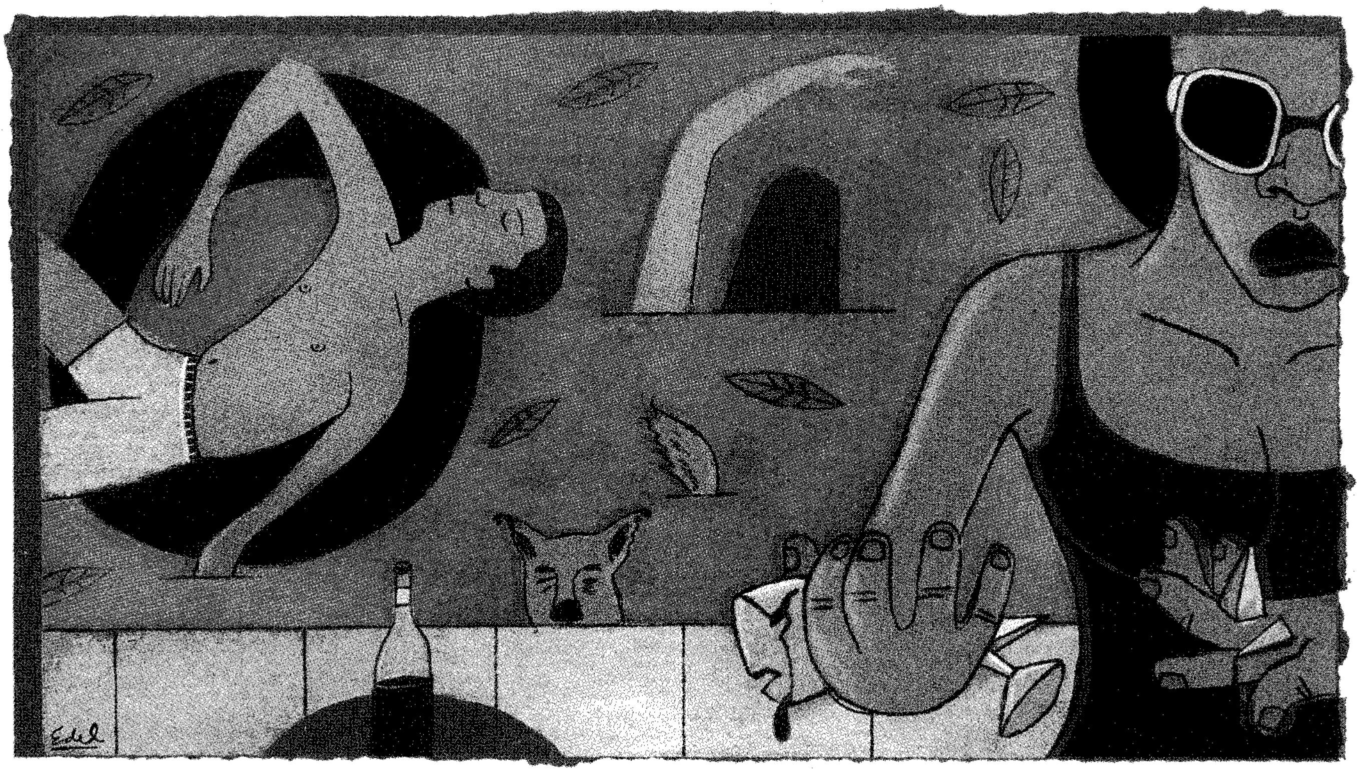
**L.I.E.**
A delinquent kid (Paul Franklin Dano) first robs and then befriends a middle-aged ex-marine (Brian Cox), who knows a lucky chance when he sees one. As movie subjects go, pedophilia is volatile to the point of explosive, and Michael Cuesta has done well to hold his nerve and forge something so clever and careful. If anything, the cleverness cuts too deep. Cuesta's desire for tolerance is so pronounced, and Cox's skill is so generous and engaging, that, if you don't watch out, you can end up being seduced by the same strategic charm that ensnares the boy. The picture is suavely shot and never less than disturbing. Cuesta falters only when the comedy of sly, vicious seduction recedes to make way for a solid event—a guy keeling over with a heart attack, say, in the middle of a restaurant. But this is Cox's film, by a mile; as a good Shakespearean, he knows how to flood villainy with dramatic life. What do you do with a monster who dares you not to like him?—*A.L.* (9/10/01) (East 85th Street, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, and Union Square.)



*At Film Forum, "La Ciénaga," with Juan Cruz Bordeu and Graciela Borges.*

EDEL RODRIGUEZ

**LIFE AND DEBT**
This documentary, directed by Stephanie Black, concerns the effects of globalization and multinational corporations on the island of Jamaica. What could have been a dry-as-dirt lecture on the evils of banking, the closings of farms, and unfair import practices gets shaped by the filmmaker into a comprehensive and involving film about the pillaging of a beautiful island and its people. The poetic, incisive narration is by Jamaica Kincaid.—*B.D.* (Cinema Village.)

**MULHOLLAND DRIVE**
A woman wanders away from a car wreck and into a strange house. Little old people scurry under the foot of a door, squeaking like mice. Yes, it's a David Lynch project. This one began life as a TV pilot; you can just imagine the aghast faces of the network executives as they saw what they had commissioned. In the event, the elongated weirdness, stretching to two and a half hours, feels discomfortingly at home on the larger screen; if you ever wanted to see an epic horror-soap, this is what it would look like. Many established Lynch motifs are in place, most of them summoned from one corner or another of the nineteen-fifties: the innocent blonde (Naomi Watts), the baffled brunette (Laura Elena Harring), the clueless cop (Robert Forster). Addicts of the director will tie themselves in knots trying to pick the lock of the film; the rest of us can lie back and enjoy the spooking. With Justin Theroux and, as a tough old landlady, Ann Miller. Yes, *that* Ann Miller.—*A.L.* (10/8/01) (Angelika Film Center, Chelsea Cinemas, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

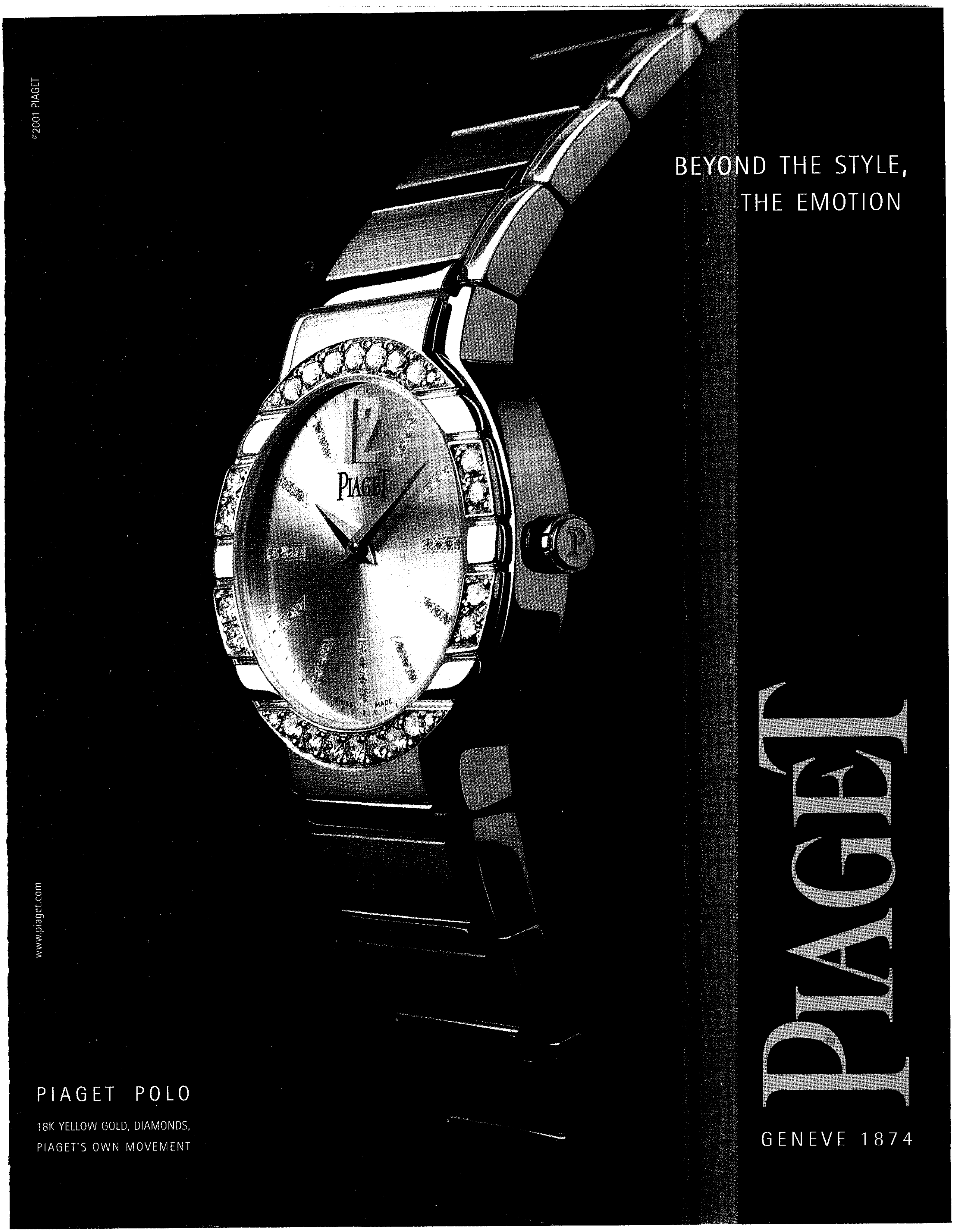
**THE OTHERS**
Nicole Kidman plays an upper-class Englishwoman living in a big house on Jersey at the end of the Second World War. Her husband is off fighting, and her two small children are so sensitive to light that the curtains must always be drawn and anyone passing from room to room must shut one door before opening the next. The electricity is out, and the house is covered in fog. One rather misses a beast howling on the moors or a madwoman in the attic, but there are voices, many voices, and the servants make creepy remarks. The Spanish director Alejandro Amenábar works by suggestion much of the time: he favors ambiguity rather than outright horrors, and the sepulchral gray light of the house and grounds can be elegant. But the movie becomes monotonous; it's like a sluggish computer game in which movement is limited to one room at a time.—*D.D.* (8/13/01) (Cinema I, East 86th Street Cinemas, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, and Village Theatre VII.)

**OUR LADY OF THE ASSASSINS**
In Barbet Schroeder's new movie, a Colombian writer returns to his native Medellín to mourn his lost youth and, while he's at it, pick up a new one. Schroeder has made some spicy pictures in his time, but this one feels lacklustre by comparison, and the two main performers—Anderson Ballesteros as the hustler and German Jaramillo as his aging mentor—tend to drift through their scenes, trying not to notice the hellfire around them. Whether they are genuinely ground down by the woes of the world or simply exhausted by years of casual sex is hard to work out; to be fair, few directors could make a film about moral anesthesia without sinking into glumness, and Schroeder does a pretty good job of insuring that no one in the audience will book a Colombian vacation in the near future. In Spanish.—*A.L.* (9/10/01) (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

**PROOF**
The notion of a blind photographer may sound precious, but what the writer-director, Jocelyn Moorhouse, does with it in this 1992 Australian art film is ingenious. Hugo Weaving plays the sightless shutterbug Martin, who gets people to summarize each photo for him so he can label the prints properly. The process gives him proof that his aural and tactile impressions are accurate; it also allows him to test the honesty of his helpmates. The movie is engaging when it depicts acts of perception (and obfuscation) but loses focus as it digs deeper into the emotional manipulations among Martin, his infatuated housekeeper (Genevieve Picot), and a new-found friend (Russell Crowe). Martin's insistence on absolute truth and clarity throws everyone off kilter; luckily, Crowe keeps his balance as an actor, supplying an ease and warmth that humanize what could have been a cold concept movie.—*Michael Sragow* (BAM Rose Cinemas; Oct. 14.)

**ROCK STAR**
Mark Wahlberg is Chris, a well-brought-up Pittsburgh boy who repairs copy machines during the day and tarts himself up at night as the lead singer in Blood Pollution, a tribute band devoted to the implacably mediocre Brit kings of heavy metal, Steel Dragon. When the lead singer of Steel Dragon gets kicked out, Chris steps in as his replacement. The movie is a sardonic look at the mechanics of the rock world: we get the clear idea that in this kind of high-schlock touring band no difference exists between the original and the copy. The details of Chris's rise are enjoyable, but the picture turns into a rather obvious morality tale. With Jennifer Aniston as his shrewd girlfriend, who inserts a nipple ring into his chest with great delicacy.—*D.D.* (9/17/01) (Chelsea West, First & 62nd Cinemas, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII.)

**SEXY BEAST**
A tale of expatriate Cockneys, dry-roasted by the Spanish sun and determined to get England off their backs. Gal (Ray Winstone), once a crook, and his wife, Deedee (Amanda Redman), once a porno star, have retired to the Costa del Sol; now they are tracked down by an old acquaintance, Don (Ben Kingsley), who invites Gal back home for one last crime. Jonathan Glazer, the young British director making his début feature, turns the first half of the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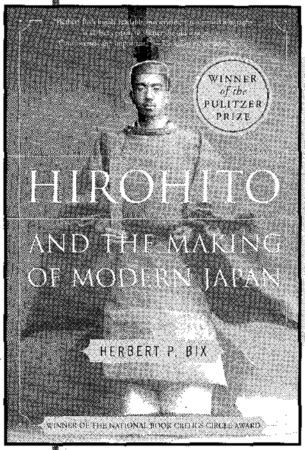
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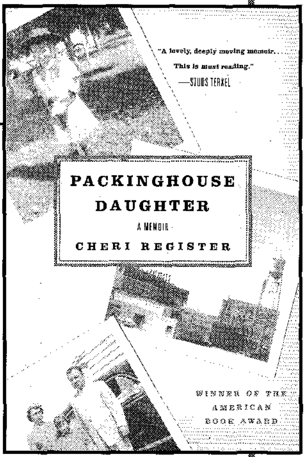
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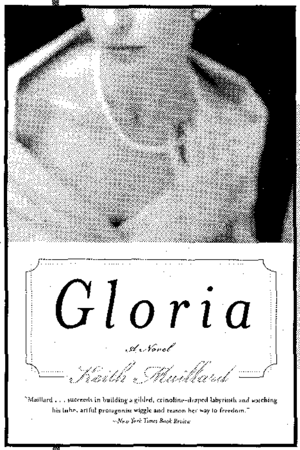

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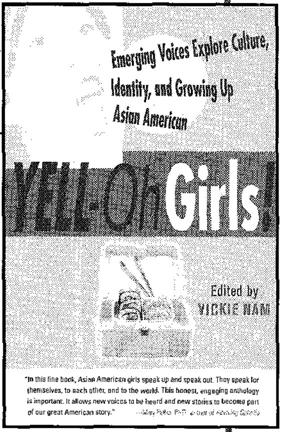
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picture into a cool study of hotheads, saturated with creative cursing; the second half, which finds Gal returning to London, stumbles and slides into the grim traditions of gangsterland. But the movie needs to be seen for its clean compositions, its sure touch of fantasy, and, above all, for the forbidding presence of Kingsley—the prince of darkness, lightly disguised as a human being.—*A.L.* (6/18 & 25/01) (Sutton 1 and 2 and Village East Cinemas.)

**STELLA**
Young men dance in a row in the sunlight, and a solemn, solitary man dances in front of a high-pitched, almost metallic bouzoukia orchestra. The streets and bistros of Athens are much more memorable than the plot of this crude, vigorous Greek film, written and directed by Michael Cacoyannis. The story is rather like "Camille" crossed with "Carmen"—an overcharged melodrama about a fiery young woman (the leonine Melina Mercouri) and her uncompromising determination to be emotionally independent of her lovers. This 1956 movie doesn't have the grace of Cacoyannis's later, more subdued "A Girl in Black," but it's a triumph of temperament. In Greek.—*P.K.* (Film Forum; Oct. 10-12.)

**TOGETHER**
Lukas Moodysson's exemplary comedy, one part distressing to two parts delectable, is set in a hippie commune in the mid-nineteen-seventies—in Sweden, no less, where the hippie ethic was an article of faith. Within minutes, we know not only where we are but whom we are dealing with; as a director, Moodysson is the perfect host, calmly introducing us, without the trace of a sneer, to a broad selection of trolls and fruitcakes. What follows is a dance of desire, as men, women, and even children pair off with one another; under it all, like a bass note, sounds the story of Elisabeth (Lisa Lindgren) and her drunken husband, Rolf (Michael Nyqvist), strangers to this utopian colony, who finally find refuge, and a kind of reconciliation, in its absurd dreams. That is Moodysson's great trick: to blow hot and cold, allowing us both to laugh at these bearded types and to respect, even envy, their frazzled companionship. With the excellent Emma Samuelsson as the warring couple's daughter, and with the help of Abba—what did you expect?—on the soundtrack. In Swedish.—*A.L.* (8/20 & 27/01) (Angelika Film Center, BAM Rose Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

**TRAINING DAY**
Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. (Chelsea West, 84th Street Sixplex, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Orpheum VII, 64th and 2nd, and Union Square.)

**VA SAVOIR**
A slow-moving and complicated romantic comedy directed by Jacques Rivette which works the permutations of love and deceit to a fare-thee-well. In Paris, a visiting Italian theatre troupe puts on a Pirandello play (which we see at exhausting length). The leading lady (Jeanne Balibar), who is French, loves the Italian star and manager of the troupe (Sergio Castellitto) but pines for an old boyfriend, the Parisian philosophy professor (Jacques Bonaffé) she left behind three years ago. The Italian, meanwhile, looks for a lost Goldoni manuscript and begins a flirtation with a ravishing young blonde (Hélène de Fougerolles). There's more, much more, and eventually everyone connects with everyone else. The movie is absorbing—Castellitto is particularly charming—but surprisingly unresonant in memory, perhaps because the passions seem entirely theoretical. By the end, the offstage happenings become more frantic and absurd than the Pirandello play itself—a Pirandellian exchange of art and life. In French.—*D.D.* (Lincoln Plaza and Union Square.)

**ZOOLANDER**
Ben Stiller's comedy (he wrote, directed, and stars) is at best intermittently funny. He plays an empty-headed male model, and Owen Wilson is his stoned surf-boy rival. In their scenes together they generate a goofy comic energy, like the two most demented kids on the playground. Otherwise, the jokes are reheated (let this be the end of latte humor) and the scenes padded and overlong. The big joke—that fashion designers have formed a secret society to protect their sweatshop labor

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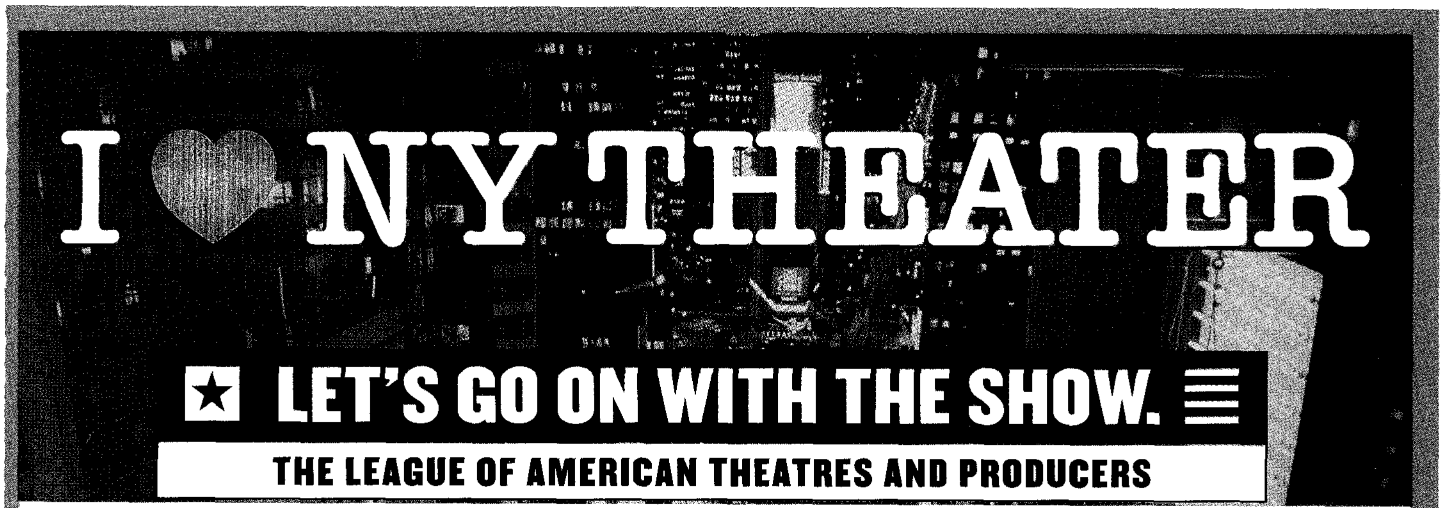
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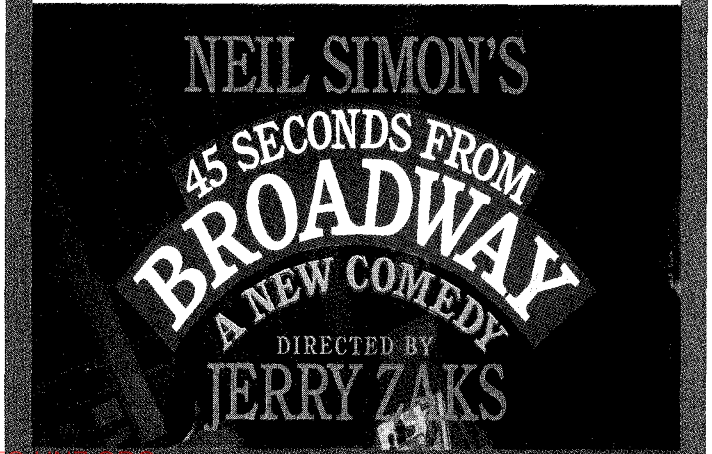
### 45 Seconds from Broadway

Neil Simon's most eagerly anticipated comedy in years takes place in a legendary 47th Street café, prices aren't outrageous, but the customers certainly are. Stars and the starstruck, insiders and out-of-towners, wanna-be's and coulda-beens, they're all here in the funniest New York story in years! **Richard Rogers Theatre, 226 West 46th Street, 212-307-4100** or **www.ticketmaster.com**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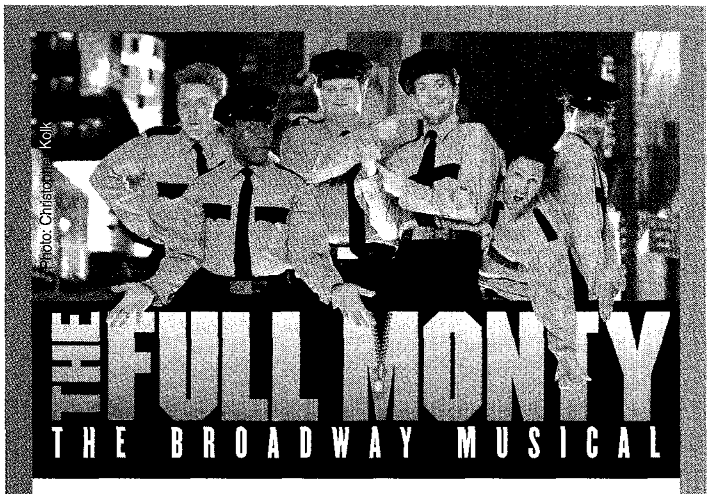
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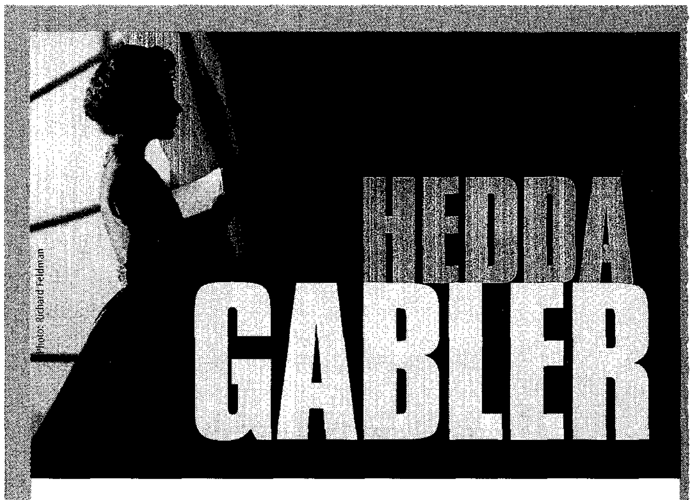
HEDDA
GABLER

Photo: Richard Feldman

## Hedda Gabler

When this production opened in Boston last January, Ben Brantley of *The New York Times* wrote: "Kate Burton is giving one of those rare benchmark performances that redefine both a classic character and an actress. If fate is merciful, this Hedda will soon be coming to Broadway!" Fate *is* merciful, so get your tickets today! **Ambassador Theatre, 219 West 49th Street, 212-239-6200** or **www.telecharge.com**

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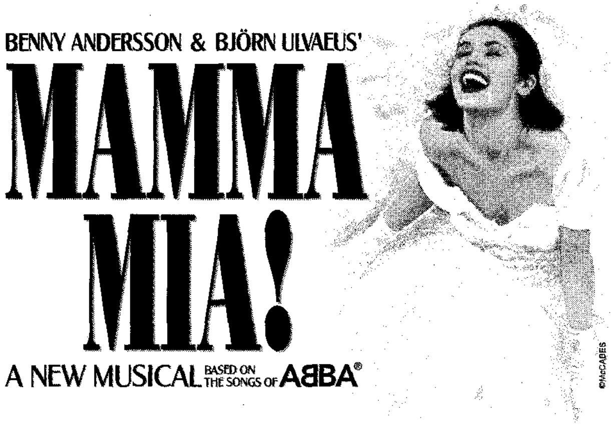
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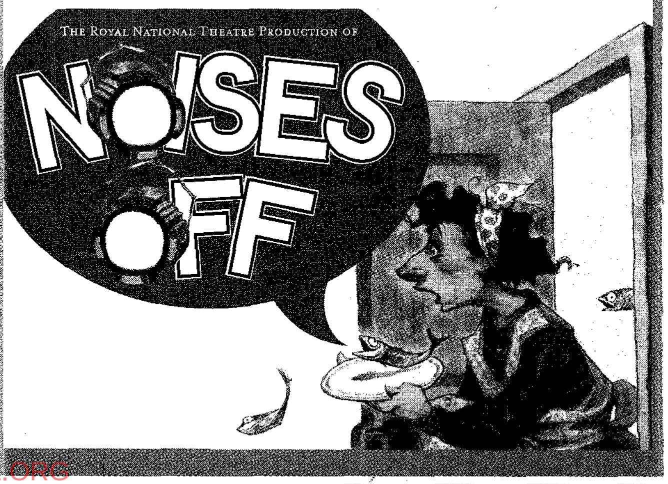
Tony Award®-winning playwright Michael Frayn returns to Broadway with the celebrated Royal National Theatre production of his classic backstage comedy. Jeremy Sams directs a dream cast, led by Patti LuPone, Peter Gallagher, Richard Easton, Faith Prince, and Edward Hibbert. "One of the funniest plays ever," raves *The Sunday Times* (London). Previews begin October 16th. **Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 West 47th Street, 212-307-4100** or **www.ticketmaster.com**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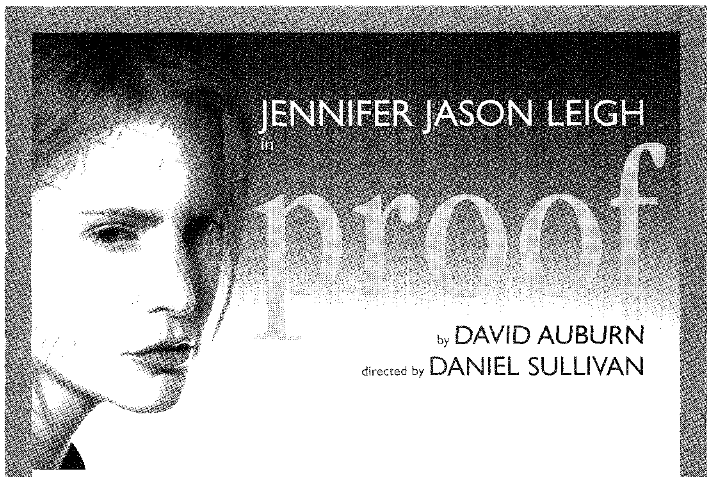

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Broadway's Tony-Award®- and Pulitzer Prize-winning Best Play has an exciting new addition; Jennifer Jason Leigh now stars in "Proof." "Exhilarating—as accessible and compelling as a detective story," raves *The New York Times*. "Run and get your tickets immediately!" says *New York* magazine. **Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 West 48th Street, 212-239-6200** or **www.proofonbroadway.com**

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Fresh from a sold-out run in Los Angeles, "Reefer Madness" is now taking Off-Broadway by storm. Based on the cult-film favorite, the show tells the hilarious tale of a squeaky-clean teen who descends into a lurid world of dope fiends, reefer sluts, and major munchies. What more could you want in a musical? ***Variety Arts Theatre, Third Avenue at 13th Street,*** **212-239-6200** or **www.telecharge.com**

THEATRE

## The Shape of Things

After becoming the sensation of the season in London, this provocative new drama arrives with its star-studded original cast intact: Gretchen Mol, Paul Rudd, Rachel Weisz, and Frederick Weller. "The first new play for a long time that really has to be seen," raves *Time Out London*. Written and directed by Neil LaBute ("bash"). **Promenade Theatre, Broadway at 76th Street, 212-239-6200** or **www.theshapeofthings.com**

Cast Photograph by Hugo Glendinning

## The Tale of the Allergist's Wife

Critics are raving about the smash-hit comedy by Charles Busch. *The New York Times* says, "Uproarious, wall-to-wall laughs." Superbly directed by Lynne Meadow, "The Tale of the Allergist's Wife" stars Valerie Harper, Tony Roberts, and Michele Lee, one of the funniest ensembles to grace Broadway in years. **Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 West 47th Street, 212-239-6200** or **www.allergistswife.com**

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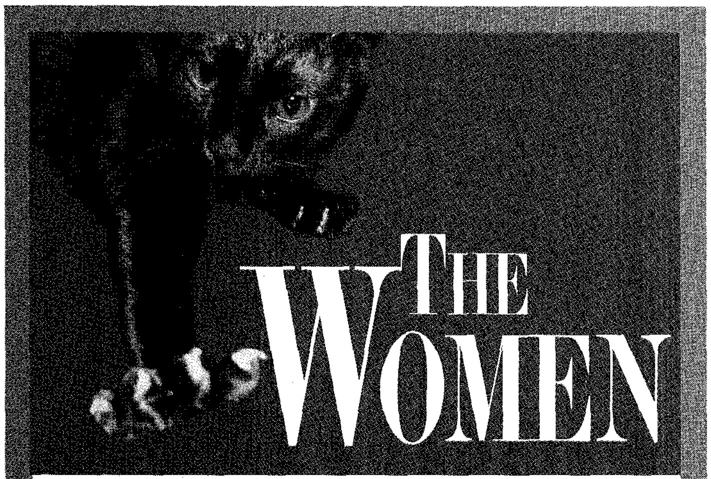
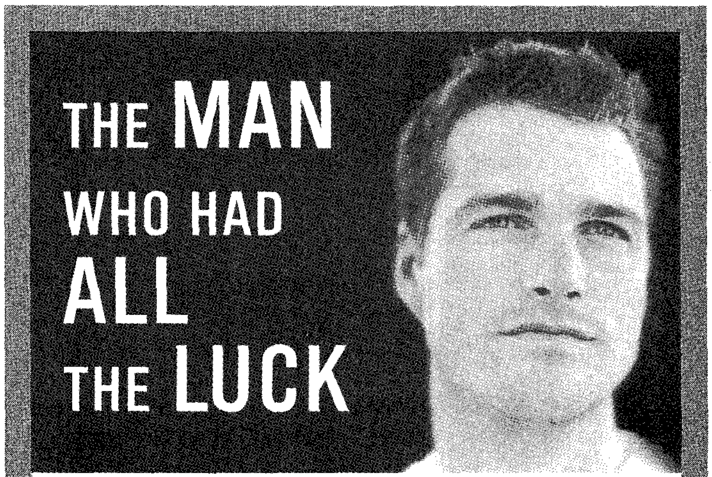


## The Women

An all-star cast—including Kristen Johnston, Rue McClanahan, Cynthia Nixon, Jennifer Tilly, and Mary Louise Wilson—takes on this gleefully malicious comedy about New York socialites, their twisted marriages, and the delicious gossip that ruins their reputations. Smart, sexy, and scandalous, these femmes fatales kick off the fall Broadway season with style. Beginning October 12th. **American Airlines Theatre, 227 West 42nd Street, 212-719-1300** or **www.roundabouttheatre.org**


THE MAN WHO HAD ALL THE LUCK

## The Man Who Had All The Luck

Chris O'Donnell ("The Bachelor," "Batman & Robin," "Scent of a Woman") stars in this revival of Arthur Miller's first Broadway play as an ordinary midwestern man distraught by his extraordinary fortune. A thrilling fable, "The Man Who Had All The Luck" proves to be the herald of Miller's unparalleled career in this gripping new production. Performances begin in the spring 2002. **American Airlines Theatre, 227 West 42nd Street, 212-719-1300** or **www.roundabouttheatre.org**

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Based on Shakespeare's "The Comedy of Errors," this outrageously funny musical comedy tells the tale of two sets of twins and the women who can't tell them apart. Set in ancient Rome, "The Boys From Syracuse" features some of Rodgers and Hart's most lovely and unforgettable songs. Performances begin in the summer 2002. **American Airlines Theatre, 227 West 42nd Street, 212-719-1300** or **www.roundabouttheatre.org**

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2001 – 2002 SEASON

sources—seems severely misguided. Shots of the New York skyline were edited at the last minute; a better idea would have been to nix the cavalier references to slavery.—*M.A.* (42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinemas 1 and 2, New York Twin, 19th Street East 6, Olympia I and II, Orpheum VII, 72nd Street East, and Village Theatre VII.)

## ALSO PLAYING

**APOCALYPSE NOW REDUX** (8/6/01)
Astor Plaza, Union Square, and Waverly.
**THE CLOSET**
Angelika Film Center, East 86th Street Cinemas, Eastside Playhouse, Metro Cinema 1 and 2, Murray Hill Cinemas, and State.
**GHOST WORLD** (8/6/01)
Angelika Film Center and Empire 25.
**HAPPY ACCIDENTS**
Empire 25, 59th Street East Cinema, Quad Cinema, State, and Union Square.
**HEDWIG AND THE ANGRY INCH**
Chelsea Cinemas and Union Square.
**LIAM**
Angelika Film Center, BAM Rose Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.
**LUMUMBA**
The Screening Room.
**SERENDIPITY**
Chelsea Cinemas, Cinema I, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Olympia I and II, Orpheum VII, Union Square, and Village Theatre VII.

## THEATRE ADDRESSES

*Unless noted, call 777-FILM for show times.*

**Angelika Film Center,** 18 W. Houston St.
**Astor Plaza,** 44th St. at Broadway.
**BAM Rose Cinemas,** 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn.
**Battery Park 16,** West St. at Vesey St. (945-3418).
**Beekman,** Second Ave. at 66th St.
**Chelsea Cinemas,** 260 W. 23rd St.
**Chelsea West,** 333 W. 23rd St.
**Cinema I,** Third Ave. at 60th St.
**Cinema II,** Third Ave. at 60th St.
**Cinema 3rd Avenue,** Third Ave. at 60th St.
**Cinema Village,** 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363).
**Coronet Cinemas,** Third Ave. at 59th St.
**East 85th Street,** First Ave. at 85th St.
**East 86th Street Cinemas,** Third Ave. at 86th St.
**84th Street Sixplex,** Broadway at 84th St.
**Empire 25,** on 42nd St. near Eighth Ave. (398-3939).
**59th Street East Cinema,** 239 E. 59th St.
**Film Forum,** W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110).
**First & 62nd Cinemas,** 400 E. 62nd St.
**42nd Street E Walk,** 42nd St. near Eighth Ave.
**Kips Bay Theatre,** Second Ave. at 32nd St.
**Lincoln Plaza Cinemas,** Broadway at 63rd St.
**Lincoln Square,** Broadway at 68th St.
**Metro Cinema 1 and 2,** Broadway at 99th St.
**Murray Hill Cinemas,** 160 E. 34th St.
**New York Twin,** Second Ave. at 67th St.
**19th Street East 6,** Broadway at 19th St.
**Olympia I and II,** Broadway at 107th St.
**Orpheum VII,** Third Ave. at 86th St.
**Paris,** 4 W. 58th St. (688-3800).
**Park & 86th Street Cinemas,** 125 E. 86th St.
**Pioneer,** 155 E. 3rd St. (254-3300).
**Quad Cinema,** 34 W. 13th St.
**The Screening Room,** 54 Varick St. (334-2100).
**72nd Street East,** Third Ave. at 71st St.
**64th and 2nd,** Second Ave. at 64th St.
**62nd & Broadway,** 62 W. 62nd St.
**State,** Broadway at 45th St.
**Sutton 1 and 2,** Third Ave. at 57th St.

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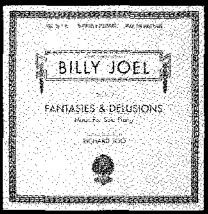

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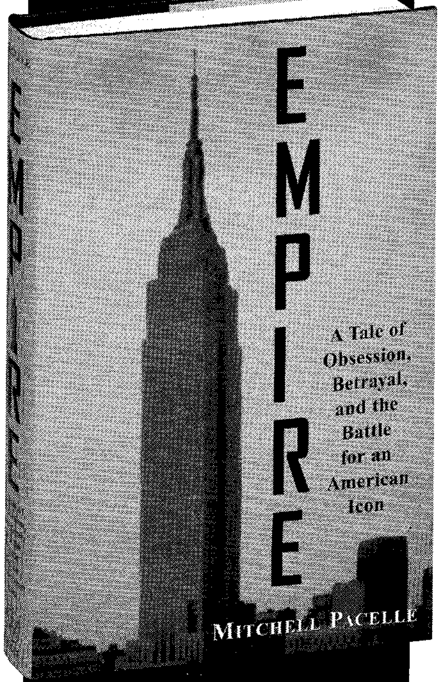
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**Union Square,** Broadway at 13th St.
**Village East Cinemas,** Second Ave. at 12th St.
**Village Theatre VII,** Third Ave. at 11th St.
**Walter Reade Theatre,** Lincoln Center (875-5600).
**Waverly 1 and 2,** Sixth Ave. at 3rd St.
**Ziegfeld,** 141 W. 54th St.

## REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

*Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.*

**AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE**
35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—A Michael Cimino retrospective. Oct. 13 at 2: "The Deer Hunter" (†). ♦ Oct. 14 at 2: "Year of the Dragon" (1985). ♦ Oct. 14 at 4:30: "The Sicilian" (1987). ♦ Repertory nights. Oct. 13-14 at 6:30: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972, Bernardo Bertolucci; in English and French).

**ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**
32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110)—Oct. 10-12 and Oct. 15-16 at 7 and 10; Oct. 13 at 4, 7, and 10; and Oct. 14 at 3, 6, and 9: "Werckmeister Harmonies" (2000, Béla Tarr; in Hungarian).

*Don Cheadle and Kim Dickens in "Things Behind the Sun."*

MARK ZINGARELLI

**BAM ROSE CINEMAS**
30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-777-3456)—Through Oct. 30: Australian films. Oct. 10 at 6:50 and 9:30: "Newsfront" (1978, Philip Noyce). ♦ Oct. 11 at 7:30: "Rats in the Ranks" (1996, Bob Connolly and Robin Anderson). ♦ Oct. 12 at 2:20, 4:30, 6:50, and 9:40: "Feeling Sexy" (1998, Davida Allen). ♦ Oct. 13 at 1:30, 3:50, 6:30, and 9:40: "Muriel's Wedding" (1994, P. J. Hogan). ♦ Oct. 14 at 2, 4:30, 6:50, and 9:10: "Proof" (†). ♦ Oct. 15 at 4:30, 6:50, and 9:10: "The Boys" (1998, Rowan Woods). ♦ Oct. 16 at 4:30, 6:50, and 9:10: "Dead Heart" (1996, Nick Parsons).

**FILM FORUM**
W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—Through Oct. 18: A tribute to Melina Mercouri. Oct. 10-12 at 1:45, 5:40, and 9:35: "Stella" (†). ♦ Oct. 10-12 at 3:35 and 7:30: "Phaedra" (1962, Jules Dassin). ♦ Oct. 13-16 at 1:45, 5:40, and 9:35: "He Who Must Die" (1957, Dassin). ♦ Oct. 13-16 at 4 and 7:55: "10:30 P.M. Summer" (1966, Dassin).

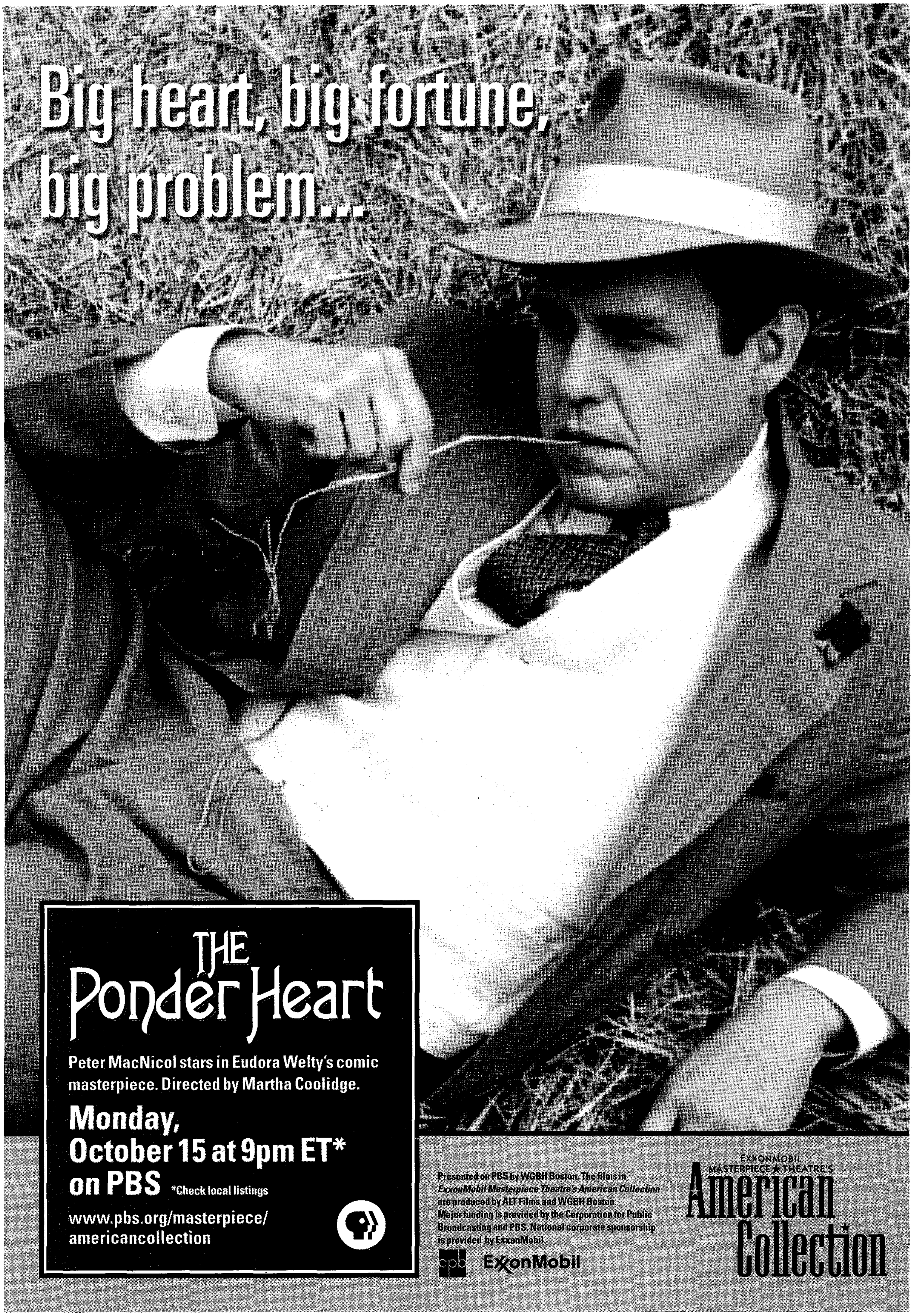
**FLORENCE GOULD HALL**
55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Classic French films. Oct. 16 at 12:30, 3:30, 6:30, and 9: "La Salamandre" (1971, Alain Tanner).

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**
Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Through Oct. 15: a Béla Tarr retrospective. All films are in Hungarian. Oct. 11 at 2:30 and Oct. 13 at 1: "The Last Boat" (1990) and "Six Bagatelles" (1989). ♦ Oct. 11 at 6: "The Outsider" (1981). ♦ Oct. 12 at 2:30: "Family Nest" (1978). ♦ Oct. 12 at 6 and Oct. 15 at 2:30: "Journey on the Plain" (1995). ♦ Oct. 12 at 8:30: "Macbeth" (1982). ♦ Oct. 13 at 3: "Damnation" (1987). ♦ Oct. 13 at 5:15 and Oct. 15 at 6: "Almanac of Fall" (1985). ♦ Oct. 14 at 1: "Sátántangó" (1994). ♦ Special event. Oct. 16 at 2 and 6: Eight animated films by Claire Parker and Alexander Alexieiff (1933-80).

**THE NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL**
Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5050)—Oct. 10 at 6: "Baran" (2001, Majid Majidi; in Farsi). ♦ Oct. 10 at 9: "Deep Breath" (2001, Damian Odoul; in French). ♦ Oct. 11 at 6: "Sobibor, October 14, 1943, 4 P.M." (2001, Claude Lanzmann). ♦ Oct. 11 at 9 and Oct. 13 at 6: "Intimacy" (2001, Patrice Chéreau; in French). ♦ Oct. 12 at 6 and Oct. 13 at 9:15: "Waking Life" (2001, Richard Linklater). ♦ Oct. 12 at 9 and Oct. 13 at 3: "The Son's Room" (2001, Nanni Moretti; in Italian). ♦ Oct. 13 at 11 A.M.: "All About Lily Chou-Chou" (2001, Shunji Iwai; in Japanese). ♦ Oct. 14 at 8:30: "In Praise of Love" (2001, Jean-Luc Godard; in French). This screening will be held at Avery Fisher Hall.

**THE SCREENING ROOM**
54 Varick St. (334-2100)—Through Oct. 25: "Frame by Frame," a documentary film series. Oct. 12, Oct. 14, and Oct. 16 at 2 and Oct. 13, Oct. 15, and Oct. 17 at 4: "Blossoms of Fire" (2001, Maureen Gosling and Ellen Osborne). ♦ Oct. 12 at 4 and Oct. 14 at 10: "Alison's Baby" (2001, Bente Milton). ♦ Oct. 12 at 6: "Children Underground" (2001, Edet Belzberg; in Romanian). ♦ Oct. 12 at 8: "Lalee's Kin: The Legacy of Cotton" (2001, Deborah Dickson and Susan Froemke). ♦ Oct. 12 at 10:30: "Creature" (1999, Parris Patton). ♦ Oct. 13 at 2 and Oct. 15-16 at 6: "Dwarfs: Not a Fairy Tale" (2001, Lisa Abelow Headley). ♦ Oct. 13 at 6: "Fashion Victim: The Killing of Gianni Versace" (2001, James Kent and Pascale Lamche). ♦ Oct. 13 at 8 and Oct. 15 at 10: "Chain Camera" (2001, Kirby Dick).

**WALTER READE THEATRE**
Lincoln Center (875-5600)—Through Oct. 12: "The Outsider Looking In: The Films of Leonardo Favio." All films are in Spanish. Oct. 10 at 4:15 and Oct. 11 at 6:40: "Dream, Dream" (1976, Favio). ♦ Oct. 10 at 6 and Oct. 11 at 4: "Gatica" (1993, Favio). ♦ Oct. 10-11 at 8:30: "Péron, a Symphony of Feeling" (1999, Favio). ♦ Special presentation. Oct. 12 at 6:30 and Oct. 13 at 11 A.M.: "Il Mio Viaggio in Italia" (2001, Martin Scorsese). ♦ Oct. 13-14: "Views from the Avant-Garde," experimental films.



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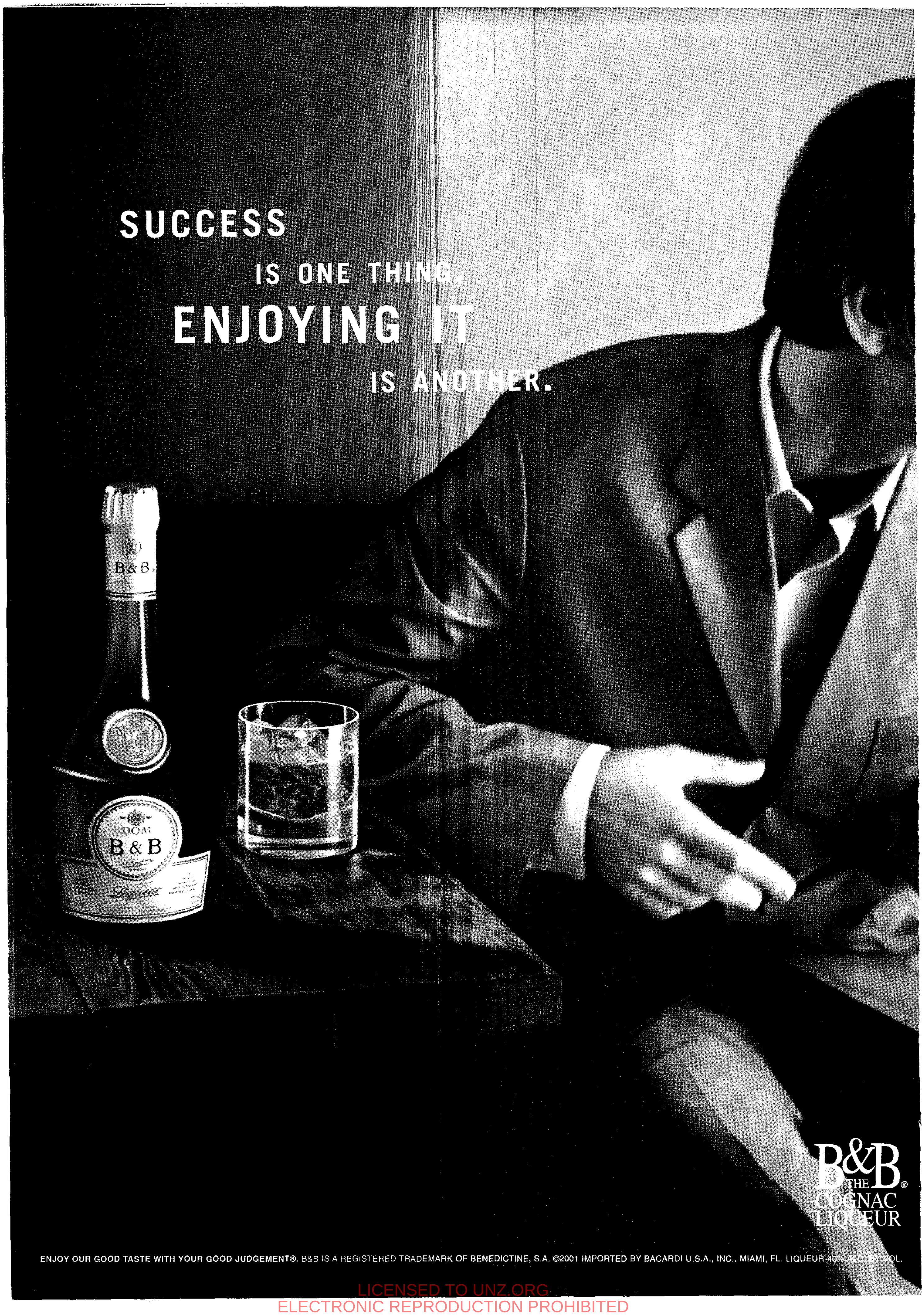
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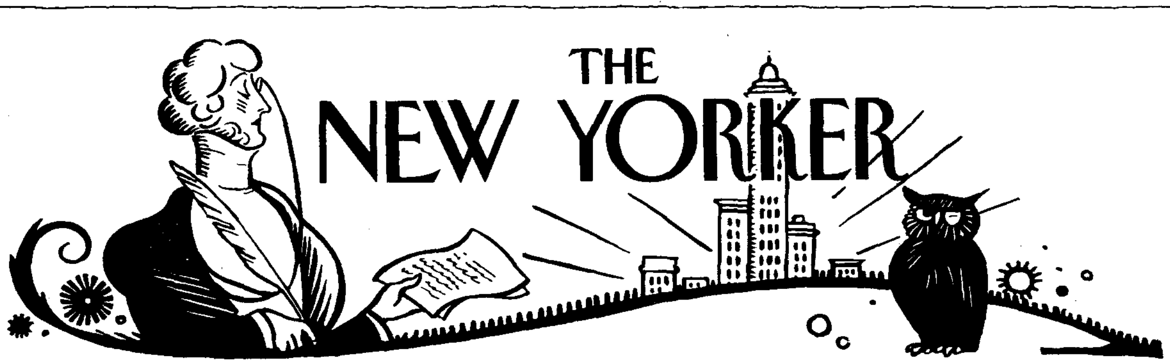
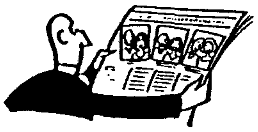


# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## COMMENT
## MANY VOICES



Walt Whitman remains the singular, articulated soul of this city, and in "Song of Myself" he seems to have projected himself forward a century and a half into our present woe, our grief for the thousands lost at the southern end of Manhattan, and for the hundreds of rescuers among them, who walked into the boiling flame and groaning steel:

> I am the mash'd fireman with breast-bone
>     broken,
> Tumbling walls buried me in their debris,
> Heat and smoke I inspired, I heard the
>     yelling shouts of my comrades,
> I heard the distant click of their picks
>     and shovels,
> They have clear'd the beams away, they
>     tenderly lift me forth.

Largeness of empathy was Whitman's emotional gift and legacy. It is indecent to look for the good in an act of mass murder, and yet one would have to be possessed of a heart of ice not to have felt in recent weeks the signs of Whitman's legacy: a civic and national spirit of resolve, improvisation, and kindness when panic and meanness might also have been expected.

On September 15th, at Denver International Airport, the pilot for United Airlines Flight 564, bound for Washington Dulles, came on the intercom. His speech (as rendered later by one passenger from Virginia, a medical transcriptionist named Kathy Rockel, and confirmed by others aboard) was a moment of eloquence in an unspeakable time. "First, I want to thank you for being brave enough to fly today," the pilot began.

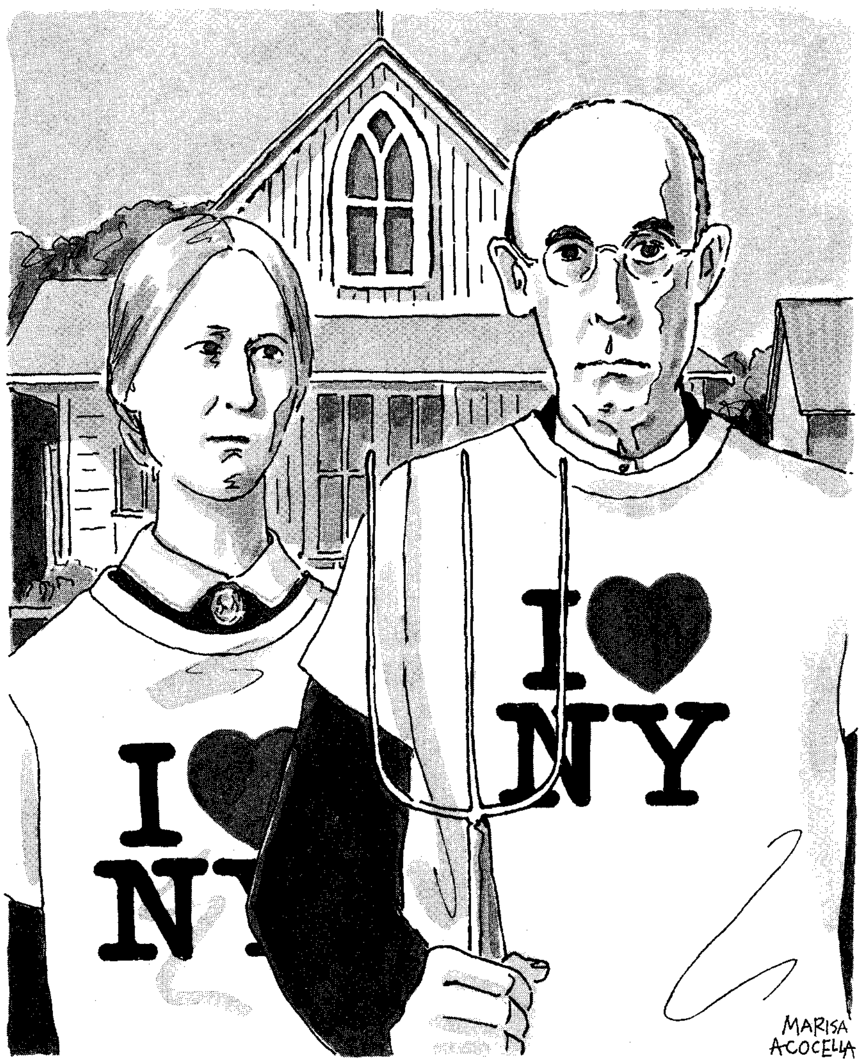
> The doors are now closed and we have no help from the outside for any problems that might occur inside this plane. As you could tell when you checked in, the government has made some changes to increase security in the airports. They have not, however, made any rules about what happens after those doors close. Until they do that, we have made our own rules and I want to share them with you. . . .
>
> Here is our plan and our rules. If someone or several people stand up and say they are hijacking this plane, I want you all to stand up together. Then take whatever you have available to you and throw it at them. Throw it at their faces and heads so they will have to raise their hands to protect themselves. The very best protection you have against knives are the pillows and blankets. Whoever is close to these people should then try to get a blanket over their heads. Then they won't be able to see. Once that is done, get them down and keep them there. Do not let them up. I will then land the plane at the closest place and we *will* take care of them. After all, there are usually only a few of them and we are two-hundred-plus strong. We will not allow them to take over this plane. I find it interesting that the U.S. Constitution begins with the words "We, the people." That's who we are, the people, and we will not be defeated.

GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL

Then the passengers were asked to turn to their neighbors on either side and introduce themselves, and to tell one another something about themselves and their families. "For today, we consider you family," they were told. "We will treat you as such and ask that you do the same with us." In the following days, accounts of the event circulated around the country by E-mail, and there were reports of similar announcements from other pilots.

It was also in a spirit of determined humanity that, after the airplanes crashed into the World Trade Center towers and the Pentagon, we heard practically every American official, from the President to members of the local school board, quickly separating the murderous nihilism of the terrorists from the ancient tenets of Islam. "Islam" means "peace," we heard again and again, and denigration or assaults on its

LAURENT CILLUFFO



adherents would not be countenanced. The ungenerous might call this a form of political correctness, the more mindful a sign that Americans have earnestly absorbed, among other lessons, that of the Japanese internment camps sixty years ago. Politicians and pop stars taped messages of fellowship and solidarity across ethnic and religious lines. The Los Angeles *Times* reported that Qaseem Ali Uqdah, a retired Marine Corps gunnery sergeant and the director of the American Muslim Armed Forces & Veterans Affairs Council, was planning a nationwide program to teach troops about Islam and to insure a policy of "zero tolerance" of harassment against Muslims in uniform. The New York teachers' union distributed a fifty-page anti-bias curriculum called "Helping Students Appreciate and Respect Differences" to more than a thousand schools in the city. "This is about freedom, not culture," the State Department's chief spokesman, Richard Boucher, insisted. It is also about the reasonable urge to focus our civic rage and to define our military targets.

So far, a sense of history seems to have served the country well in everything from its intention not to appease the ruthless to its accompanying sense that the campaign against terrorism must be fought with deliberation as well as with might, that to lash out at a religion and its peoples would only satisfy the perverse fantasies of Al Qaeda, Hezbollah, and Islamic Jihad.

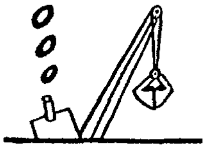
At the weekend, there were signs that United States forces, with help from our allies, were drawing closer to some kind of military action against terrorist training camps and other possible targets inside Afghanistan. As the President and his aides have consistently noted, this campaign is not likely to end with a quick, surgical success—the lingering fantasy of the Gulf War—but will instead be prolonged, complicated, often hidden, and at times, perhaps, plagued by failure and loss. With that, our capacity for mutual sympathy and toleration, our ability to weigh fierce arguments at home about policy and strategy and yet still remember who and what the real enemy is, will almost certainly be tested even more than it is now.

Fifty years ago, George Kennan, one of the keenest strategists against the Communist threat, hastened to warn that "something may occur in our own minds and souls which will make us no longer like the persons by whose efforts this republic was founded and held together, but rather like representatives of that very power we are trying to combat: intolerant, secretive, suspicious, cruel, and terrified of internal dissension because we have lost our own belief in ourselves and in the power of our ideals."

Acts of terrorism cannot always be averted but terrorists themselves can be defeated. It will take military and investigative daring to do so now; it will also require a sustained national self-possession, a refusal to fall into the welter of panic and recrimination that terrorists for two hundred years, since the days of Robespierre and Saint-Just, have counted on as allies more precious than arms.

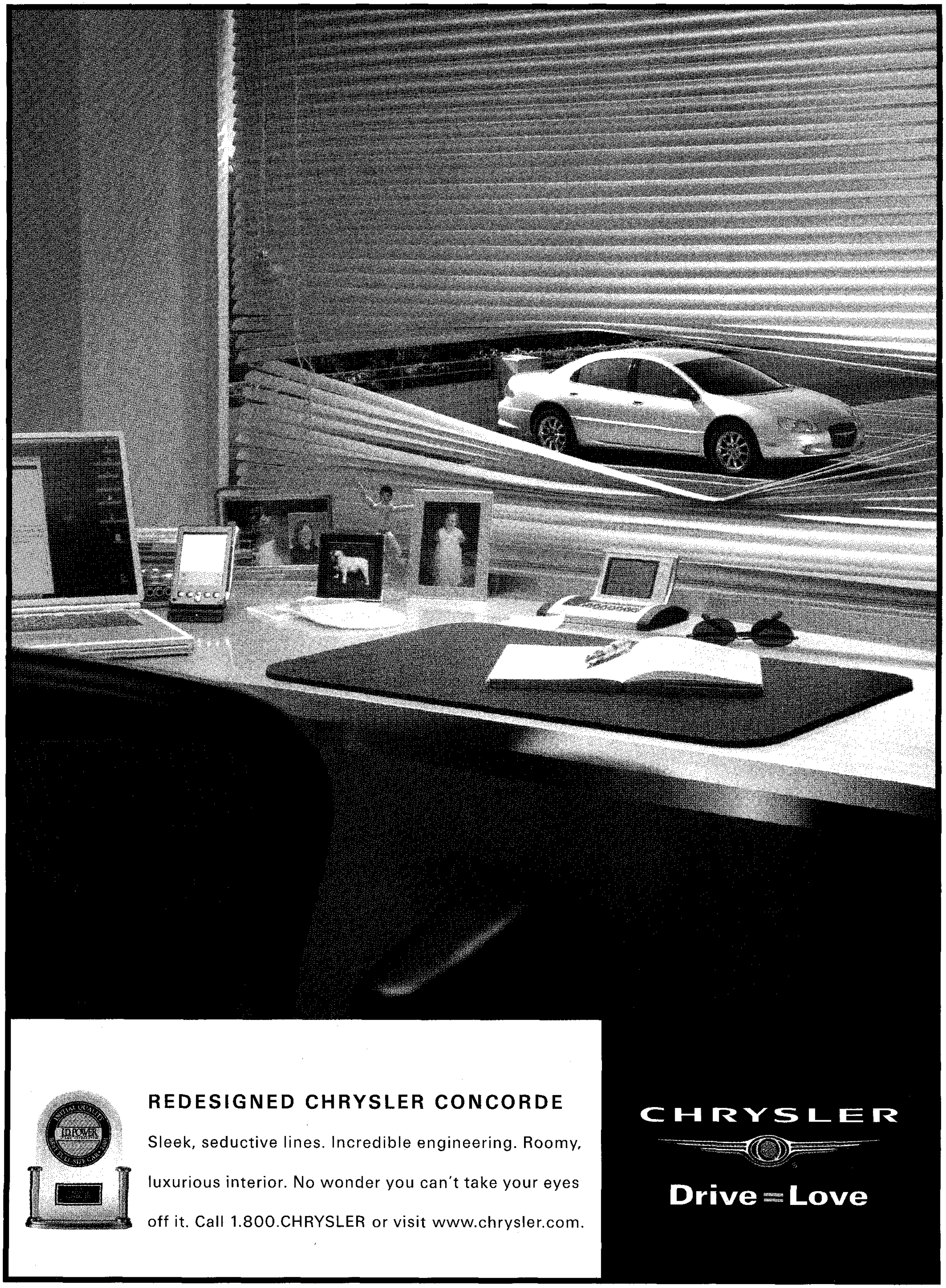
—*David Remnick*

## DAMAGE REPORT
## NOTES FROM GROUND ZERO



Three weeks later, it's still smoking, like a campfire that needs only the slightest stir to ignite. The pile is deep, well over a hundred feet deep in places, and its core, insulated from the elements, remains extremely hot. The other day, a steel I-beam was pulled from the rubble, and one end was glowing red.

I've been volunteering in the Fast



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Ashleys kitchen, situated on the plaza above the Bowling Green subway station, delivering food to those working at the site: policemen and National Guardsmen, who are holding the perimeter; firemen, covered in dust, emerging from the rubble; members of the F.B.I.; and Secret Service agents, who have a habit of looking you dead in the eye before taking a burger. I'm accompanied by a policeman, and we make our way through the area in a Cushman, an oversized golf cart loaded with two coolers. Tonight they're filled with burgers and grilled pork chops.

The clearing job has a routine now that it didn't have during the first week, when the digging was chaotic. Enormous cranes positioned around the site remove hunks of heavy steel and place them in trucks waiting nearby. The tires are hosed down before the trucks are allowed to head out for Staten Island: a health precaution. A man with an acetylene torch stands on a high platform checking for protruding metal.

From a basket attached to a crane, firemen are lowered down into the debris. A ladder truck maneuvers a fireman over a piece of wreckage and suspends him there, and he shoots water at the hot spots below. Steam and smoke rise in fifty-foot plumes. The demo experts watch from the sidelines, wearing white hard hats. They demolish the demolished. You can feel the heat, even from a distance.

There is despair on the faces of the firemen and in their posture, hunched forward, heads down. They have been assigned to identify their comrades. Some have mentioned problems at home. One tells me that his wife wants to hear stories about what he has seen, but he says he would rather leave them at the site. Another tells me that his children try to stop him from leaving home. A group of firemen sit in a makeshift tent overlooking the site, waiting for the excavators to uncover a body or a body part.

The bodies themselves? Dust, mainly. Each floor of the Trade Center was nearly three feet thick and made of concrete; a floor gave way, and the one below it then collapsed—six feet of concrete. That gave way, and the one below it collapsed. Nine feet of concrete. Twelve. Fifteen. Eighteen. The cumulative weight was obliterating. A sweater is found with only a bone shard in it. Firemen's boots keep being found—these seem to have held up better than most other things—and when one is discovered a shout goes up, and the boot is bagged, and men gather to carry the bag out together.

The other day, word went around that a white pigeon had flown out of the rubble, giving everyone a moment of hope.

Spray paint is everywhere. The addresses of buildings are sprayed across their marble entryways. Beams of black steel are sprayed with a number or a letter—a code, we are told, to indicate where a search dog reacted, or even where bodies were spotted but could not be reached.

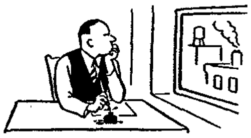
On the site of the south tower, a massive crane has a Dumpster attached to the hook. It dips down and comes up full of twisted debris. From the perimeter, it looks like a teaspoon.

A police officer has his camera confiscated and is loudly berated by a superior. This is a crime scene.

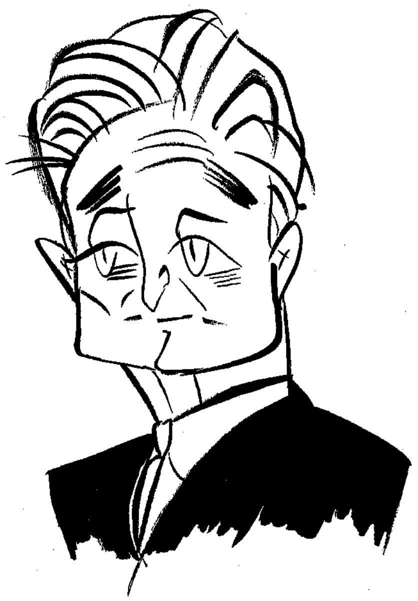
As we leave the site, we are stopped at a checkpoint—the first of several—and our cart is searched. An F.B.I. agent supervises. There is more than two hundred million dollars' worth of gold and silver buried in the rubble. One of the men searching our near-empty coolers is African-American. He looks at the white cop at the wheel and laughs. "I never thought I'd be searching your car," he says. As we drive through the last checkpoint, trying to give away the remaining pork chops and burgers, one of the cops rummaging through the coolers looks perturbed. "What?" he says without irony. "You don't have chicken?"

—*Ben Younger*

## DEPT. OF EXAMPLES
## A SOROS SURVIVOR'S GUIDE



Tivadar Soros, the father of the financier and philanthropist George Soros, had a talent for living well even under the most difficult circumstances, and his talent lay in the recognition that one element in any effort to defy monstrous atrocities must be the preservation of small civilities. Soros had been a prosperous, well-connected lawyer in Budapest when, in 1944, the Germans occupied the city. Nevertheless, he still managed certain mundane, reassuring rituals. "Even the new threat of summary execution, like all bad things, had its good side," Soros wrote some years later. "Cafe and restaurant owners were so terrified about food hoarding that they opened up again. Even though they kept their shutters closed, one door was always open, and, if nothing else, you could always get a cup of hot tea, though sometimes without sugar."

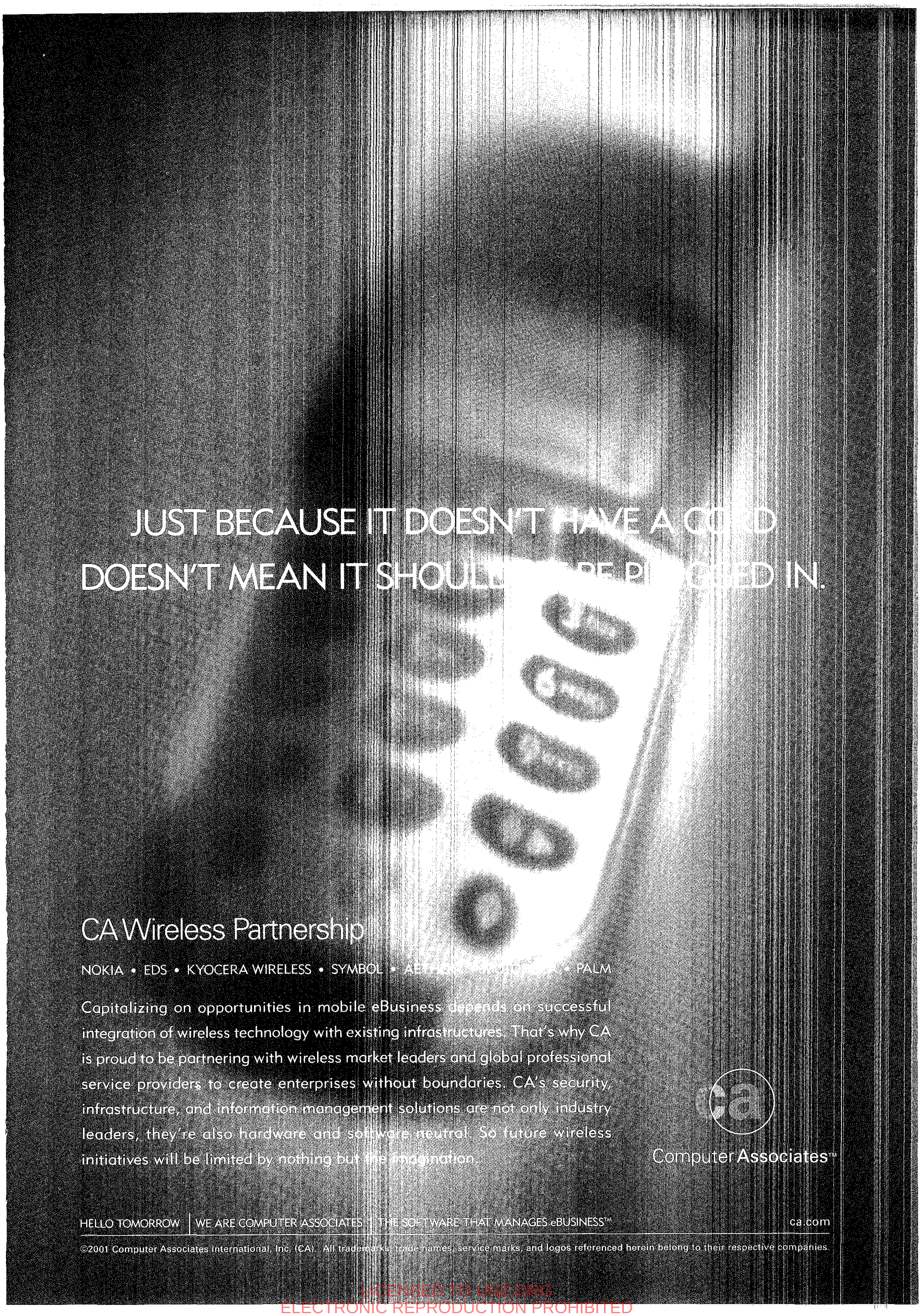


*George Soros*

The other day, George Soros and his older brother Paul, an engineer turned investor-philanthropist, met in the offices of Soros Fund Management to discuss their father. The occasion was the English-language publication of Tivadar Soros's wartime memoir, "Masquerade: Dancing Around Death in Nazi-Occupied Hungary," which was first published in 1965 in Esperanto, one of six languages in which Soros *père* was fluent.

"It was his nature, regardless of difficulties, to believe that one must behave like a human being and one must make the most of life," Paul Soros said, explaining the charm and ebullience of his father, who, in the book, is described by his five-year-old son

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BACHTELL



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George as "a married bachelor," and who, even when living semi-reclusively under an assumed Christian identity, never missed his daily swim. "I remember during the siege we went to the opera, because at a time when there was no food the opera still served very nice hors d'œuvres and pâtisserie. Whether or not it was prudent, the idea was that you should make the most of your circumstances."

George, who, like Paul, has inherited his father's broad face, pointed out that Tivadar's fondness for the comforts of bourgeois life was not accompanied by a docile bourgeois sensibility. "We didn't preserve ordinariness," George said. "He made us very conscious that these were extraordinary times and that the normal rules didn't apply." In the book, Tivadar writes that at one point young George was required by the authorities to deliver notices to certain Jews that they should report to the Rabbinical Seminary with blankets and food. "This was a profoundly important experience for me," George said. "My father said, 'You should go ahead and deliver them, but tell the people that if they report they will be deported.' The reply from one man was 'I am a law-abiding citizen. They can't do anything to me.' I told my father, and that was an occasion for a lecture that there are times when you have laws that are immoral, and if you obey them you perish."

"Masquerade" contains a great deal of black social comedy; a running theme is Tivadar's efforts to convince his recalcitrant mother-in-law that, all things considered, it really would be best if she stopped regarding the occupation as a personal insult. ("I refuse to go anywhere if the people don't know who I am and I have to pretend I'm somebody else all the time," she said of his attempts to find a safe house for her.) Tivadar's own ease with his assumed identity—he grew a mustache, and went by Elek Szabó—led him, one day during an air raid, to tell a neighbor in the shelter about the time he approached the podium on which Hitler was standing at the 1936 Winter Olympics, just to see how close he could get. "Hardly fifteen minutes had passed after my tale when there was suddenly a great commotion," Tivadar wrote. "The shelter commander appeared, surrounded by several officers. . . . It transpired that the air-defense commander, in great excitement that there was someone present who had seen Hitler, had radioed headquarters and a group had come over right away to see this privileged person."

Tivadar's energies, though, were largely devoted to the extremely serious business of procuring papers to save relatives and friends from a new, unimaginable form of terror. "My father was ahead of the curve, because he recognized the moment the Germans came in that this was a different world and one had to act differently," George said. He and Paul agreed that they still try to live by their father's resourceful example. "The funny thing is that in character we probably both inherited a lot more from our mother," George said.

"But the thinking comes from the father," said Paul.

*—Rebecca Mead*

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## DEPT. OF PREPARATION
## GET YOUR GAS MASKS HERE

The woman in the navy suit peered over the sales desk. "I'm looking to buy a gas mask?" she said.

Rich Kraus, a salesman, nodded and gestured toward the floor, which was piled high with boxes of respirators, protective full-body suits, and germicidal wipes. The woman's eyes widened. She had a particular style in mind—a military gas mask with a special nozzle fitted for a drinking straw—but was told that it was out of stock. "Please don't think I'm a frantic person," she said. "I'm not ordinarily like this."

"We understand," Kraus said. "Awareness is high."

Inside the fluorescent-lit office of Aramsco, a safety-supply company in Long Island City, phones were ringing, the fax machine was spitting out orders, and bewildered sales reps were trying to soothe bewildered customers. "O.K., do you have duct tape at home?" one saleswoman said into the phone. "Good, because duct tape is your best friend." Aramsco normally sells protective gear to contractors: hard hats for construction sites, respirators for asbestos-abatement projects, HAZMAT suits for chemical spills. Last month, it became a major supplier for World Trade Center rescue workers. But more recently Aramsco has found itself besieged by anxious civilians as well.

"We're not really set up to deal with individuals—we've never had foot traffic before," Kraus said. "I don't even know how these people found us." He rubbed an eye with the heel of his hand and stifled a yawn; the staff had worked until four o'clock that morning, hosting a group of Hasidic Jews who were eager to stock up.

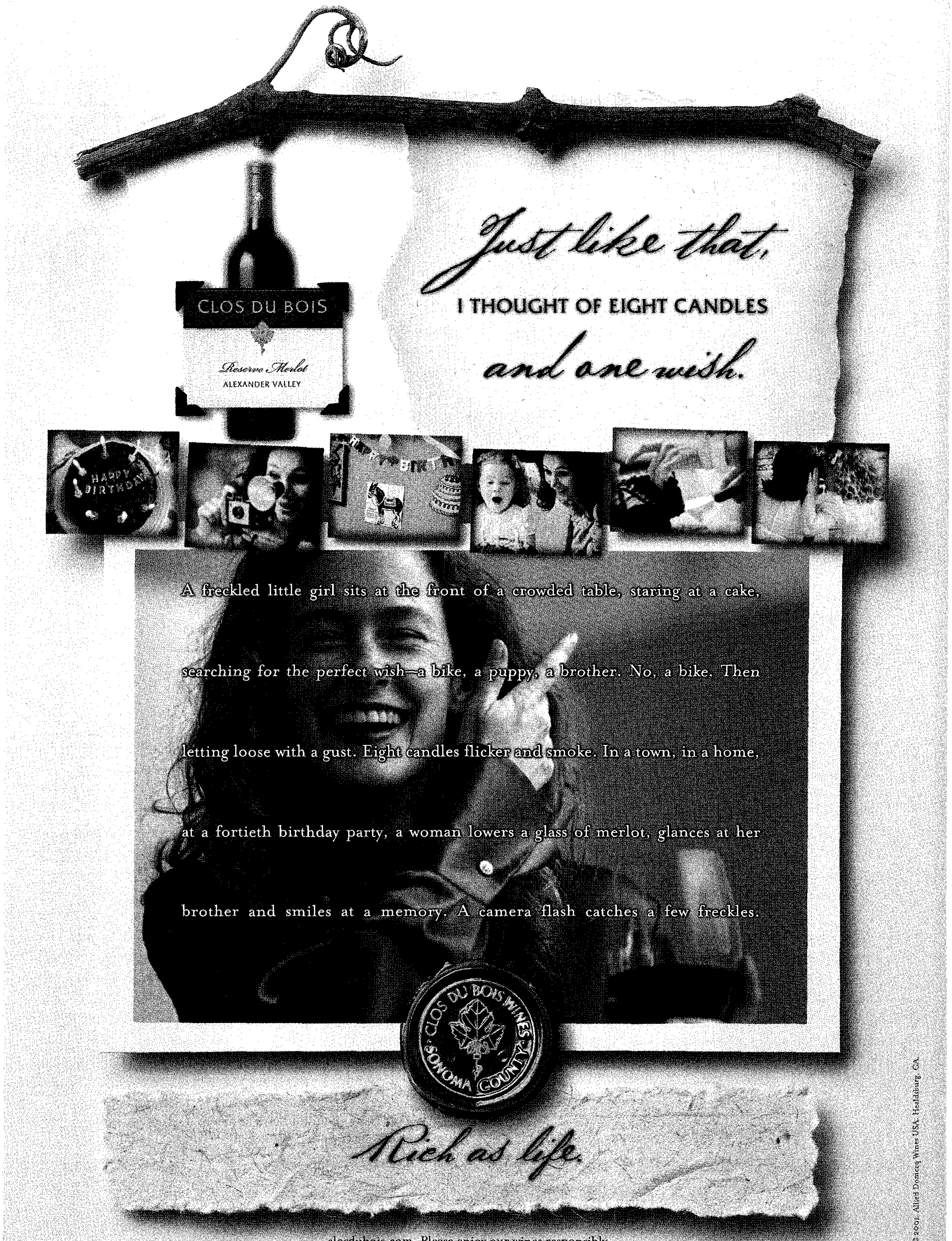
In the warehouse, adjacent to the office, workers were busily rehanging the Budweiser bikini-babe posters that they'd taken down the night before, out of respect for the Hasidim. The warehouse manager, Bruce Schwartz, a man with a gray mustache and a black baseball cap studded with P.O.W.-M.I.A. pins, scanned the half-empty shelves. "This one's been our big seller," he said, pulling down a black gas mask ($174.30) that Aramsco usually sells to police departments and prisons. Other items included nuclear-biological-chemical respirator filters ($30), polyethylene protective suits ($45), and the ominous-sounding "20-Minute Civilian Escape Hood" ($75). There were hundreds of rolls of duct tape. "It's your best friend," Schwartz said. "You can use it to seal up your windows so nothing can seep in. You can use it to secure your bootees and gloves to your suit. It's the greatest."

Back at the sales desk, a Long Island couple was inquiring about deadly biological agents. "Would the germs go from Manhattan all the way to the East End?" the woman asked.

"Depends on the wind," the salesman said.

"Oh, my God!" the woman exclaimed, clapping a hand to her heart. "O.K., here's maybe a silly question. Do you have masks for dogs?"

"A lot of people have been asking, but no," the salesman said. He totalled up their order: four protective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*Rich as life.*

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suits, bootees, gloves, gas masks, and filters—$1,109.13. "We were going to buy a home-entertainment system, but instead we're getting this," the woman said. Her husband had worked a block from the World Trade Center; their daughter had worked at Seven World Trade and had been having nightmares since the attack. "I don't know if we'll ever use this stuff, or if it'll even help," the woman said. "I just want to feel like I did whatever I could to protect my family."

"Hey, do you guys have duct tape at home?" the salesman asked them. "Because that's your best friend right there."

One shopper wondered whether the Aramsco employees kept any protective gear in their own homes. "Of course not," Schwartz said. "You can't live your life worrying about that sort of thing."

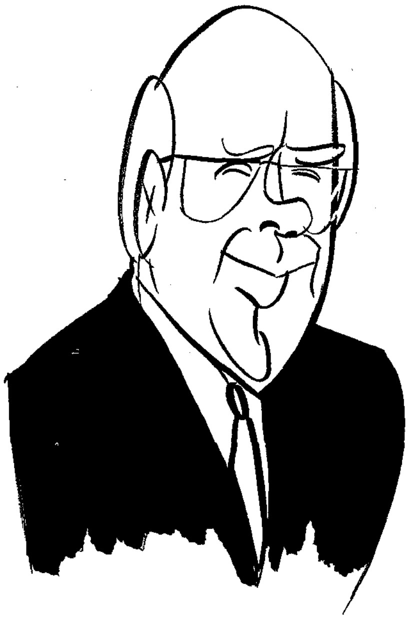
—*Sabrina Rubin Erdely*

## THE HILL
## PAT LEAHY RECALLS A STING

Ever since September 11th, Democrats and Republicans on Capitol Hill have been working together in an unusual spirit of unity. But there has been one stubborn exception. Patrick Leahy, a liberal but not generally militant Democratic senator from Vermont, almost single-handedly held up Attorney General John Ashcroft's urgent request for a new antiterrorism bill.

Last week, before a tentative agreement was announced, the wrangling became noticeably bitter. Ashcroft, a former colleague of Leahy's in the Senate, who was confirmed as Attorney General only over Leahy's strenuous opposition, accused Leahy, who chairs the Senate Judiciary Committee, of dawdling. "Talk won't prevent terrorism," Ashcroft said pointedly, after Leahy refused to approve the Administration's proposed expansion of police powers, without further review and amendment. One of Leahy's Republican colleagues suggested that his foot-dragging might prove dangerous to the public welfare at a time when there is a real threat of new terrorist attacks. Originally, Ashcroft had wanted his package of expanded law-enforcement tools to be approved within a week. But, three weeks after the attacks, the two sides remained deadlocked.

In an interview last week, Leahy explained that his concerns about the antiterrorism bill arose, in part, out of his own experience with the consequences of unchecked police power. Most people think of Vermont, where Leahy's professional life began, as a place where civil liberties are revered sometimes to the point of absurdity. But in the early nineteen-seventies, when Leahy was the state's attorney in Chittenden County, he discovered how those liberties were being abused in his jurisdiction. A former state trooper named Paul Lawrence, who was working as an undercover narcotics agent, was gaining prominence and popularity with prosecutors all over the state because of his high arrest rate. With Lawrence's detective work, prosecutors were cracking drug rings and sending dealers off to jail with admirable efficiency. In St. Albans, a depressed town just south of the Canadian border, officials were delighted because the local jail was filled with young drug offenders, while the streets and parks were finally clear of rowdy teen-agers. But Leahy, whose district included the state's largest city, Burlington, began to hear disturbing talk about Lawrence's methods. So he set up a sting. He brought in an undercover cop from Brooklyn, who was dubbed the Rabbi, and made sure that the Rabbi was described to Lawrence as a major drug dealer who was new in Burlington. One day, Leahy and his colleagues watched from across the street and listened in on a wire as the Rabbi sat down on a park bench and began reading a newspaper. They observed Lawrence as he walked past the Rabbi, without speaking to him. Soon afterward, Lawrence returned to the state office building with a bag of heroin, which he said he had bought from the Rabbi. He then went back a second time and repeated the exercise, returning with more narcotics. Lawrence said that he was ready to make an arrest.



*Senator Patrick Leahy*

Instead, Leahy and his men arrested Lawrence, who was subsequently convicted of perjury and jailed. Vermont's governor was forced to pardon seventy-one people who had been put in prison as a result of Lawrence's police work. "The tragedy was that many of them really were drug dealers, but we had to let them out because of Lawrence's role," Leahy recalled last week. "But the most awful thing was that there was one person who couldn't be pardoned. He had committed suicide."

Having come under considerable fire for slowing Ashcroft's antiterrorism legislation, Leahy was eager to explain his position. "I have great respect for law enforcement," he said. "But we also need checks and balances. As they say, absolute power corrupts absolutely."

By the middle of last week, Leahy was able to reach an accommodation with the Justice Department and the White House on new laws that will expand the powers of various law-enforcement agencies to share privileged information without getting a court order, to do roving wiretaps, to eavesdrop on computer communications to a greater extent than is currently possible, and to detain, for a limited number of days, immigrants who are suspected of but not charged with terrorist activities. "I think we're pushing the constitutional envelope," Leahy said, "but it's better than it was."

—*Jane Mayer*

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### U.S. JOURNAL

# HOME IS HERE

*America's largest Arab community in the aftermath of September 11th.*

### BY MARK SINGER

## DEARBORN, MICHIGAN

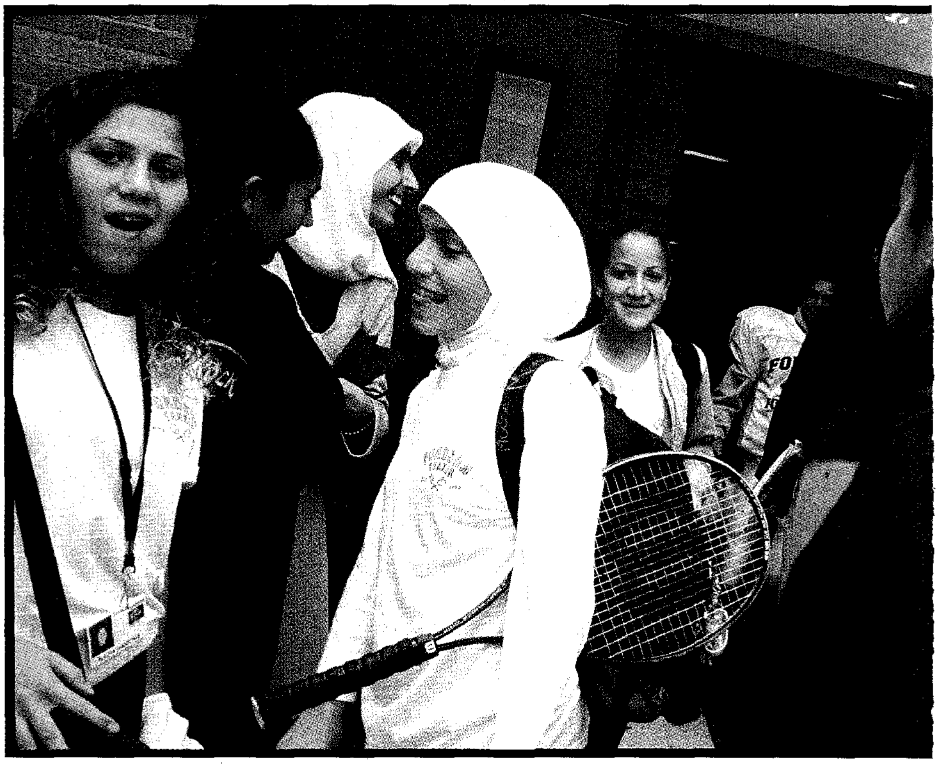
In the summer of 1988, a young Arab-Israeli woman named Maha Mahajneh visited the United States at the invitation of an organization of Palestinian-American women who were holding a convention in New Jersey. It was Mahajneh's first trip to America. At the convention, she gave a talk whose topic was, indirectly, the story of her life: the challenges confronted by Arab citizens of Israel. Mahajneh happened to be an anomalous specimen of upward mobility. Growing up in Umm al-Fahm, a small city in the Galilee, she had longed for three things, at least two of which were out of the question: "I wished I was Jewish, I wished I was a man, and I wished I was rich." Clearly, however, she possessed ample self-confidence and self-awareness. Her family was Sunni Muslim, but far from devout. At eighteen, she left home. By twenty-four, she had a university degree, had settled into a cosmopolitan life in Tel Aviv, and had become the first Palestinian woman certified public accountant in Israel.

Mahajneh went on to deliver the same lecture in Chicago and Detroit, where one member of the audience was Roy Freij, a businessman whose Arabic given name is Raed. At the time of the Six-Day War, in 1967, he had been three years old and living in Jerusalem. In its aftermath, his parents decided to follow a well-travelled path to southeastern Michigan, where two hundred and fifty thousand Arabs now reside—other than Paris, the largest concentration outside the Middle East. Months of letter-writing followed Maha and Roy's first encounter, and in the spring of 1989 he flew to Israel and asked her to marry him. Within three weeks, they had wed and Maha had obtained a visa. "I wasn't thinking to come to America at all," she told me. "I came for a man I loved." In 1992, she became a United States citizen.

Maha is the chief financial officer of ACCESS, an Arab social-service and advocacy organization that operates out of eight locations in Dearborn, Michigan, offering, among other things, medical care, psychological counselling, job training and placement, adult education, and after-school programs. Dearborn has a population of a hundred thousand, more than a quarter of which is Arab; in the public schools, the figure is about fifty-eight per cent. For its clients—Lebanese, Syrians, Iraqis, Palestinians, Yemenis, Jordanians, Egyptians, and North Africans—ACCESS, with a comparatively modest annual budget of ten million dollars, is a more vital presence in the community than the Ford Motor Company. Maha's office is in ACCESS's main facility, a converted school building in Dearborn's south end, a dingy district along the perimeter of Ford's gargantuan River Rouge plant.

On the morning of September 11th, she awoke at six o'clock and took a two-mile walk in Livonia, the affluent suburb west of Detroit where she lives with her husband and their two young sons. She had dropped the boys at school and was driving to the office while listening to National Public Radio when she heard the first news bulletin about the World Trade Center. Soon after she reached her desk, Maha knew that, while no work would get done that day, she and her colleagues, for symbolic and practical reasons, had to keep the doors open at all of ACCESS's facilities. Except for a three-hour bomb-scare evacuation of one building and a four-day suspension of the after-school program, they succeeded.

The names of Maha and other ACCESS executives are listed on the organization's Web site, and two days after the attack she received an E-mail from a man who attached an inflammatory newspaper column, written by Nolan Finley, an editor at the Detroit *News*, which had appeared in that morning's paper. The "least [Arab and Muslim Americans] can do for their neighbors," Finley insisted, would be to "help in every way possible to smash the net-



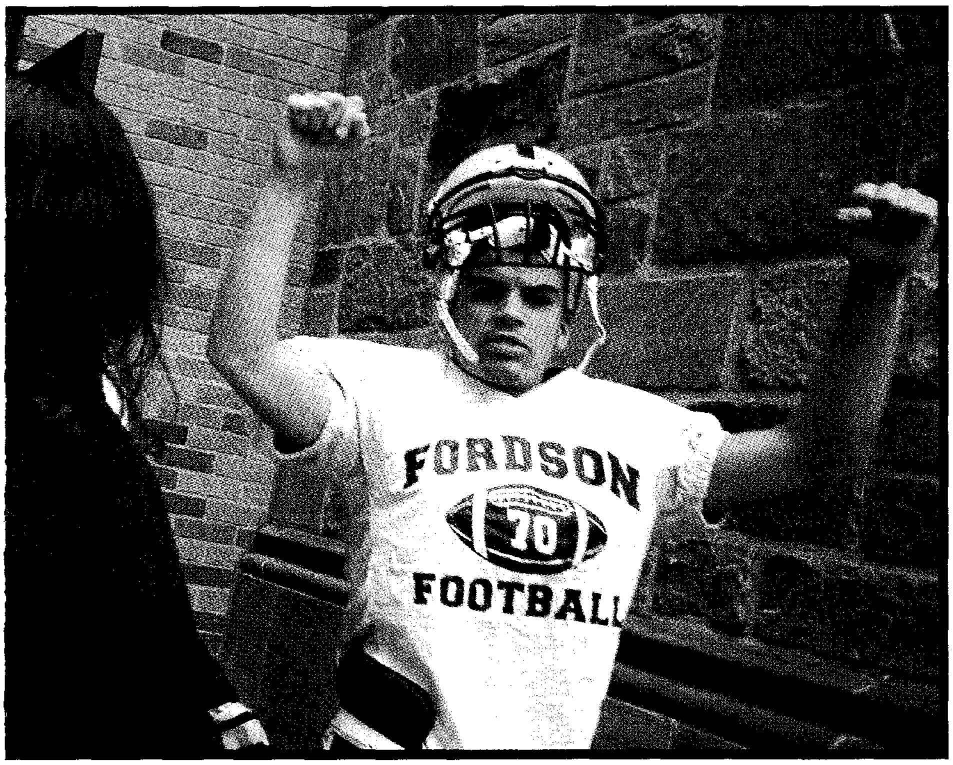
*"All our work and accomplishments—are they shattered by what happened?" said Mal*

work within their own communities that provides money and shelter to terrorists.” In other words, what the United States government’s intelligence-gathering and law-enforcement apparatus had failed to accomplish before September 11th (or since), the law-abiding Arab citizens of Detroit, in a vigilante spirit that would validate their patriotism, should undertake themselves. The E-mail sender appended his own opinion: “Talk is cheap! If you really love America, turn over the terrorist sympathizers in your midst.”

Intemperately, Maha responded in kind: “Your thinking is cheap. It seems to me that you have an IQ of 10???”

In his next message, her pen pal took off the gloves: “Your remark makes it clear you support the vermin that murdered thousands of innocent Americans in New York. . . . I will forward your response to the Detroit News and the local FBI. Terrorist scum like you have no right to be in our country.”

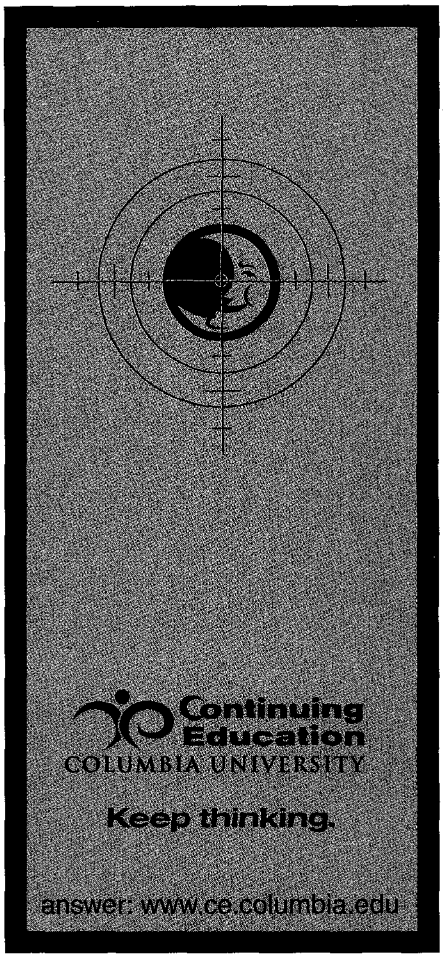
“I’m the one who’s going to forward your stupid remarks to the FBI,” Maha replied. “As far as the News, I will not be surprised if they have more space for racist remarks from people like you. The way they did from racists like Nolan Finley.”



*Freij. “People look at us like we are the enemy.” Photograph by Sylvia Plachy.*

When I paid her a visit, a week later, she seemed burdened by deepening preoccupations.

“The main thing I’m thinking now,” she said, “is, after September 11th, how is it going to be for my kids? They were born in this country, and they are totally like other kids. I want my kids to be the President of the United States. Or one will be President. The other will be the adviser. I really want to believe that. At home, the day of the attack, my husband and I sat down with our sons and told them that a bad thing happened and that there might be Arabic people who caused this. We said, ‘If someone at school bothers you, you answer back that these people are not representative of the Arab community. You say, “We are Americans, so don’t be small-minded and include us in this.” ’ And I keep thinking about the possible retaliation our government might take and the consequences. All our work and accomplishments—are they shattered by what happened in New York? Because we look a certain way? We are not even allowed to grieve like everyone else. People look at us like we are the enemy. I want to say, ‘No, I didn’t do it. I was on my way to work.’ It’s like Palestinians living in Israel. They’re always under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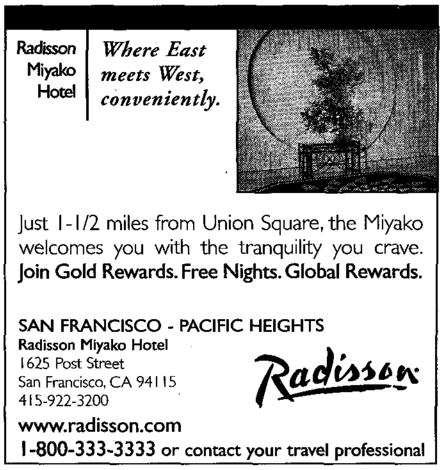
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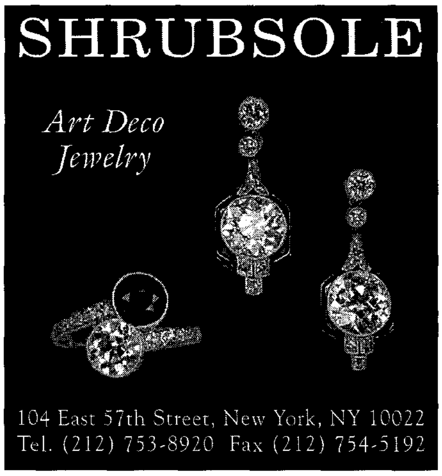
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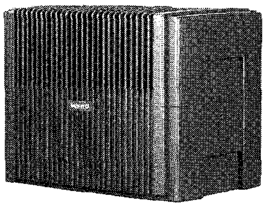

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suspicion. And I feel that our situation here might become the same way. And if that happens where do we go? There is no place."

As narratives of immigrant journeys go, Maha's, because it is a love story, seems paradigmatic, even though it is driven neither by economic nor by political urgency. The willingness to uproot oneself and come to America and partake of what it has to offer expresses—more than any appetite for material comfort—a passion for possibility. There has always been a dark side to this evergreen tale, a shadow of dread, a xenophobia rooted not so much in fear of assault from outside aggressors as in a dull-witted suspicion of those among us who look or sound or somehow seem as if they "don't come from around here." Now that the United States actually has been assaulted from the outside, the license to feel suspicious of certain of one's neighbors has been sanctioned as an unfortunate price that the country, at war with an indiscernible foreign enemy, is willing to pay.

The migration of Arabs to Detroit in measurable numbers began in the early twentieth century. The first wave of immigrants were mostly Christians from Syria and what is now Lebanon. Muslims, attracted by job opportunities in the automobile industry, started appearing not long thereafter, and since the nineteen-sixties they have predominated, arriving in ripples that emanate from cataclysms in the Middle East—an influx of Palestinians after 1967, followed by Lebanese refugees during the late seventies and early eighties, and Iraqi Shiites in the early nineties. Nothing about the local scenery reminded the earliest arrivals of home, but today certain run-down pockets of southeast Dearborn look as if they might have been grafted on from the West Bank, and in the middle-class neighborhoods there are long commercial stretches with store signs in both Arabic and English. An average of five thousand new Arab immigrants make Detroit their port of entry each year.

In Dearborn, as in New York City, September 11th was a mayoral primary-election day. Unlike New York, Dearborn kept its polls open. The incumbent, Michael Guido, was seeking a

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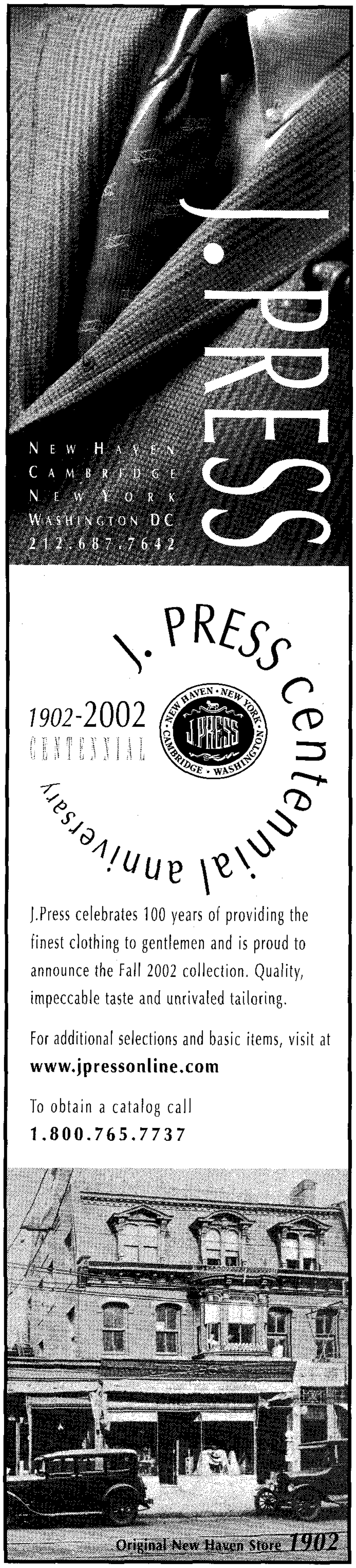
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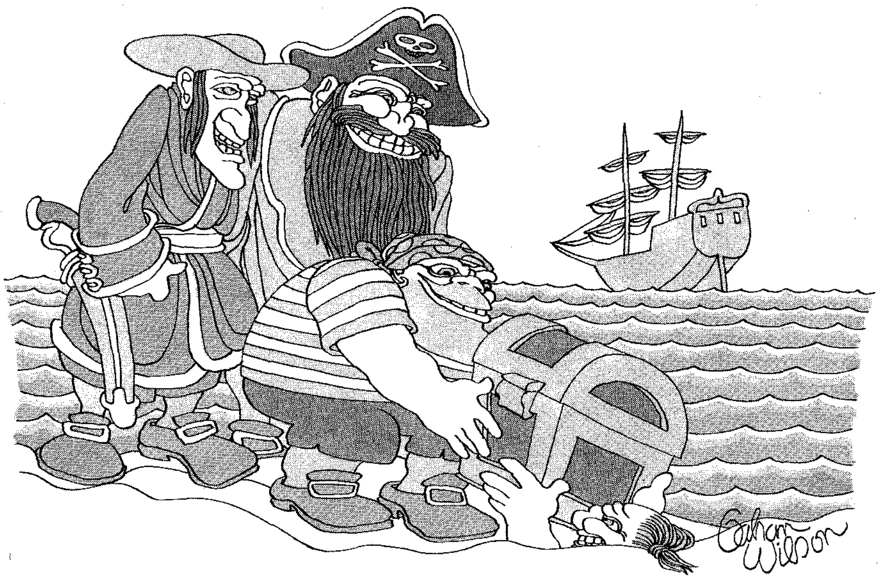

*"You steered the proper course, Cap'n, when you had us bury this instead of investing it in the market!"*

• •

fifth term, and although he received sixty per cent of the vote, the rules mandate a November runoff against the second-place finisher, Abed Hammoud, a thirty-five-year-old assistant prosecutor, who got eighteen per cent. Hammoud, who is Lebanese, immigrated to the United States in 1990, and likes to say that he landed in America "three days after Saddam moved into Kuwait." This dash of rhetorical color won't hurt with the Iraqi refugee vote, but he would pick that up anyway. Not that it will be enough. No one, with the possible exception of Hammoud himself, expects him to win.

For a small-city mayor, Guido, a stocky fellow in his mid-forties who favors pin-striped suits, suspenders, and monogrammed shirts with French cuffs, has been quite adept at cultivating an old-school big-city mayoral persona. During his first campaign, in 1985, he circulated a blunt-talking pamphlet that referred to Dearborn's "Arab Problem," in which he disparaged bilingual classes for Arab children in the public schools, "new neighbors [who] neglect their property," and the " 'gimme, gimme, gimme' attitude" of "the so-called leadership" of the Arab community. Some Dearborn Arabs with long memories place Guido on a continuum that extends back to the heyday of Orville Hubbard, an unapologetic segregationist who was mayor from 1942 to 1977. (Hubbard is most often remembered for promoting the unsubtle motto "Keep Dearborn Clean" and for his role during the 1967 race riots in Detroit, when he took to the street to prohibit blacks from crossing into his city.) Guido has sufficient finesse to have befriended many members of the older Lebanese business establishment. But no one would accuse him of being overly solicitous toward the larger Arab population, and they are grossly underrepresented in the municipal workforce—about two and a half per cent.

Dearborn is arguably the most likely city in America where a mayoral candidate, after outlining his position on street-light maintenance, might be tossed questions about national security and would be expected to answer. Guido knows that most voters aren't all that concerned with local politics at the moment and that the less he says the better. The terrorist attack, he said, "clouds what you can do to separate yourself from your opponent." He continued, "You don't point out that your opponent is Arab-American. You talk about what you can do. What I've done for my city, I blow this guy out of the water—that should be the contest. But, you know, I have people saying, 'I'm voting for you because I don't want to vote for an Arab.' Three people have told me that in the

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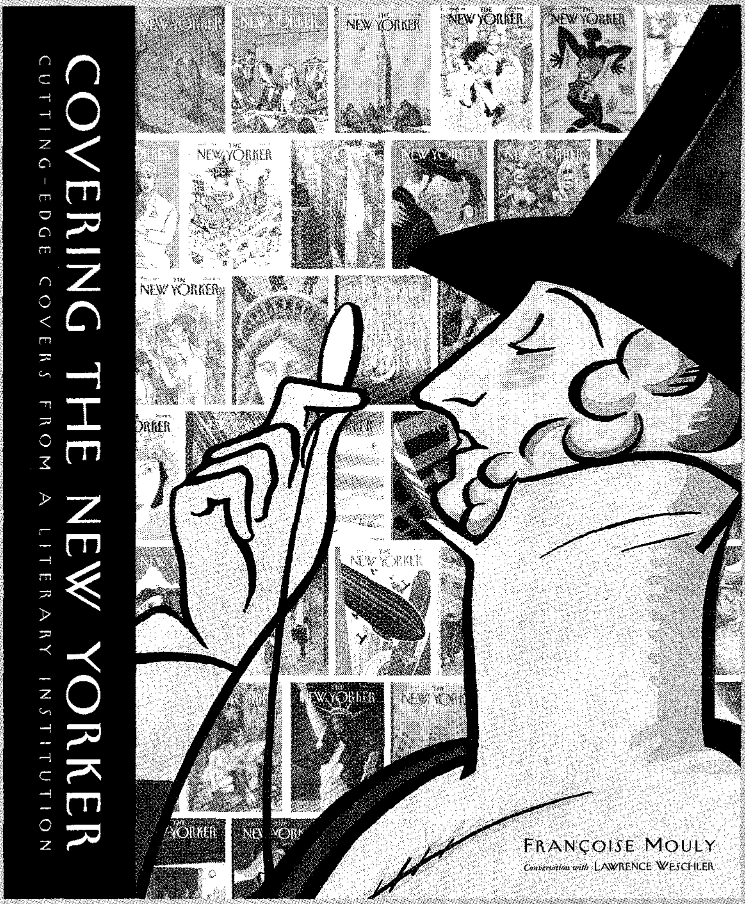

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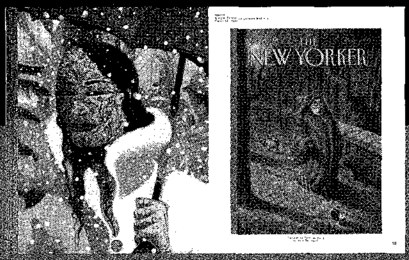

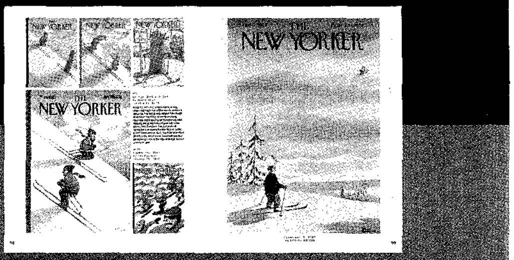

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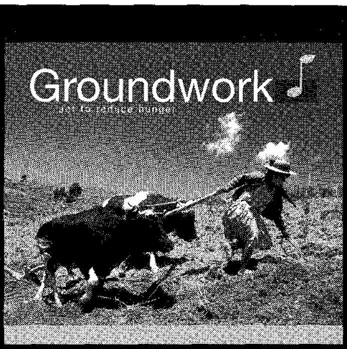

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last week. Three people telling you that out loud is like getting ten letters. And the politician's rule of thumb is that ten letters means a thousand people are thinking about it."

Or, as Hammoud said to me the week after the attack, "You think I can go knock on doors now? It's not a good time to campaign."

In the spring of 1991, after participating in uprisings against the government of Saddam Hussein, Abu Muslim al-Hayder, a Shiite college professor of computer-control engineering who was then in his mid-thirties, fled Iraq with his wife and four children. They had not been long inside a Saudi Arabian refugee camp when it became evident that it was hardly a refuge. The camp population was infested with spies for the Saddam regime and "the Saudis don't look at us as full human beings—they look at us as prisoners." After the family spent a year and a half in detention, a relief agency called the Church World Service resettled them in Washington State. There al-Hayder went back to school and subsequently tried and failed to find a job in the computer industry. Confident that his bilingual abilities made him employable, in 1995 he moved the family to Detroit.

On September 11th, al-Hayder, who has been a citizen for five years, happened to be one of the federal observers dispatched to monitor the municipal election in the town of Hamtramck, ten miles northeast of Dearborn, where there had been discrimination against Arab voters in the past. He was supposed to spend that night in a hotel and file a report the next morning, but he was allowed to leave at 9 P.M. and return to his wife and (now six) children, in Detroit.

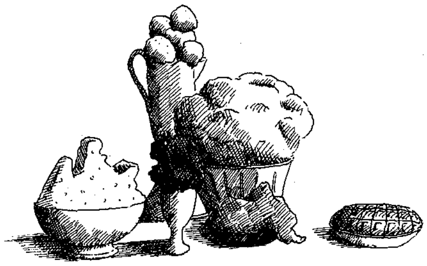
"I found all my family scared, afraid that somebody would attack the house," he told me. Most of his neighbors had American flags displayed on their porches, and when he went to a flag store the next day it was sold out. As a short-term approach to making his allegiance plain, he tied an American-flag balloon to his balcony.

Before September 11th, al-Hayder said, he felt happy and secure. He was delighted with his children's progress in school and, in his work as ACCESS's professional liaison to the Iraqi community, he was gratified by the chance to help his newly arrived countrymen. He counts himself far more fortunate than many other erstwhile Iraqi professionals—the college teacher who now delivers pizzas; the widely published literary critic who, having failed at carpentry, is now on welfare. But he is also greatly disturbed by the American media's depiction of Muslims, most of all because of how it might affect his children's perception of themselves.

Al-Hayder has a long familiarity with, and an exceptional equanimity in the face of, the consequences of dissent. In 1978, he was imprisoned by Saddam's predecessor, Ahmad Hassan al-Bakr, and sentenced to death for his political associations, then released a year and a half later when Saddam came to power and issued an amnesty for most political prisoners. Al-Hayder remembers regarding the gesture with skepticism. "I didn't trust Saddam," he said, "because I knew that even if he gives you something he will take a lot of things more valuable."

If he saved your life, I asked, how could he take from you something more valuable?

"There are many things more valuable than your life. There is your dignity, your respect. If you live a life with no respect, it's better to die. And this is why I agreed to come to America as a refugee—better than to stay in Saudi Arabia or go to another country. But this crisis we are in is making many people, especially the media, turn away from the values that I know. If someone comes and tries to insult me for no reason, I cannot tell him thank you. A lot of people now who are colored and are American citizens, and who have a right to have weapons, may go and get a license to have weapons to defend themselves. I may even lose faith in law-enforcement agencies because they target people who are Arab and Muslims. And this is very



disturbing. None of this is why I came here. I came here to be a respected human being."

On a rainy afternoon eight days after the attack, I went to the New Yasmeen Bakery, a popular establishment in north Dearborn, where John Dingell, the Democratic congressman who has represented Detroit's Downriver suburbs for forty-six years, was meeting with more than twenty Arab community leaders, mostly Lebanese businessmen and professionals. The group gathered around a square of tables in a brightly lit room and listened as Dingell praised Dearborn's Arab and non-Arab populations, noting with relief that the city had avoided the bloody spasms of anti-Arab violence (or mistaken-identity violence, as in the case of a murdered turban-wearing Sikh) that had erupted elsewhere. A couple of law-enforcement people attended, Mayor Guido sent a representative, and a tone of mutual good will prevailed. "I can't think of a single criticism of what you've done and I can't think of a single thing you haven't done that you should have," Dingell said. "This community has made me proud. You have shown yourselves to be exemplary Americans, and I apologize to you for any of the hurts that have been inflicted upon you."

That was the good news. The ominous downside was implicit in several questions posed to Dingell: What about government proposals to expand wiretapping authority? What about the ratcheting up of racial profiling and the broadened application of "secret evidence" (the tactic authorities use to detain immigrants without explanation)? Abed Hammoud cited a fresh Gallup poll which showed that fifty-eight per cent of Americans favored requiring Arabs, United States citizens included, to go through "special, more intensive" security screenings at airports.

Dingell didn't gloss over any of these concerns. "I can tell you," he said, "that the events of last Tuesday are not going to be useful to us in terms of protecting basic liberties."

Inauspicious in a different way were snatches of conversation I overheard before the meeting got under way—a sifting through rumors that reflected the awfulness of feeling marginalized, a grasping at anything remotely self-exculpatory. Hadn't there been news reports that some of the alleged terrorist pilots had turned up alive in Saudi Arabia? (And if they hadn't been flying the planes, who had? Europeans, perhaps?) For days, an E-mail had circulated concerning the newsreel footage, first shown on CNN, of Palestinians celebrating in East Jerusalem in the hours after the attack; it was ten-year-old videotape, several people assured me, recycled from the Gulf War, when Iraqi missiles landed in Israel. (After I returned to New York, I checked CNN's Web site, where conclusive evidence was posted that the claim of hoax was a hoax.)

The next day, I dropped by the office of the *Arab American News* and met with the editor, the inconveniently named Osama Siblani, who'd been collecting factoids as well as incendiary phone messages, some of which he played for me. Many were bizarrely disgusting (e.g., the rant from a fellow whose favorite television programs were being preëmpted by the prime-time news blanket: he wanted Arab corpses fed to the sharks in Florida), but most were just plain chilling. Siblani also expressed dismay at the half-dozen E-mails he'd received urging him to publish the "fact" that four thousand Jews had mysteriously not shown up for work at the World Trade Center on September 11th. Was Dearborn a place where, unavoidably, two startlingly divergent realities had taken root? Or was the nuttiness symptomatic of a profound urge to insulate oneself from reality altogether? More than once, I heard Arabs express the fear that a "Dearborn connection" to terrorism might materialize.

Alas—the law of percentages dictated as much—that had already occurred. The day of the gathering at the New Yasmeen Bakery, a screamer headline in the Detroit *Free Press* said "TERRORIST TASK FORCE ARRESTS 3 IN DETROIT." Federal agents looking for Nabil al-Marabh, a presumed associate of Osama bin Laden, had raided an apartment on the southwest side, just outside Dearborn. Al-Marabh wasn't present (he was captured later in the week, near Chicago), but the three men who were arrested reportedly had false identification papers as well as a notebook that made reference in Arabic

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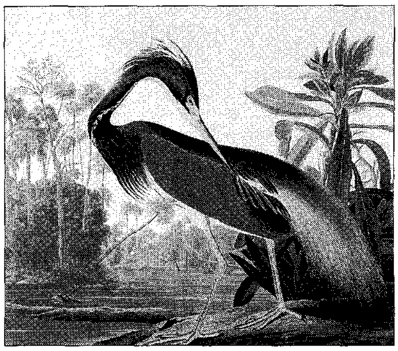

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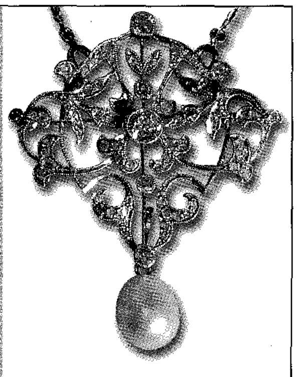

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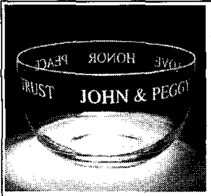

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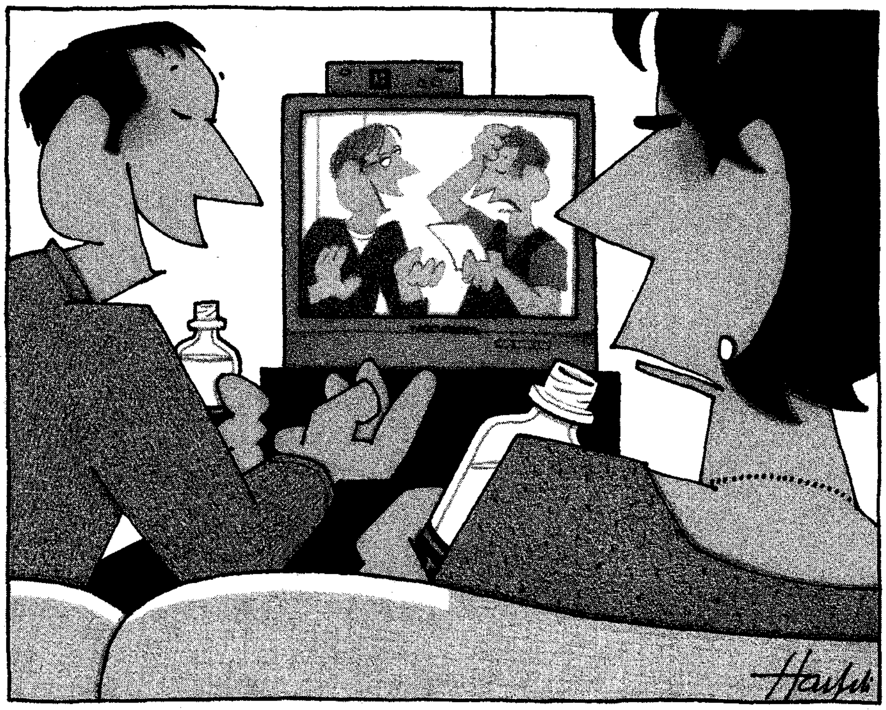
to an American base in Turkey. As the story unfolded over the next few days, it emerged that last year, in Dearborn, al-Marabh obtained licenses to drive large trucks with hazardous cargoes. Two of the other suspects, Ahmed Hannan and Karim Koubriti, attended a commercial truck-driving school this past summer. Their tuition of thirty-three hundred dollars apiece had been paid by ACCESS, a revelation that obviously pained Ismael Ahmed, the executive director. "We send people to all kinds of training programs and we don't check their political credentials," he told the *Free Press*. "All they have to do is come here looking for a job." In fact, Ahmed told me, he is working with the authorities. "There's a legitimate investigation of terrorism, and we think people should be coöperating," he said. "But we're not telling our community to march into the ovens. I just read a survey that shows sixty-one per cent of Arab-Americans agree that profiling is justified. That's a symptom of plain fear. That's not what they truly believe, but when they're asked about this in the context of national security, that's what they're going to say."

Ahmed Mohamed Esa is a short, slightly built, soft-voiced forty-eight-year-old man with a cropped white beard, black hair, a gap between his front teeth, and thick dark rings beneath his eyes. Since 1976, he has divided his life between Yemen and Dearborn, where he shares with two other Yemenis a five-hundred-dollar-a-month three-room flat. In Yemen, Esa has a wife and six sons. They live three hours from the city of Taiz, in Makbana, a village with no telephone and no electricity. None of them have ever seen America. Until the day after the attack on the World Trade Center, Esa had worked at a small welding company for fifteen years—longer than everyone except the company's owner, Paul Rakoczy. He earned $12.36 an hour and usually put in an eight-and-a-half-hour day. Whatever money he saved he sent to his wife, unless he was bringing it in person; each year, he spends at least three or four months with his family.

On September 12th, Esa told me, he arrived at the welding shop at 5:40 A.M.—around the time the muezzin at his neighborhood mosque was uttering the morning prayer call—and punched the clock. Then: "I go take my work uniform. When I hear the whistle for the work, I take my coffee and go to take my gloves and go to see Mr. Paul what I work on today. He say complete the job from yesterday. I start to work. I'm working twenty minutes, a half hour, and he say to me, 'Don't work. Go home.' I tell him, 'Why I go home?' He say, 'You are Arabic, you are Muslim. You don't see what happened in New York, in Washington? You don't see how many people your people killed?' I tell him I not do nothing. I work here. I have been here fifteen years. How I can go home? He say, 'I can see your face. Go pray in your mosque. Go pray with your leader. I don't want you to work here.' For a half minute or a minute, I thinking what I can do. He say, 'If you don't go, I get the police for you.' I hear that, I say maybe there is trouble, so I go. I have my check coming the next day, but I don't go get it. I'm too scared. I think maybe if I go there he do something, I don't know."



*"No, it's not funny. But it's in the* tradition *of funny."*

After finding his way to an ACCESS counselling center, Esa told his story to me and to a reporter for the *Free Press*, who in turn tracked down Rakoczy. Though Rakoczy disputed elements of Esa's account—he had not fired him outright but had told him to take the rest of the week off—he made no attempt to conceal his feelings about Islam. "As far as I'm concerned, their religion is done," he said. "When these guys ran their plane in there like that and hurt all those people, that was the end of it right there. That made their religion—you might as well write it as I say it—the scum of the earth." (Last week, a lawyer for Esa filed a discrimination suit against Rakoczy.)

I asked Esa whether his wife knew that the family no longer had an income.

"I speak to her sometimes once a week, sometimes once a month," he said. "If she come to the city, she will call. She doesn't know what happened with my job. She maybe doesn't know what happened in New York. I maybe will talk to her today. Maybe tomorrow."

When I asked whether he had plans to look for another job, he smiled, shrugged, and said, "How can I face an American guy and ask him to work? How can I knock the door and say I'm an Arabic guy? He might kill me."

So what was he planning to do next? He smiled and shrugged again.

"America has changed like the weather. You not see America how is it? I sleep on Monday. I get up in the morning on Tuesday. Now I don't know what tomorrow will happen. Tomorrow. I don't know. Tomorrow is too far." ♦

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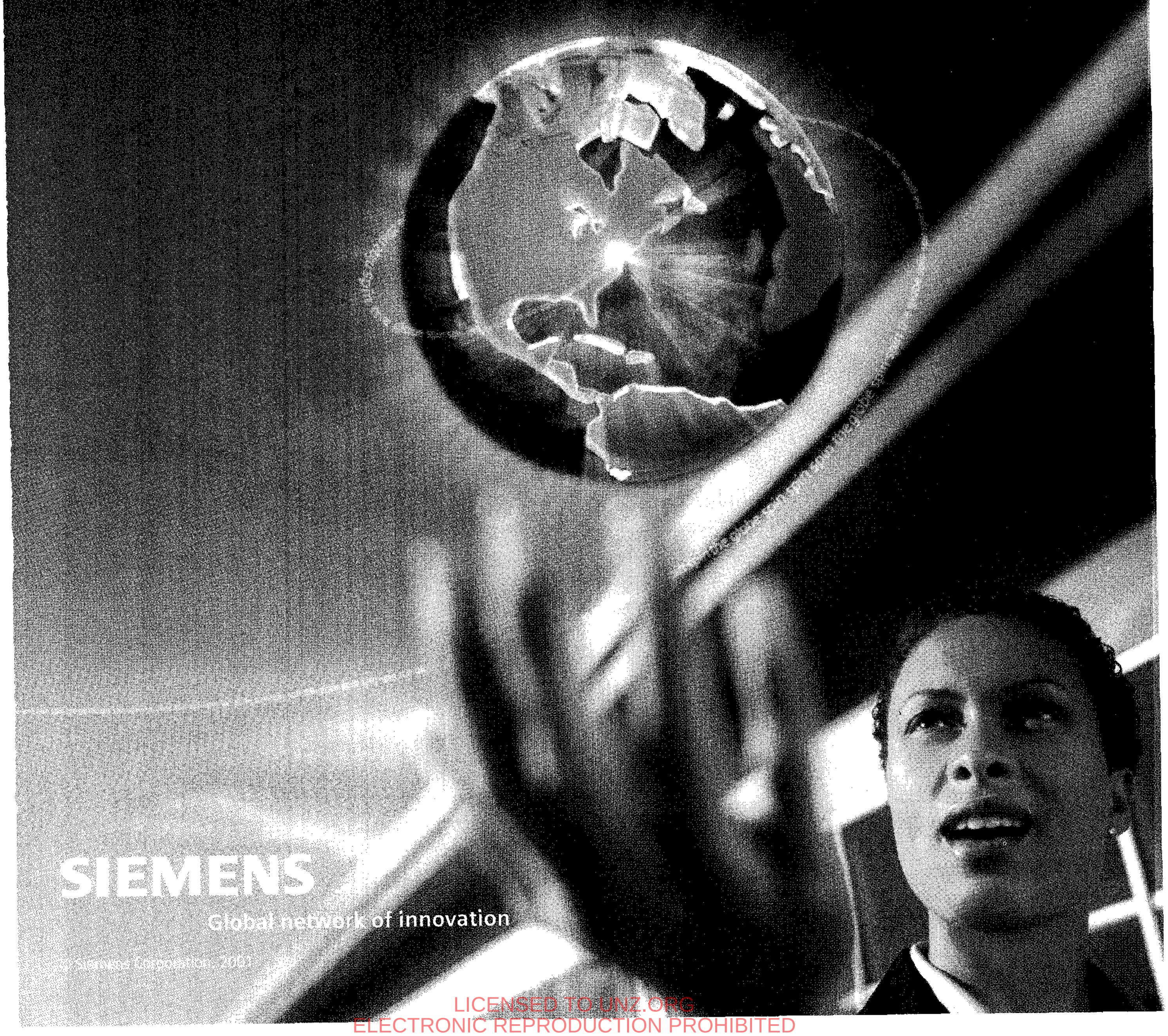

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# Finding the Words:

## THE MYTHS, CHOICES, AND CHALLENGES OF BREAST CANCER

**By Angela Bonavoglia**

This month, I celebrate ten years as a breast cancer survivor. Those years have been precious to me and pivotal in the fight against this devastating disease. In America alone, breast cancer takes the lives of more than forty thousand women (and four hundred men) each year.

But there is hope on the horizon. If cancer recurs, "We know how to prolong life," says Clifford Hudis, Chief of the Breast Cancer Medicine Service at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center. And, he notes, "For the women who will be diagnosed with breast cancer this year in the United States, the majority will get to live out their normal lifespans."

The dramatic rise in the number of American women who have screening mammograms has led to earlier detection of breast cancer. More than fifty per cent of new breast cancers show no apparent spread to the lymph system because more powerful technologies can identify smaller developing tumors than ever before. Approximately eighty per cent of women diagnosed with invasive early-stage breast cancer who are treated are at a low risk for recurrence. Nearly all women diagnosed with noninvasive ductal carcinoma *in situ* (cancer in the ducts, where most breast cancers originate) will be cured by treatment. Since 1988, invasive breast cancer incidence rates have stabilized, but 203,500 new cases are still projected for 2002. Rates of *in situ* breast cancer continue to rise (more than 54,300 new cases are projected for next year), but that is due to earlier detection, rather than a true increase in occurrence. Overall, the mortality rate from breast cancer has declined by more than ten per cent.

Sarajo Frieden

At the same time, while there are clues, there is no definitive way to identify the twenty per cent of women with early-stage disease whose cancer will recur. Though hormonal therapy and chemotherapy lower the odds, "We don't have a crystal ball to predict for the individual patient *yet*," says Eva Singletary, M.D., associate director of M.D. Anderson's Breast Cancer Center. And while new and less debilitating therapies are extending life for women with advanced breast cancer, for them there is no cure.

The response to these challenges has been vigorous. Although the film-based mammogram remains the gold standard for disease detection, digital mammography may give standard mammography a run for its money in a major new study that will begin this month. Already available is a minimally invasive test targeted at high risk women to detect breast cells gone awry that could turn into cancer. This procedure called ductal lavage (cells are flushed out of the breast duct through the nipple using a catheter the size of a human hair) represents an important step forward. To determine whether the cancer has spread, the dissection of a sentinel lymph node (the one under the arm most likely to contain cancer cells) is fast replacing the more extensive surgical removal of multiple lymph nodes. Pathologists are now able to perform more sophisticated tests on the sentinel node, which can reveal previously undetectable cancer cells. Currently the subject of a federally funded clinical trial, these microscopic cells may hold a key to predicting future recurrence in women with early-stage disease.

In the past, women were required to lose as much as a fourth of a breast for a surgical biopsy. Today, in-office breast biopsies that require minimal surgery, such as core-needle biopsies, are available. At leading cancer centers like UCLA's, core needle biopsies have all but eclipsed surgical biopsies. However, according to the National Alliance of Breast Cancer Organizations, an estimated eighty per cent of women still receive surgical biopsies, and frequently are not even offered less invasive options. Low reimbursement insurance rates and inadequate professional training impede more widespread use of newer techniques.

*"Digital mammography may give film-based mammography a run for its money..."*

In the near future, it may be possible to remove tumors without any surgery at all. One technique, called radio frequency ablation, is being studied at three centers nationally, including New York Presbyterian's Weill Cornell Medical Center. It features the ultrasound-guided insertion of a needle into the tumor. Tiny wires on the needle splay out, create heat, and destroy the cancer cells. Another technique—which Singletary calls "truly Star Trek" because it doesn't even require a nick in the skin—uses MRI to guide high-intensity ultrasound waves to create thermal energy that kills off the tumor. Protocols exist now for shorter courses of radiation therapy, and if the breast must be removed, there are now skin- and areola-sparing surgeries.

As with cancer generally, the future of breast cancer care lies in a better understanding of the disease's molecular development. Herceptin™ is the first molecular intervention specifically designed to attack only breast cancer cells, leaving healthy cells alone. This is a promising breakthrough, and the National Cancer Institute is presently studying more than fifty other new chemical agents that are directed at seventy-five specific cellular targets.

Despite the progress and the hope, myths persist: That only middle-aged women get breast cancer. (In fact, all women are at risk. Though after age forty, risk rises dramatically.) That every doctor knows everything about every new procedure. (Doctors differ in how much time they can devote to scanning medical journals and attending state-of-the-art conferences.) That loved ones will be consistently available and supportive. (Overwhelmed by the stress of the illness, partners, family, and friends may need to retreat and recharge.) That reconstruction will return a breast to its original state. (A reconstructed breast will never be exactly the same as the one it replaced.)

That your doctor will tell you precisely what to do. (With this disease, there are no guarantees that one treatment will be better for you than another. So, many doctors present only options. Ultimately, it's the patient who must decide.)

What I've learned is that once a treatment decision has been made, each woman needs to give herself permission to live with it. I've had all my choices questioned—that I should have had a full, not partial, mastectomy; that I should have had chemotherapy; that I should have taken tamoxifen; that I should have, and could even now have an implant inserted. Driven by the threat of recurrence, I've been sucked into the medical vortex. I once spent an entire winter bounding from mammogram to MRI to needle aspirations to a surgical biopsy—all to investigate a suspicious mass in my healthy breast that, fortunately, didn't turn out to be cancer. A map of my vigilance is carved on my body. But that's the small stuff. I'm still here, which never ceases to amaze me.

Of course, my struggles are no different from those of other women who have been down this path. Some of our courageous precursors began, a quarter of a century ago, to drag this disease and its once-draconian treatments out of the silence. Continuing in this tradition is Hilda Raz, author and editor-in-chief of the literary quarterly *Prairie Schooner*, who asked some talented novelists, poets, journalists, editors, and scholars to share what breast cancer has meant to them. These extraordinary women confronted the whole terrifying affair—the gleaming steel and rolling beds, the X-ray beams and chemical cocktails, the naked moments in strangers' eyes—and infused it with their humanity.

"Language is a powerful tool for empathy. It opens the borders between us, helps us understand difference..."

What follows are their voices, excerpted from Raz's powerful and transformative anthology, **"Living On the Margins: Women Writers on Breast Cancer"** (published by Persea Books © 1999 and now available in paperback). From threat to certainty to aftermath, the writers reflect on the immutable path of their illnesses. As Raz so aptly comments in her introduction: "Language is a powerful tool for empathy. It opens the borders between us, helps us understand difference."

### Dread realized...

"The biopsy is positive. Positive. Positive means I have cancer, and I realize that until this moment I have believed it could not be so. Without even knowing it, I have passed a threshold, crossed a border, become a permanent citizen of the nation of fear."

*Alicia Ostriker, pp. 179-180*

"The doctors were as kind as anyone could have hoped. I'm not mad at them. It's not God either, for I do not believe God punishes. It's loss I throw my rage at."

*Pamela Post, p. 16*

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## The decision...

"The surgeon will not tell me what to do. I can choose the gracelessly named lumpectomy, in which they remove more tissue at the tumor site along with lymph nodes, followed by radiation and looking down at myself and wondering for the next five years. Or, dear God, the other. It is up to me, with no medical education. I know this has to do with lawsuits. . . . I wonder why it is not considered malpractice for a doctor to refuse to share his wisdom."

*Elaine Greene, p. 277*

"A map of my vigilance is carved on my body."

## The body...

"I think that at first the impulse is to disguise at all costs the fact that you have lost a breast. It took me several months to get over that instinctual response. It took even longer—possibly a full year—for me to come to terms with this absence. The skin under the scar has no feeling of its own; the nerves have been removed along with the mammary tissue. At first the brain struggles to reconnect. I kept feeling my missing nipple. It tingled as in arousal. It itched. It screamed, I am still here! as in the well-documented phantom limb syndrome. I had to force myself to run my hand, ever so lightly, over my newly flat plane.

*Maxine Kumin, p. 24*

"As a person who has been non-procreative by choice, and . . . whose breast eroticism wasn't strong—I was someone to whom these mammary globes, though pleasing in myself and in others who sported them, were nonetheless relatively peripheral to the complex places where sexuality and gender identity really happen."

*Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick, p. 69*

## The family...

"Calling Gabe was hardest. . . . He rallied in a way that I could never have predicted yet was perfectly appropriate to him: he asked me questions. . . . And a day later, he called with a set speech. 'Mom, it doesn't matter if you have two breasts, or one, or none, or three. I love you just the same and you're the best mom in the world.'"

*Alicia Ostriker, pp. 187-188*

"Home from the hospital, my thirteen-year-old son fixes me with a careful gaze. 'You look different,' he says.

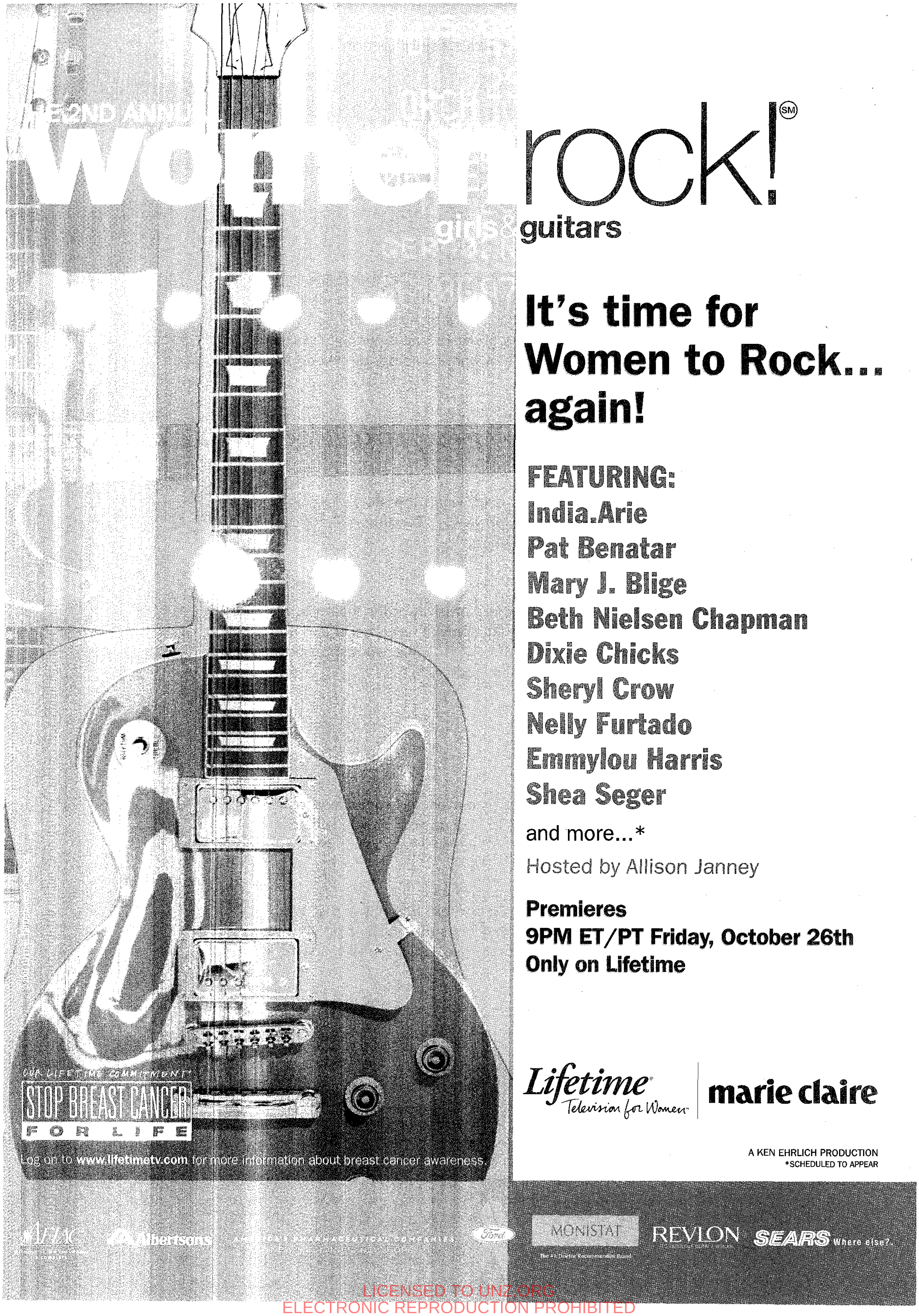
'Yeah?' There's no pretending here. I've told both my children what's up, no mumbo jumbo this time around.

'Did you cut your hair?'

'No. I told you I . . . '

'That's it, you look shorter,' he decides and quickly exits stage right."

*Annette Williams Jaffee, p. 52*



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## The treatment...

"Sometimes right before an injection I'd imagine the drugs in shapes of tiny boxing gloves, or voracious mouths devouring the bad cells."

*Carol Dine, p. 255*

"The other difficult aspect was losing my hair. . . . One early October morning, I went into the nature conservancy across the street from our house, found myself a spot to sit undisturbed, and 'seeded' the woods with my hair. Earth to earth, I thought, ashes to ashes. The leaves were turning gold and scarlet, the sun was warm, and no one intruded on my solitude and my grieving. I sat there quietly, and it soon became a peaceful moment of acceptance of what could not be helped."

*Amy Ling, pp. 128-129*

"Cancer takes your life and changes it, transforms it forever..."

"All the self-help books I read frighten me. . . even when the story's end is a remission through . . . what often sounds like 'willpower.'. . . The theory that I can influence the outcome is as terrifying as it is reassuring."

*Marilyn Hacker, pp. 220-221*

"I was distressed by what I interpreted as my mother's passivity in the face of such a serious illness. How in the world, I wondered, could a person have cancer and not want to learn about it? But I have learned that there is no universal response to illness. Mother wanted to keep the cancer peripheral to her life."

*Claudia MonPere McIsaac, p. 140*

## The future...

"Cancer takes your life and changes it, transforms it forever, and sometimes, as it does for me today, gives it back. Cancer then says to take up your broken self once again and, if you are able, fashion something even better than what you had before."

*Pamela Post, p. 16*

"My mother, who never had breast cancer, died eight weeks ago not of the heart problems we always assumed would overtake her but of a stroke. Maybe death will come at me sidewise too, not where I look for it. Meanwhile, let life come head-on."

*Carol Simmons Oles, p. 97*

*(continued)*

## CONTRIBUTORS

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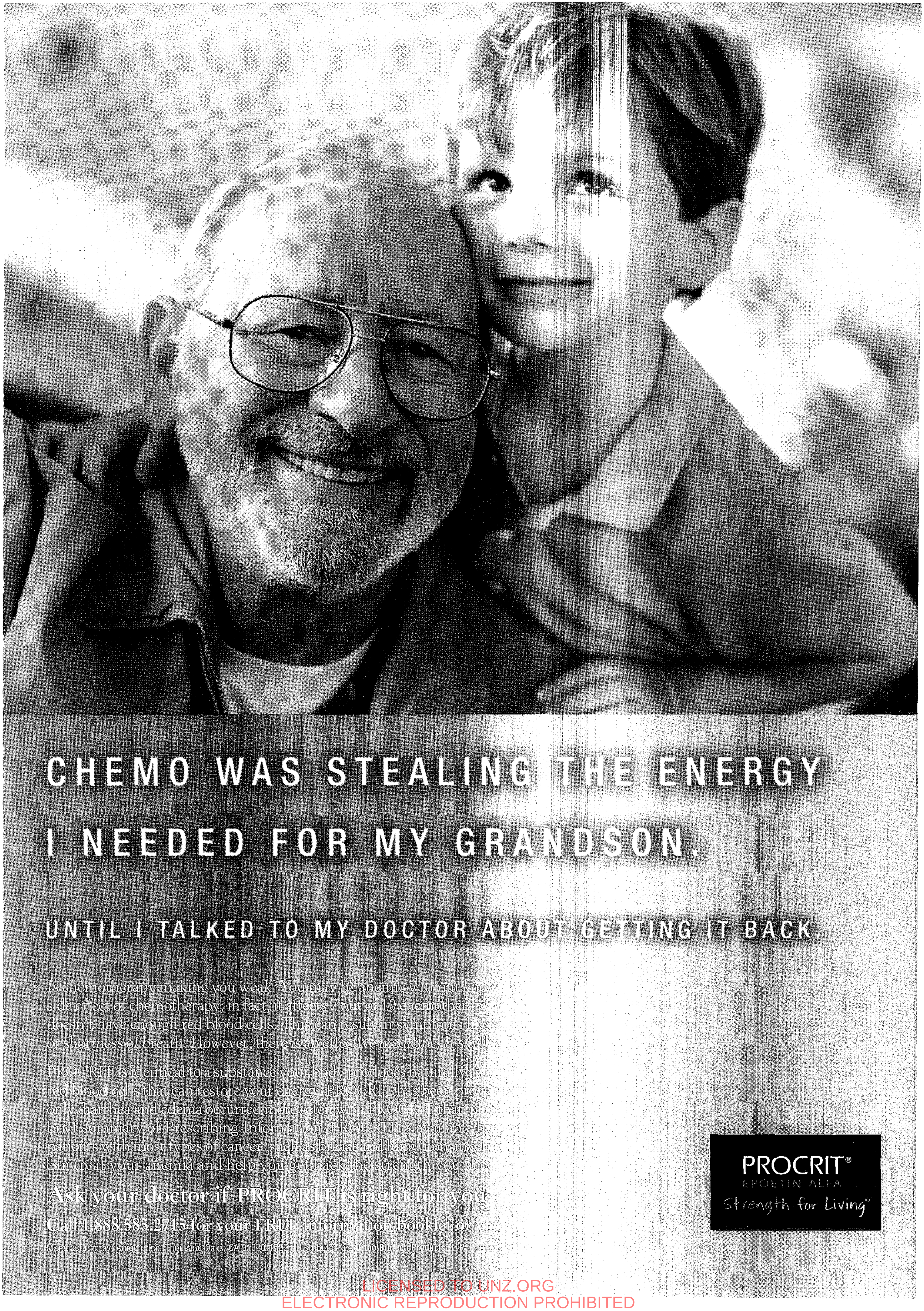

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## INDICATIONS AND USAGE

PROCRIT® (Epoetin alfa) is indicated for the treatment of anemia in patients with nonmyeloid malignancies where anemia is due to the effect of concomitantly administered chemotherapy. PROCRIT is indicated to decrease the need for transfusions in patients who will be receiving concomitant chemotherapy for a minimum of 2 months. PROCRIT is not indicated for the treatment of anemia in cancer patients due to other factors such as iron or folate deficiencies, hemolysis, or gastrointestinal bleeding, which should be managed appropriately.

## CONTRAINDICATIONS

PROCRIT is contraindicated in patients with:

1) Uncontrolled hypertension.
2) Known hypersensitivity to mammalian cell-derived products.
3) Known hypersensitivity to Albumin (Human).

## WARNINGS

**Pediatric Use:** The multidose preserved formulation contains benzyl alcohol. Benzyl alcohol has been reported to be associated with an increased incidence of neurological and other complications in premature infants, which are sometimes fatal.

## PRECAUTIONS

The parenteral administration of any biologic product should be attended by appropriate precautions in case allergic or other untoward reactions occur (see CONTRAINDICATIONS). In clinical trials, while transient rashes were occasionally observed concurrently with PROCRIT therapy, no serious allergic or anaphylactic reactions were reported. (See ADVERSE REACTIONS for more information regarding allergic reactions.)

The safety and efficacy of PROCRIT therapy have not been established in patients with a known history of a seizure disorder or underlying hematologic disease (eg, sickle cell anemia, myelodysplastic syndromes, or hypercoagulable disorders).

In some female patients, menses have resumed following PROCRIT therapy; the possibility of pregnancy should be discussed and the need for contraception evaluated.

**Hematology:** Exacerbation of porphyria has been observed rarely in patients with chronic renal failure (CRF) treated with PROCRIT. However, PROCRIT has not caused increased urinary excretion of porphyrin metabolites in normal volunteers, even in the presence of a rapid erythropoietic response. Nevertheless, PROCRIT should be used with caution in patients with known porphyria.

In preclinical studies in dogs and rats, but not in monkeys, PROCRIT therapy was associated with subclinical bone marrow fibrosis. Therefore, cancer patients should have hematocrit (HCT) measured once a week (QW) until HCT has been stabilized, and measured periodically thereafter.

**Delayed or Diminished Response:** If the patient fails to respond or to maintain a response to doses within the recommended dosing range, the following etiologies should be considered and evaluated: 1) Iron deficiency: Virtually all patients will eventually require supplemental iron therapy (see Iron Evaluation). 2) Underlying infectious, inflammatory, or malignant processes. 3) Occult blood loss. 4) Underlying hematologic diseases (ie, thalassemia, refractory anemia, or other myelodysplastic disorders). 5) Vitamin deficiencies: folic acid or vitamin B12. 6) Hemolysis. 7) Aluminum intoxication. 8) Osteitis fibrosa cystica.

**Iron Evaluation:** During PROCRIT therapy, absolute or functional iron deficiency may develop. Functional iron deficiency, with normal ferritin levels but low transferrin saturation, is presumably due to the inability to mobilize iron stores rapidly enough to support increased erythropoiesis. Transferrin saturation should be at least 20% and ferritin should be at least 100 ng/mL.

Prior to and during PROCRIT therapy, the patient's iron status, including transferrin saturation (serum iron divided by iron binding capacity) and serum ferritin, should be evaluated. Virtually all patients will eventually require supplemental iron to increase or maintain transferrin saturation to levels which will adequately support erythropoiesis stimulated by PROCRIT.

**Drug Interactions:** No evidence of interaction of PROCRIT with other drugs was observed in the course of clinical trials.

**Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, and Impairment of Fertility:** Carcinogenic potential of PROCRIT has not been evaluated. PROCRIT does not induce bacterial gene mutation (Ames Test), chromosomal aberrations in mammalian cells, micronuclei in mice, or gene mutation at the HGPRT locus. In male and female rats treated intravenously (IV) with PROCRIT, there was a trend for slightly increased fetal wastage at doses of 100 and 500 U/kg.

**Pregnancy Category C:** PROCRIT has been shown to have adverse effects in rats when given in doses 5 times the human dose. There are no adequate and well-controlled studies in pregnant women. PROCRIT should be used during pregnancy only if potential benefit justifies the potential risk to the fetus.

In studies in female rats, there were decreases in body weight gain, delays in appearance of abdominal hair, delayed eyelid opening, delayed ossification, and decreases in the number of caudal vertebrae in the F1 fetuses of the 500 U/kg group. In female rats treated IV, there was a trend for slightly increased fetal wastage at doses of 100 and 500 U/kg.

**Nursing Mothers:** Postnatal observations of the live offspring (F1 generation) of female rats treated with PROCRIT during gestation and lactation revealed decreases in body weight gain, delays in appearance of abdominal hair, eyelid opening, and decreases in the number of caudal vertebrae in the F1 fetuses of the 500 U/kg group. It is not known whether PROCRIT is excreted in human milk. Because many drugs are excreted in human milk, caution should be exercised when PROCRIT is administered to a nursing woman.

**Pediatric Use:** See WARNINGS, Pediatric Use.

*Pediatric Cancer Patients on Chemotherapy:* Published literature has reported the use of PROCRIT in approximately 64 anemic pediatric cancer patients ages 6 months to 18 years, treated with 25 to 300 U/kg subcutaneously (SC) or IV, 3 to 7 times per week. Increases in hemoglobin and decreases in transfusion requirements were noted.

**Hypertension:** Hypertension, associated with a significant increase in HCT, has been noted rarely in cancer patients treated with PROCRIT. Nevertheless, blood pressure (BP) in patients treated with PROCRIT should be monitored carefully, particularly in patients with an underlying history of hypertension or cardiovascular disease.

**Seizures:** In double-blind, placebo-controlled trials, 3.2% (N=2/63) of patients treated with PROCRIT and 2.9% (N=2/68) of placebo-treated patients had seizures. Seizures in 1.6% (N=1/63) of patients treated with PROCRIT occurred in the context of a significant increase in BP and HCT from baseline values. However, both patients treated with PROCRIT also had underlying CNS pathology which may have been related to seizure activity.

**Thrombotic Events:** In double-blind, placebo-controlled trials, 3.2% (N=2/63) of patients treated with PROCRIT and 11.8% (N=8/68) of placebo-treated patients had thrombotic events (eg, pulmonary embolism, cerebrovascular accident).

**Growth Factor Potential:** PROCRIT is a growth factor that primarily stimulates red cell production. However, the possibility that PROCRIT can act as a growth factor for any tumor type, particularly myeloid malignancies, cannot be excluded.

## ADVERSE REACTIONS

Adverse experiences reported in clinical trials with PROCRIT in cancer patients were consistent with the underlying disease state. In double-blind, placebo-controlled studies of up to 3-months duration involving 131 cancer patients, adverse events with an incidence >10% in either patients treated with PROCRIT or placebo-treated patients were as indicated below.

Percent of Patients Reporting Event: Event followed by Patients Treated With PROCRIT (N=63) first, Placebo-Treated Patients (N=68) second:
Pyrexia 29%, 19%; Diarrhea 21%,[a] 7%; Nausea 17%,[b] 32%; Vomiting 17%, 15%; Edema 17%,[c] 1%; Asthenia 13%, 16%; Fatigue 13%, 15%; Shortness of Breath 13%, 9%; Paresthesia 11%, 6%; Upper Respiratory Infection 11%, 4%; Dizziness 5%, 12%; Trunk Pain 3%,[d] 16%.
[a]*P*=0.041; [b]*P*=0.069; [c]*P*=0.0016; [d]*P*=0.017.

Although some statistically significant differences between patients treated with PROCRIT and placebo-treated patients were noted, the overall safety profile of PROCRIT appeared to be consistent with the disease process of advanced cancer. During double-blind and subsequent open-label therapy in which patients (N=72 for total exposure to PROCRIT) were treated for up to 32 weeks with doses as high as 927 U/kg, the adverse experience profile of PROCRIT was consistent with the progression of advanced cancer.

Based on comparable survival data and on the percentage of patients treated with PROCRIT and placebo-treated patients who discontinued therapy due to death, disease progression or adverse experiences (22% and 13%, respectively; *P*=0.25), the clinical outcome in patients treated with PROCRIT and placebo-treated patients appeared to be similar. Available data from animal tumor models and measurement of proliferation of solid tumor cells from clinical biopsy specimens in response to PROCRIT suggest that PROCRIT does not potentiate tumor growth. Nevertheless, as a growth factor, the possibility that PROCRIT may potentiate growth of some tumors, particularly myeloid tumors, cannot be excluded. A randomized controlled Phase IV study is currently ongoing to further evaluate this issue.

The mean peripheral white blood cell count was unchanged following PROCRIT therapy compared to the corresponding value in placebo-treated group.

## OVERDOSAGE

The maximum amount of PROCRIT that can be safely administered in single or multiple doses has not been determined. Doses of up to 1500 U/kg 3 times weekly (TIW) for 3 to 4 weeks have been administered to adults without any direct toxic effects of PROCRIT itself. Therapy with PROCRIT can result in polycythemia if the HCT is not carefully monitored and the dose appropriately adjusted. If the suggested target range is exceeded, PROCRIT may be temporarily withheld until the HCT returns to the suggested target range; PROCRIT therapy may then be resumed using a lower dose (see DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION). If polycythemia is of concern, phlebotomy may be indicated to decrease the HCT.

## DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION

Baseline endogenous serum erythropoietin levels varied among patients in these trials with approximately 75% (N=83/110) having endogenous serum erythropoietin levels <132 mU/mL, and approximately 4% (N=4/110) of patients having endogenous serum erythropoietin levels >500 mU/mL. In general, patients with lower baseline serum erythropoietin levels responded more vigorously to PROCRIT than patients with higher erythropoietin levels. Although no specific serum erythropoietin level can be stipulated above which patients would be unlikely to respond to PROCRIT therapy, treatment of patients with grossly elevated serum erythropoietin levels (eg, >200 mU/mL) is not recommended. The HCT should be monitored on a weekly basis in patients receiving PROCRIT therapy until HCT becomes stable.

**Starting Dose:** The recommended starting dose of PROCRIT for adults is 150 U/kg SC TIW. For pediatric patients, see PRECAUTIONS, Pediatric Use.

**Dose Adjustment:** If the response is not satisfactory in terms of reducing transfusion requirements or increasing HCT after 8 weeks of therapy, the dose of PROCRIT can be increased up to 300 U/kg TIW. If patients have not responded satisfactorily to a PROCRIT dose of 300 U/kg TIW, it is unlikely that they will respond to higher doses of PROCRIT. If the HCT exceeds 40%, the dose of PROCRIT should be withheld until the HCT falls to 36%. The dose of PROCRIT should be reduced by 25% when treatment is resumed and titrated to maintain the desired HCT. If the initial dose of PROCRIT includes a very rapid HCT response (eg, an increase of more than 4 percentage points in any 2-week period), the dose of PROCRIT should be reduced.

## STORAGE

**Store at 2° to 8°C (36° to 46°F). Do not freeze or shake.**

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# Resource List

**AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY**
**800-ACS-2345**
**www.cancer.org**
Resource center with information on breast cancer prevention, detection, risk assessment, support services, and treatment (including complementary and alternative care).

**BREAST CANCER FUND**
**866-760-TBCF**
**www.breastcancerfund.org**
Nonprofit national organization working to eliminate the environmental causes of the disease, develop safe methods of detection and treatment, and to secure access to care for all.

**NATIONAL ALLIANCE OF BREAST CANCER ORGANIZATIONS**
**888-80-NABCO**
**www.nabco.org**
Leading, nonprofit information and education resource on breast cancer offers a quarterly newsletter, information on sources for low-cost or free mammography, E-mail reminders to get a mammogram, access to local support groups, and the annually updated *NABCO Breast Cancer Resource List*.

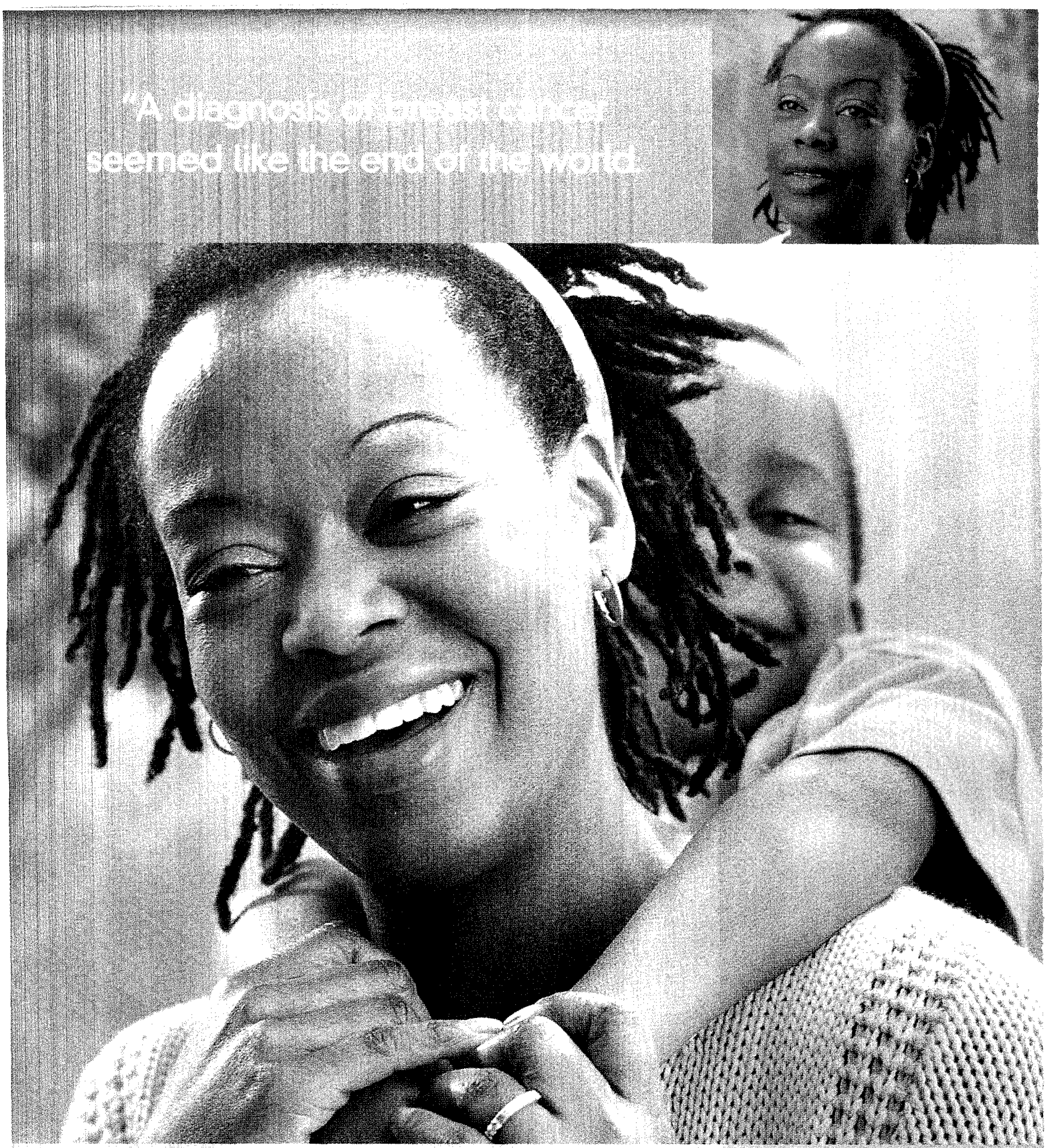
**NATIONAL BREAST CANCER COALITION**
**800-622-2838**
**www.stopbreastcancer.org**
National grassroots advocacy organization that seeks to increase breast cancer research funding, with a focus on prevention and cure, women's access to high quality treatment and clinical trials, and the influence of women living with breast cancer, and other activities on breast cancer public policies.

**NATIONAL CANCER INSTITUTE**
**800-4-CANCER**
**www.cancer.gov**
Government information and education agency that funds cancer research and provides information on testing, genetic causes, risk factors, clinical trials, prevention, treatment, and financial and insurance issues.

**ONCOLINK**
**www.oncolink.com**
Web site of the University of Pennsylvania Cancer Center, this informative resource performed "statistically better than average" in the *Journal of the American Medical Association's* study of the accuracy of health information on the Web (*JAMA*, May 23–30, 2001).

**SUSAN G. KOMEN BREAST CANCER FOUNDATION**
**800-I'M-AWARE**
**www.breastcancerinfo.com**
As the largest private source of funding for breast cancer research and community-outreach programs, the foundation has seventy-thousand volunteers working through local affiliates. It stages the nationwide Race for the Cure events.

**Y-ME NATIONAL BREAST CANCER ORGANIZATION**
**800-221-2141; 800-986-9505 (Spanish language hotline)**
**www.y-me.org**
Trained peer counselors—all of whom have had breast cancer—provide information and support, 24 hours a day, to those touched by breast cancer. Free publications include "Understanding Your Breast Cancer Pathology Report."


"A diagnosis of breast cancer seemed like the end of the world.

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## LETTER FROM CHINA

# STRAIGHT TO VIDEO

*How the attacks are playing in the provinces.*

### BY PETER HESSLER

In the video shops in Wenzhou, I found three versions of the attacks on America. One was a DVD entitled "The Century's Great Catastrophe"; the other two were videodisks—"Surprise Attack on America" and "America's Disaster: The Pearl Harbor of the Twenty-first Century." The videodisks appeared three days after the World Trade Center towers and the Pentagon were hit. The DVD didn't come out until almost two weeks later, and I was able to find it at only one shop, where it was displayed between "Jurassic Park" and "Planet of the Apes." According to the shopkeeper, "The Century's Great Catastrophe" was selling particularly well.

*On a DVD, the theme from "Jaws" accompanied the collapse of the north tower.*

ISTVAN BANYAI

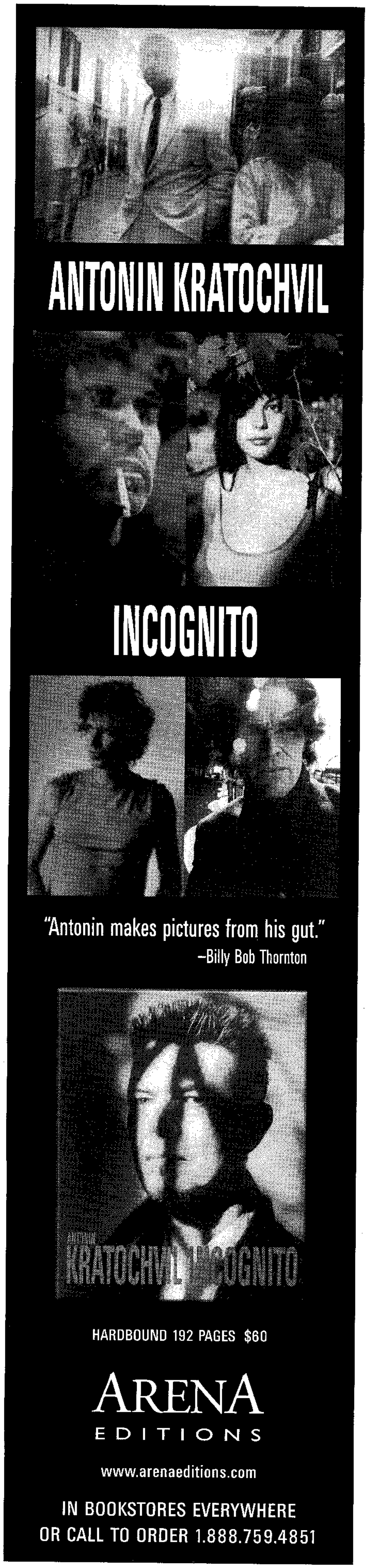
People in Wenzhou know how to do business. Wenzhou is a medium-sized city on the southeastern coast of China, just across the straits from Taiwan, and its proximity to the ocean has encouraged residents to look outward. You find Wenzhou émigrés in Chinatowns all over the world—opening restaurants, running stores. At home, they make things for export. One nearby satellite city, Baishi, is famous for producing plastic shoe soles; another city, Baixiang, makes men's suits. Liushi is known for low-voltage electronics. In 1988, as China's economic reforms accelerated, Wenzhou began manufacturing cigarette lighters; it is now responsible for more than sixty per cent of the world market. The people of Wenzhou are proud of their cigarette lighters. A friend who lives here gave me a luxury windproof model that came with a Swiss Army-style knife, scissors, and nail file.

In many ways, Wenzhou is as far away from Communist China as one can get without leaving the mainland. The local economy is more than ninety per cent private, and unemployment is low (one per cent, according to official figures). The people take pride in having built the economy without substantial investment from the state, and they have a reputation for being natural-born entrepreneurs—uncultured but crafty and hardworking. I wondered how the pragmatic, international outlook of the people in this vibrant city, which has so many traces of American culture, would shape their reaction to the events of September 11th.

Like all cities in China, Wenzhou has been flooded with cheap bootlegs of American films, most of which are produced in copy shops in the southern province of Guangdong. Wenzhou's video stores sell not only the recent Hollywood blockbusters but also dozens of American films that I'd never heard of, with unfamiliar names in the cast and credits, and with lurid cover blurbs promising sex and horror. Browsing through the racks in one store, I pulled out "At First Sight." Its come-on read, "He finds a way to make huge profits with attractive women." Nearby was "Heroes for Hire," with the line "She: a soft-hearted, attractive, lovable pet. He: a threatening, abnormal killer." The teaser for "Reptilian" was "Tiny insects cause a coming atrocity for human beings." One of the World Trade Center videos featured a series of blurbs in the center of a big orange star:

> Several planes attack America!
> The World Trade Center totally destroyed.
> The Pentagon and Capitol Hill attacked by planes.
> White House Capitol Hill continuous Explosions.
> Who is the murderer? It's still unknown.

I watched all three of the World Trade Center videos. The DVD had been hastily produced by the government-run Xinhua publishing house, in Beijing; its front cover displayed photo-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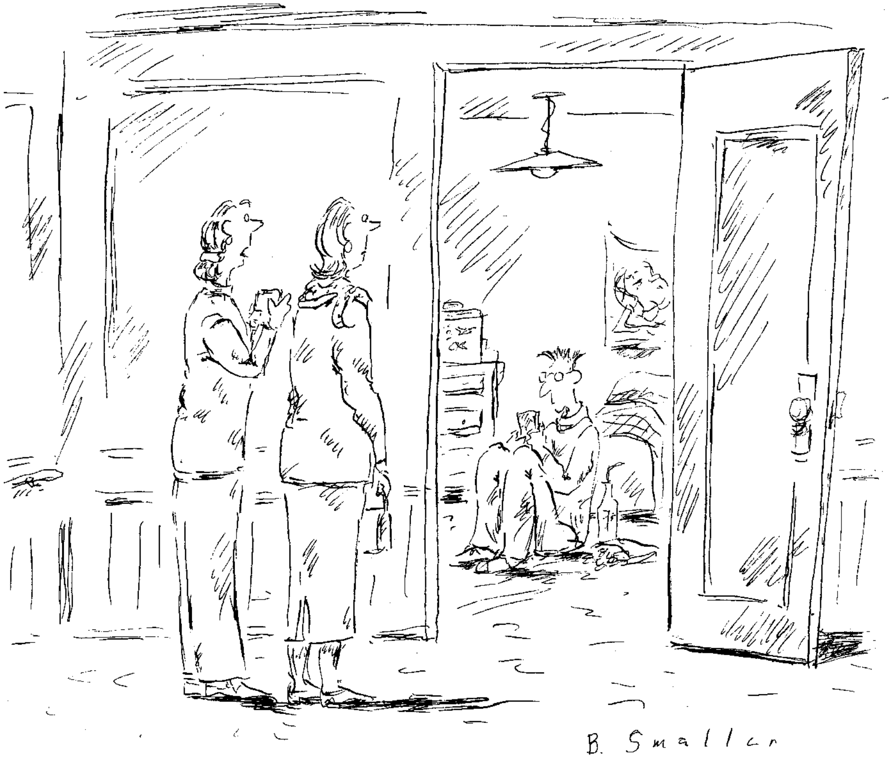


*"We sent Justin to law school, but it didn't take."*

graphs of Osama bin Laden, George W. Bush, and the burning of the Twin Towers. Like many Chinese bootlegs, the back cover had tried for an air of authenticity with a false credit line composed of random Hollywood names and studios: Tom Hanks, Columbia Pictures, Jerry Bruckheimer, Ving Rhames, Touchstone Pictures. A small box noted that the film was rated R, for violence and language. The video combined footage taken from ABC News with Chinese commentary and American movie soundtracks that had been dubbed in at key moments. Gunfire and explosions rang out when the second plane hit the World Trade Center. The theme from "Jaws" accompanied the collapse of the north tower, which was shown in slow motion.

The makers of "Surprise Attack on America" had taken what at first seemed to be a more documentary approach. The video opened with scenes of daily life in New York—people crossing streets, workers in their offices—while a narrator gave background information about Manhattan and the World Trade Center. Something caught my eye during one of the office scenes, and I replayed it—a five-second shot of a banker hurrying from one desk to another, carrying a sheaf of papers. He looked familiar, and for a moment I wondered if he was someone I'd known in college. When I replayed the scene a second time, I realized that it was a splice from "Wall Street."

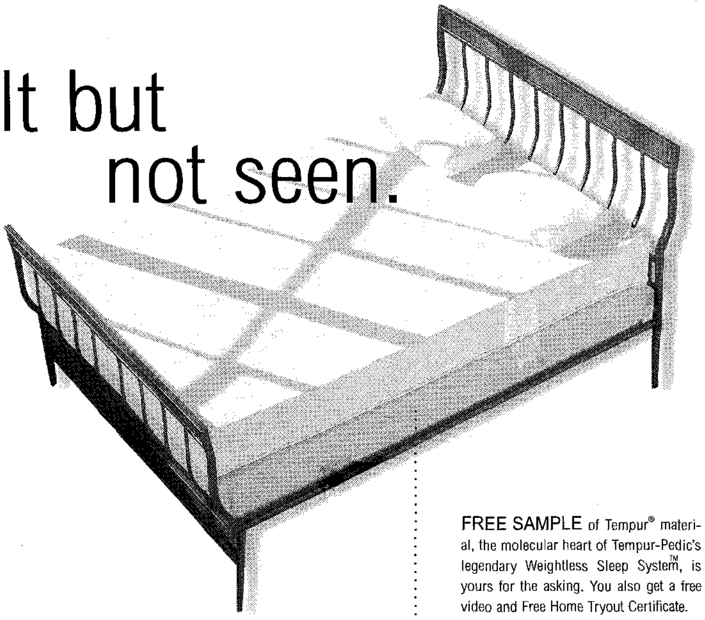
Hollywood movies kept cropping up in "Surprise Attack." Often, the inserts were so short that I couldn't tell where they had come from. The effect was unsettling: a flicker of ambiguity between fact and fiction. The collapse of the towers was followed by a scene from "Godzilla" in which the monster lays waste the rest of Manhattan; this abruptly segued to a sombre President Bush giving a press briefing, which merged into a bombing sequence from "Pearl Harbor." Later, the narrator cited historical acts of terrorism, ranging from the Serbian assassination of Archduke Francis Ferdinand to the activities of the P.L.O. "Terrorists are not happy with superpowers like America," the narrator said. "There are many reasons for their dissatisfaction, and the most important one is that the powerful nations push their principles on other countries." The film went on to describe the aftermath of the 1998 attacks on United States embassies in Africa. America's retaliation—the unsuccessful bombing raid in Afghanistan—was illustrated by a glimpse of missiles whizzing over San Francisco Bay: a scene from "The Rock."

When I asked people in the streets for their reactions to the events of September 11th, several of them equated the attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon with NATO's 1999 bombing of the Chinese Embassy in Belgrade, which claimed three lives. America, they said, had got what it deserved for trying to be the "policeman of the world." Expressions of compassion for the victims in New York and Washington sounded curiously callous. "Why did the terrorists have to kill all those innocent people?" one man said. "If they had a problem with the American government, they should have flown directly into the White House."

I talked about these reactions with a friend in Wenzhou, a Chinese teacher of English at a private school. He said that many of his fellow-teachers had laughed while watching television coverage of the attacks. "One of them told me that he couldn't sleep that night, because he was so excited and happy," my friend said.

We discussed the role of the state-controlled media in these responses. For decades, the Chinese government has aired criticisms of American culture and American imperialism, but such commentary was notably absent after September 11th. Chinese officials expressed solidarity with Washington, partly because they viewed the incident as an opportunity to improve ties with the United States, but also because they feared domestic terrorism. The western province of Xinjiang, which shares a border with Afghanistan, is home to the Uighurs, an Islamic minority group that has chafed under Communist rule since China solidified control of the region, in 1949. Uighur separatists have turned to violence in recent years, and there are reports that some of them have been trained by the Taliban.

But these incidents have not been covered by the state media, and the average Chinese remains unaware of the



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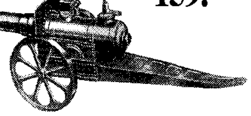

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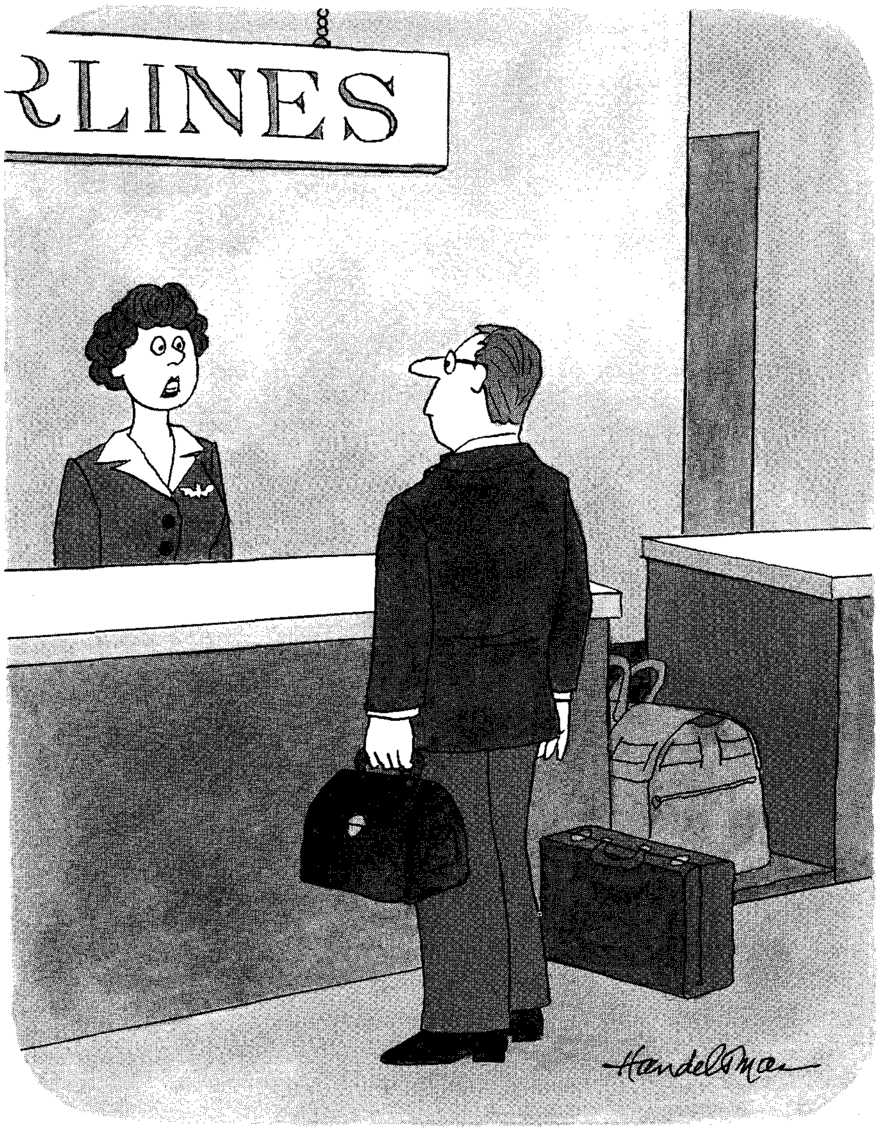
degree of discontent in Xinjiang. I met few people in Wenzhou who viewed the attacks in America as any kind of warning. To the Chinese, who have endured war and political upheaval throughout much of the past century, the notion of modern-day terrorism is purely abstract. When I asked my friend about the voyeuristic pleasure that people were taking in the devastation in America, he said, "It's the same thing that Lu Xun described." This was a reference to the great twentieth-century writer who had often criticized his countrymen for a failure to show compassion. In his novella "Ah Q" and in other books, Lu Xun identified the Chinese habits of rubbernecking and bullying as serious national shortcomings.

But I sensed another force at work. In the past decade, the government's anti-American propaganda has taken on a new dimension, thanks to the proliferation of Hollywood films on video. The Chinese press had always depicted America in broad strokes—as a land of extreme wealth and extreme poverty, of sexual license and rampant violence—but the portrait was now far more vivid. To the average Chinese, the September 11th attacks were only the most dramatically violent American movie to date. In "America's Disaster," one of the narrators, Chen Xiaonan, said, "We are astonished, but at the same time we are not astonished." Chen is a newscaster for Phoenix Television, which is owned by Rupert Murdoch's News Corporation. Based in Hong Kong, the station aspires to become the CNN of China, and it is aimed at satellite owners on the mainland. The terrorist attacks were



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a boon for Phoenix, which provided Chinese viewers with far more extensive—and more sensational—coverage than the state-owned networks. Chen and other Phoenix announcers repeatedly compared the events of September 11th to scenes in "Pearl Harbor" and "Air Force One," apparently under the impression that, in the absence of such references, viewers would not realize that the attacks were real.

And, just as President Bush had borrowed from movie-poster lingo in his reports to the American public—the vow to capture bin Laden "dead or alive," and the adoption of Hollywood-style titles such as "Infinite Justice"—so the Chinese video-makers had been quick to spot the star potential of the world's most-wanted terrorist. A photograph of bin Laden appears on the spine of the DVD case, which is normally reserved for Arnold Schwarzenegger or Tom Cruise. "I've heard people say that now bin Laden is even more famous than Mao Zedong," the English teacher told me.

In Wenzhou, I visited a friend who works as a clerk in the foreign-sales department of the Tiger Brand cigarette-lighter factory. She goes by the name Shirley, and by Wenzhou standards she is a successful young professional. At twenty-eight, she earns two hundred and fifty dollars a month, using her English skills to line up foreign buyers.

Together, we toured the Tiger Brand plant. Male workers were using die-cut machines to punch igniter buttons out of zinc alloy; female workers were molding tiny cannisters in plastic welding contraptions. It was a well-run factory, and the main office had display cases featuring its high-end products. There were gold-colored lighters studded with fake diamonds, and special barbecue lighters that telescoped out to reach inaccessible places. On one wall was a world map that showed the company's export patterns fanning out from Wenzhou to the United States, Great Britain, Brazil, India, and dozens of other countries. A big sign, in English, read "Let Tiger Brand Create World Famous Brand. Let the World Further Understand Tiger Brand."

Later that evening, I had dinner with Shirley and her husband, who develops software for a Wenzhou computer company. Both of them said that, among their friends and fellow-workers, there seemed to be little identification with the victims of the terrorist attacks. Shirley herself admitted that she hadn't been especially moved while watching the first televised reports. "I didn't really feel sad," she said. "I admit that I've always had a prejudice against America, because it's so powerful and it always uses its power in other parts of the world. But the more I thought about what happened, the more sympathy I felt for all those innocent people."

An underlying premise of America's globalism has been that the spread of American culture and products, combined with increasing trade links among countries, will lead to greater international understanding. With Shirley's command of English, her rising income, and her work in a business whose products travel the world, she seemed to bear this out. Still, none of this, apparently, had caused her to worry that what was happening in America might affect her life in Wenzhou, even though evidence of repercussions was everywhere. The Chinese stock market plummeted after the attacks, and on the day I left Wenzhou the municipal government was testing air-raid sirens—something that usually occurred only in times of tension with Taiwan. "I don't think the terrorist attacks will have any impact on our factory, because we don't export much to America right now," Shirley said. "Actually, some people have been saying that if the dollar drops it will help our exports to other parts of the world."

Her husband added that even the possibility of an economic downturn didn't frighten them or their neighbors. "It's all relative," he said. "The Chinese often say that you only feel poor if you're next to somebody who isn't poor. If the whole world drops and we drop with it, then things haven't really changed."

It struck me that this way of thinking was precisely the opposite of what America hoped to encourage with its trading partners. But then, I thought, why should the world become a smaller, more understandable place if all you do is send off cigarette lighters in return for Hollywood films? ♦

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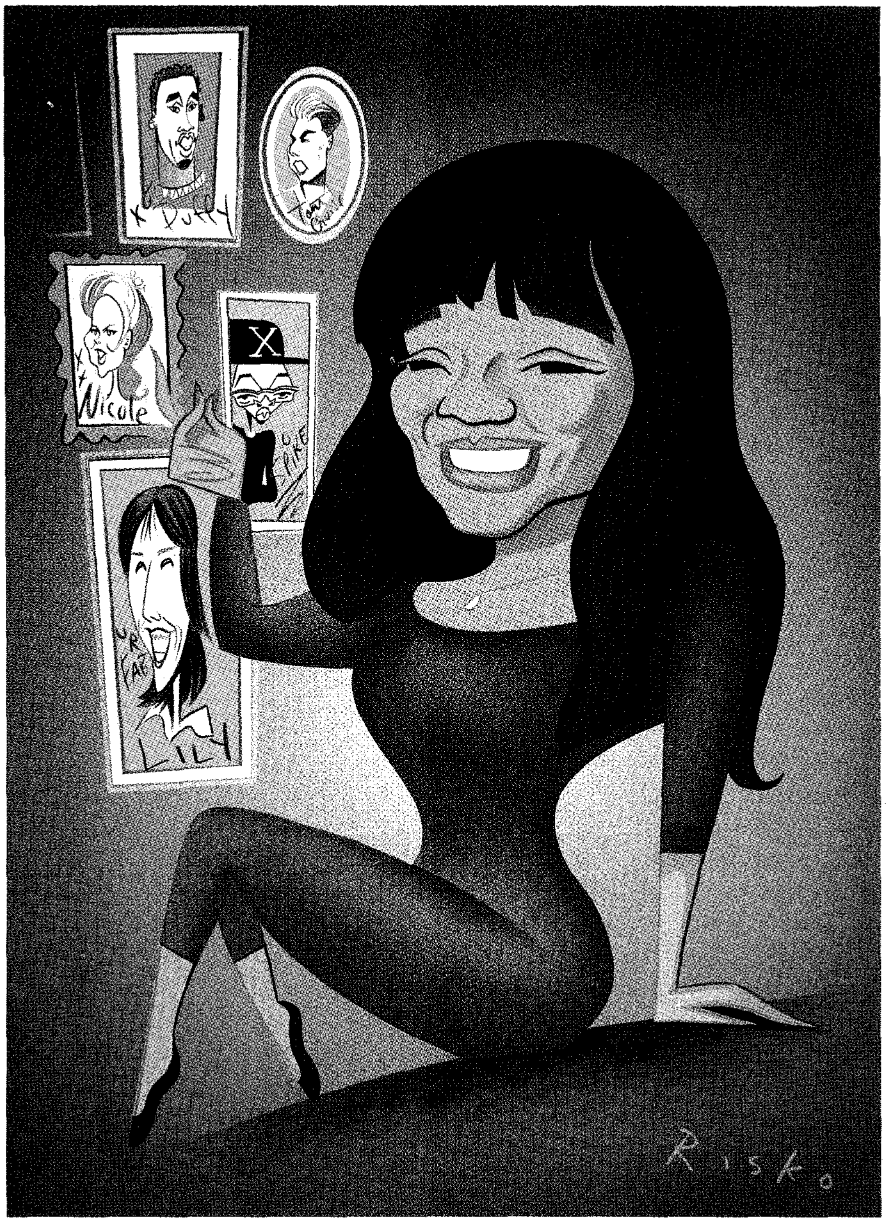
ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

# THE ALCHEMIST

### *Susan Batson and the enterprise of acting.*

### BY JOHN LAHR



*"She can shake you like a tree and get the fruits down," Juliette Binoche says of Batson.*

According to the folk adage, what comes from the heart goes to the heart. This is not exactly the case; not, at any rate, if you're an actor. Sometimes the heart needs educating; sometimes it needs resuscitating; sometimes it even needs finding—and that is why Susan Batson is in business. Batson, a fiftyish African-American powerhouse, is an acting coach, or, more accurately, a technician of the spirit.

"Acting coach" is a comparatively new job description. The Old Guard movie stars had a sort of cash-and-carry attitude toward their work. Jimmy Cagney summed it up this way: "Find your mark, look the other fellow in the eye, and tell the truth." Since then, with increasing competition, minimal rehearsal time, and directors with great knowledge of the camera but little understanding of acting, the stakes have become higher and actors more pragmatic. Marilyn Monroe was so devoted to her coach, Paula Strasberg, the wife of the Actor's Studio guru Lee Strasberg, that she had her own room in the Strasbergs' apartment. Montgomery Clift's coach, Mira Rostova, notoriously stood behind the director to give her client the nod about the quality of each take. During the filming of "The Big Lift," the exasperated director, George Seaton, took Clift aside to explain that he'd hired *him*, not his coach. "But, George, you don't understand," Clift said. "When I'm on the set, Mira Rostova *is* Montgomery Clift."

"Actors are helpless; they can't see themselves," said the director Elia Kazan, who co-founded the Actor's Studio in 1947. "If you paint a painting, you can look at it later, say, 'This is lousy,' and put a knife through it. The poor actor is . . . totally and painfully dependent on a teacher to tell him you're good, you're bad, this, that, and the other. And it lends itself to racketeering." In "True and False: Heresy and Common Sense for the Actor," the playwright David Mamet takes this complaint one step further. "Let me be impolite," he writes. "Most teachers of acting are frauds, and their schools offer nothing other than the right to consider oneself part of the theatre." What distinguishes Susan Batson from the "frauds" is her intense empathy and what Nicole Kidman, one of the many stars who have kept Batson on the road for nine months of the past year, calls "just a hell of a lot of pure talent."

Through Batson's ministrations, many performers who have found a public—Kidman, Juliette Binoche, Lily Tomlin, Jennifer Lopez, Madonna, and Chris Rock, among others—have stayed fresh for the paying customers. When Tom Cruise received a Golden Globe for his astute performance in "Magnolia," he thanked Batson, the first coach he'd ever had. Three hundred and sixty-eight performers in search of a public have also found their way to Batson's studio—an airy, sixth-floor office space in SoHo, in a kind of arts conglomerate called Black Nex-

ROBERT RISKO

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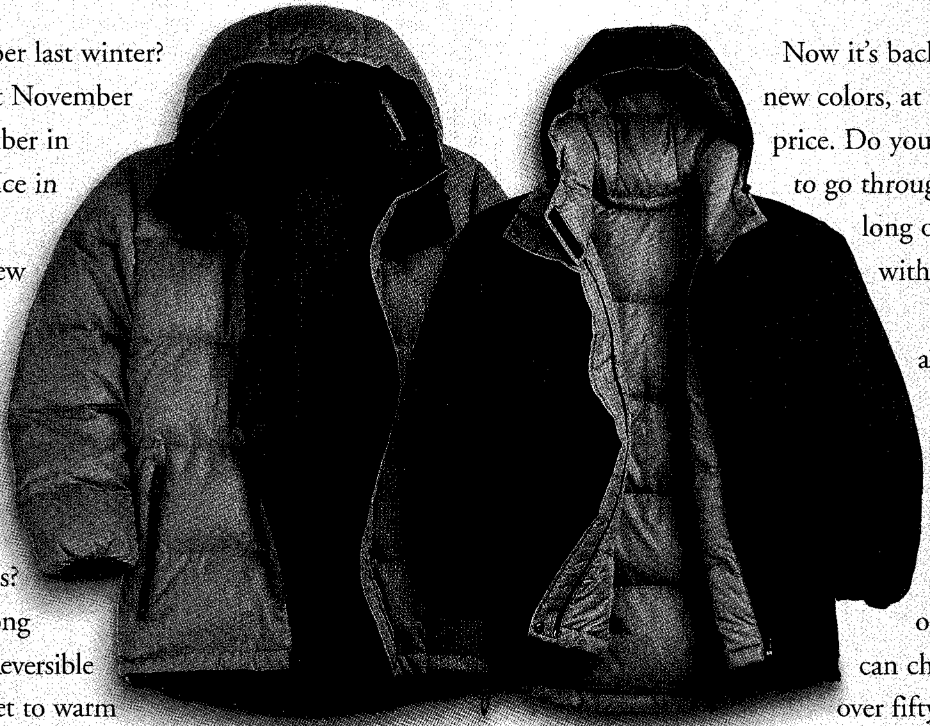

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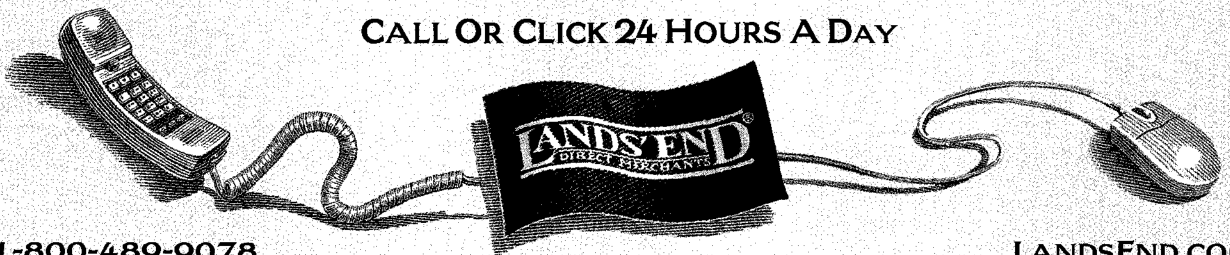

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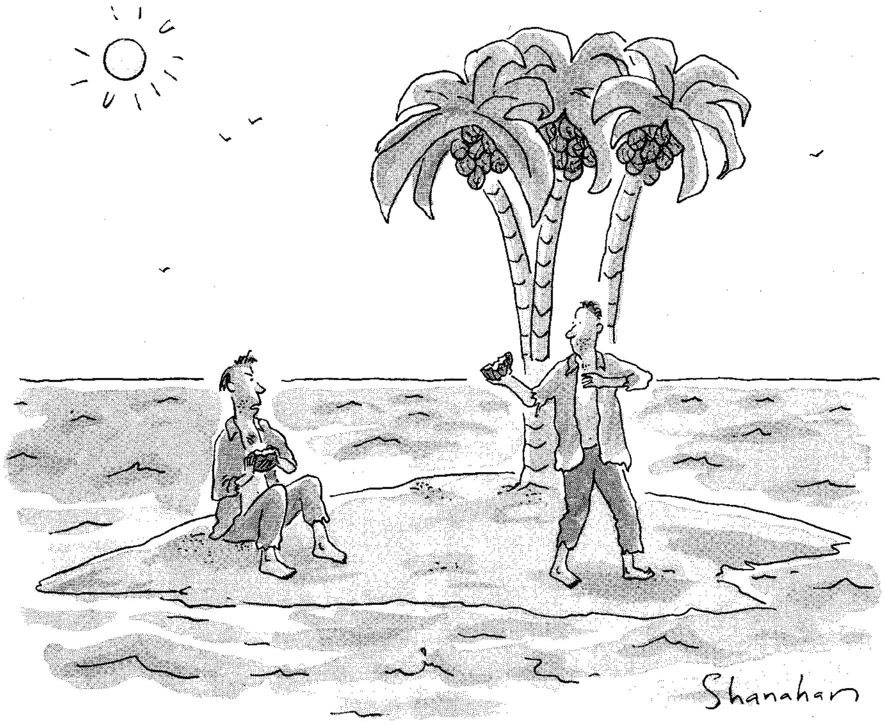
xus, which was founded by Batson's twenty-eight-year-old son, Carl Ford, in 1996, and now grosses nearly a million dollars a year. There, classes for every level of skill are offered. The curriculum begins with the workout class "Ex-er Actor" (thirty dollars a class), progresses to "Developing Your Own Method" and "Scene Study" (both fifty dollars), and culminates with a master class with the snake-oil rubric "Gold Dust" (a hundred dollars). Black Nexxus requires its students to take at least one Ex-er Actor class and one process class a week, but Batson, who gets two hundred and fifty dollars an hour for a private session, believes that lack of funds should never be an excuse for not enrolling. Many of the people painting, cleaning, filing, and answering phones at the headquarters are bartering their services for her expertise.

In the business office, at the center of a steel table where each student signs in, is a red stone with the word "wisdom" chiselled into it and a crystal ball. These are the totems of Batson's undertaking, which is to sell both insight and magic. "Making Dreams Come True" is the slogan on Black Nexxus's letterhead, and a quotation from a version of Goethe's "Faust," pinned to the studio's bulletin board, underscores the point:

> Whatever you can do,
> Or dream you can,
> Begin it.
> Boldness has
> Genius, power
> And magic in it.

Underneath the poem is a quotation from Proverbs 31: "She sees her work as good, and her lamp does not go out." The "she" in question is clearly Batson, whose work schedule is herculean. She employs a rotating group of about six working actors to teach her technique while she's away, but she never takes a vacation, and her classes run as late as 5 A.M. Her obsessive metabolism is built into Black Nexxus's artistic policy. "We are an organization that never rests," its mission statement reads. "We are available 365 days a year, 24 hours a day."

There are hundreds of acting coaches plying their trade—the New York edition of "The Actor's Guide to Qualified Acting Coaches," which is a subjective and incomplete list, comes to a hundred and forty-one pages—and almost as many approaches to the job. Batson herself is a Method gal. The bedrock of her teaching is a series of psychological procedures first popularized by Stanislavski, and promulgated in America primarily by Strasberg and Kazan, to create a more complex internal representation of human behavior. Batson's accoutrements—the crystal ball, the slogans—sometimes give her a whiff of the swami. But her particular approach is drawn from a gallimaufry of external wisdom: the Bible and books about focussing the mind, such as "The Inner Game of Tennis" and "Zen in the Art of Archery," as well as books on healing and popular psychology (Alice Miller's "Drama of the Gifted Child" is a favorite). Prominent near the front door of Batson's duplex is a volume of affirmations. Affirmation is the name of Batson's game—something she gets for herself by giving to others.



"*Would it kill you to compost?*"

The one-hour Ex-er Actor class begins promptly at 10 A.M. Batson, who is five feet two in heels, has a no-nonsense manner, saucer eyes, and high cheekbones, set off by a mane of cascading straight black hair—a kind of Eartha Kitt with more pounds than purr. Normally, only the first fifteen students to arrive each morning are allowed into the rehearsal room, but when I took the class there were seventeen of us, barefoot, and Batson, who was wearing a diaphanous yellow tunic and tan leotards. Her technique with beginners is to construct a series of layered, personalized associations, which the actor can then channel into a character to make it specific and alive. When the actor is working well, these layers run together fluidly—surgeons call this marriage of discipline and instinct "unconscious competence"—but in the Ex-er Actor class each component is isolated and worked on, then deployed in a short scene.

Batson put Aretha Franklin's "Queen of Soul" into a CD player and bopped along with her students as we formed a circle and began the day's journey into our interiors. Soon she was calling people from the periphery into the center. "Drop in," Batson said. "Submit yourself to the person." The idea—a mimetic exercise—was for the students in the circle to somehow distill in their own movements the essence of what the person inside the circle was expressing. A languorous frizzy blonde in a red tank top, who seemed at first to be lap dancing, ended up rolling her lithe body on the floor and yawning. Then, as if to provide a counterpoint to the joy of Aretha's expansive sound, another woman swung into the center with a sour, defensive dance—bobbing and weaving like a cornered bantamweight, occasionally letting out little Taebo kicks and jabs. A woman named Susan, dressed entirely in black and looking for all the world as if she were performing Jules Feiffer's "Dance to Spring," seemed to be permanently knotted and turned in on herself. Walter, an older man, stood flapping his arms improbably and roaring like an overexcited baby, without actually moving anywhere. When my name was called, I sashayed into the center. Aretha was singing "You and me / For eternity," and I felt lyrical and confident in the moment. At the end of the exercise, Batson walked around the circle asking each student, "What are you aware of?" The frizzy blonde, who turned out to be a Russian émigrée named Natalie, said, "I am aware of *beink* tired." Susan clutched Batson's hand and whispered like Elaine May talking to Mike Nichols. "I am aware of being in such pain," she said. From the exercise, I was aware that bodies tell their own stories.

Next, to develop what her manual calls "emotional flexibility," Batson instructed the students to remember a time when they had been betrayed, a moment of trauma that they could then condense and use to personalize a character. "*Vat iss* trauma?" Natalie asked. Once the meaning of the word was made clear to her, Natalie was screaming, kicking, clawing, and keening like the others. It was bedlam. "I'm so fuckin' sick of my fuckin' faults," the actress beside me snarled. "Bring it in," Batson said to one actor, who could not stop crying after the exercise was over. "Let it go."

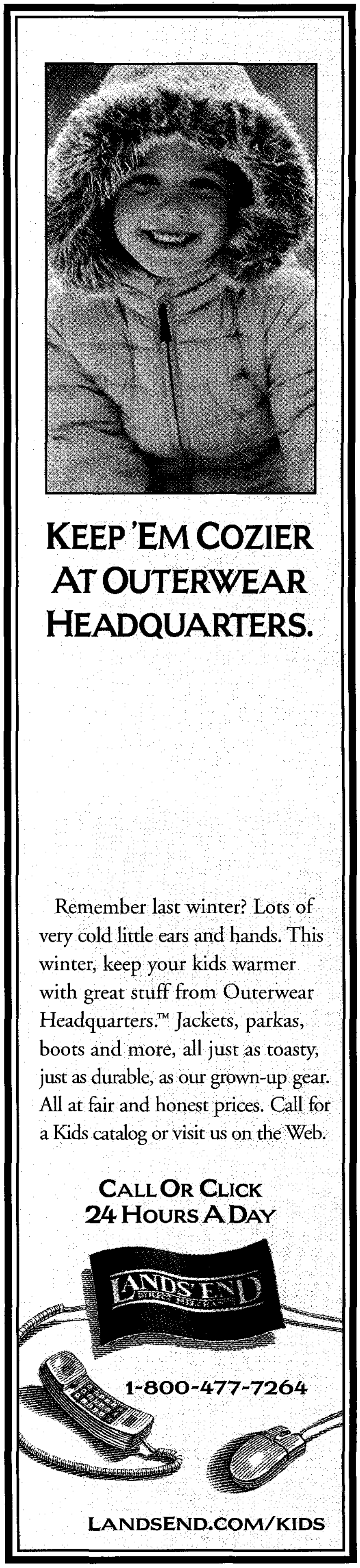
The piece we were required to perform at the end of the session was an eleven-line tantrum that Batson had written, based on one that a pop diva had thrown at her road manager. "We need to feel that her fear is heartfelt," Batson advised, as she handed out the script. "Really obligate yourself, really drop into the character's need to be understood." After a few minutes of study, each of us acted out what we remembered of the speech. It read, in part:

> Val—Val—this is catastrophic! Do you SEE what has been placed before us here—I can't believe the disgrace. I SAID—before we booked this place, before you made the phone calls to CONFIRM our dates here—that there should be no green M &Ms in the fucking assortment. . . . Let me do the honor of describing your fucking JOB again—you are required to oversee the finite details of what gets placed in our path at all times. . . . Now PICK those little monsters out of there—or the band doesn't play.

In time, and with practice, Batson would be able to show these students how to break down a script—which words to stress for exposition and conflict, how to build a scene to an articulate emotional climax. Today, however, they ranted at full tilt. None of the actors seemed to have any critical capacity. They could feel, they could read the words, but they were at a loss to winkle out nuance and irony from them. Afterward, Batson asked each performer in turn to sit next to her while she critiqued his or her performance and then invited observations from the rest of the class. The comments from the class were generally an easy ride, and sometimes incidentally hilarious. To a young man attending his first class, one student said, "I like the package. I see star." Batson uses these exchanges to judge where her students are and what they need. "It helps to balance my voice in their heads," she says. She herself is very specific in her criticism and remembers the details of even the worst performance. To one actress, who had opted for an emotional meltdown that included throwing her shoe, Batson said, "This kind of emotional life can control us, then we forget we have to be artful and tell a story. Acting, I swear to God, is not really about emoting. It's about doing."

Talent cannot be taught, but ways of releasing it can. Batson approaches theatre as a sort of spiritual excavation, and whether prowess is achieved or not isn't entirely the point. Her goal is to make articulate energy out of the struggle to explore the self and its defenses. As she remarked about the hapless Walter, "He will leave with, I think, some information about himself."

Batson grew up in a spacious old house in Roxbury, Massachusetts. Her father, a caterer, died young, and her mother, Ruth M. Batson, a former Democratic State Committee woman and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head of the Massachusetts Commission Against Discrimination, remembers Batson as a “way-having child” who was “hard to take” and “kind of rebellious.” She was dubbed “Tallulah” by family friends for her precocious antics. When Batson turned eight, her mother—in an attempt to find friends willing to play with the hyperactive child—took her to the Boston Children’s Theatre. (Batson thought she was being delivered to a mental institution.) “I think these are the only people who can understand you,” Ruth said. Before then, Batson, who had childhood-abuse issues, had felt “an enormous amount of being disconnected, not knowing what to do or where to go. I often feel that, had my mother not made the choice, I might have been in a little trouble,” she says.

While at Boston’s Emerson College, Batson auditioned for the John Hay Whitney Fellowship and won. The day she graduated—June 14, 1969—she set off for New York to begin her acting career. By September, she was performing in “Hair,” at the Public Theatre. “She had a quality like Laurette Taylor,” says Uta Hagen, who was a judge on the fellowship panel and, along with her husband, the actor-director Herbert Berghof, later taught Batson. “It was radiant. Then, when she didn’t trust that and started pushing it, she lost it. I think she could have been a big star.” So did a lot of other people who recognized Batson’s gifts and tried to help her. Joseph Papp gave her work and found her a small duplex on the Upper West Side, where she still lives. Lee Strasberg saw her as a sort of prodigy and accepted her into the Actor’s Studio. “Everybody was around,” Batson recalls. “Rod Steiger, Paul Newman, Maureen Stapleton, Robert De Niro. They were *in* the classes. I developed this wonderful relationship with Strasberg; he was very protective of me.” Batson quickly acquired a closetful of awards, including an Obie for a thrilling, manic performance in Heathcote Williams’s “AC/DC.” “I had money. I worked immediately. I was very well taken care of,” Batson says now, and starts to cry. “But I got so disappointed in the business. Oh, it hurts! . . . I’ve had to forgive myself so much.”

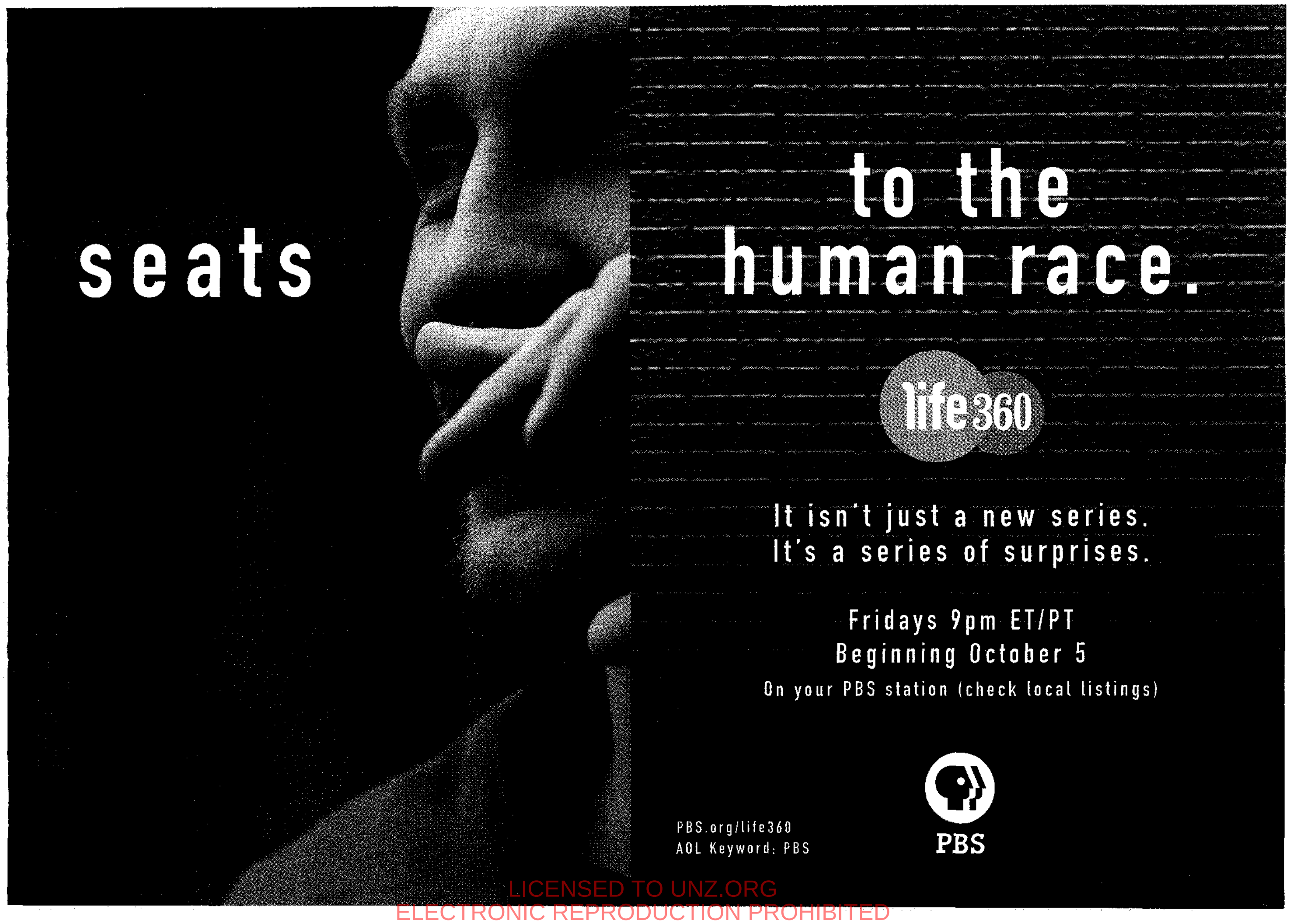
She is speaking of the time when she was about twenty-two and had been hired by the director and critic Harold Clurman to understudy Barbara Harris in Arthur Miller’s “The Creation of the World and Other Business.” During the fourth week of rehearsals, Batson replaced Harris in the leading role. “So I take over, with Arthur Miller helping me and the producer Robert Whitehead’s wife—the actress Zoe Caldwell—being like my assistant, telling me what to buy, what to eat. She was fantastic,” Batson says. Batson was well reviewed in Boston and in Washington, where the show played at the Kennedy Center. But soon after the D.C. opening Miller and Whitehead visited Batson in her dressing room to tell her that they wanted Caldwell to take over the role. Batson says, “I sit there. I’m really numb. ‘This is awful,’ I said. ‘This is really bad!’

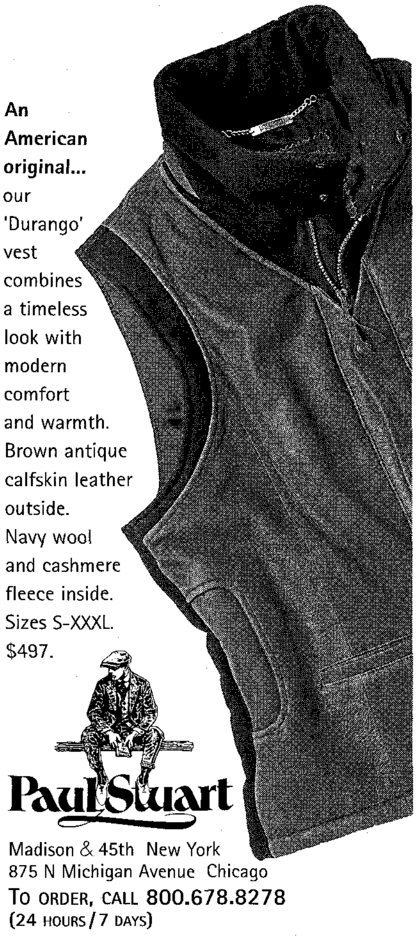
Miller says to me, 'Now, don't get neurotic, Susan. This is a great opportunity. You're gonna understudy Zoe. What are you upset about?' Then he goes on to say, 'I really wrote it for Zoe. I hear Zoe's voice in my head.' By this time, I'm murderous. I leave."

As a child, Batson had carried protest signs at political demonstrations her mother took her to. She had been taught early "never to perpetuate a black stereotype," and she saw her demotion as racist. "I'm a black woman who was just starting professionally," she says. "They couldn't understand why I wasn't grateful to understudy Zoe Caldwell. They thought it was a little outrageous." Batson's mother came to her defense and initiated legal action with Actors' Equity, which ruled in favor of the producers. Then Batson dropped out for a time; she married a fellow-actor and followed him to Boston, where he got a law degree and she had their son. Three years later, she was divorced and a single parent, living in Los Angeles, where she did some acting and, with Strasberg's encouragement, began to teach.

Coaching allowed Batson to do for others what, increasingly, she was unable to do for herself: "Keep the actor going." She withdrew into the process; and, because her own mother had been "consistently very public and very busy" when she was a child, Batson figured she'd teach at home, where she could also be with her son. This was not altogether a success. "I was always there," she says. "But, as the therapist said, it was somewhat of a 'profound neglect.' " Batson worked upstairs, into the late hours. Carl was downstairs, largely alone. He found his mother's gruelling regimen frustrating and confusing. "She spent more time with her students than she spent with me," he says. "I begged her—I said, 'Why couldn't you have become something else? Why couldn't you have been a lawyer or a doctor?' She said, 'This is all'—and she began to cry—'this is all I ever wanted to do with my life. This is my passion.' " Carl, who is now a writer and a director, eventually set up Black Nexxus both to hold on to his mother and to wean her from coaching. "The whole purpose of Black Nexxus was to get her working, to write and direct material for her to star in. She's not an acting coach in my mind—she's an actress." At Spike Lee's request, Batson has appeared in three of his films—"Bamboozled," "Girl 6," and "Summer of Sam"—but she has been otherwise reluctant to return to her first vocation. "As a result of not trusting the business, I won't put myself out there," she says. The irony of this isn't lost on her. While she works to coax other actors out of hiding, she herself remains, as she confesses with a laugh, "in deep hiding—which makes me an authority on hiding."

Part of the chemistry that exists between Batson and actors—"She can shake you like a tree and get the fruits down," Juliette Binoche says—comes from a sense of safety that her vigilance generates in them. Binoche, who con-





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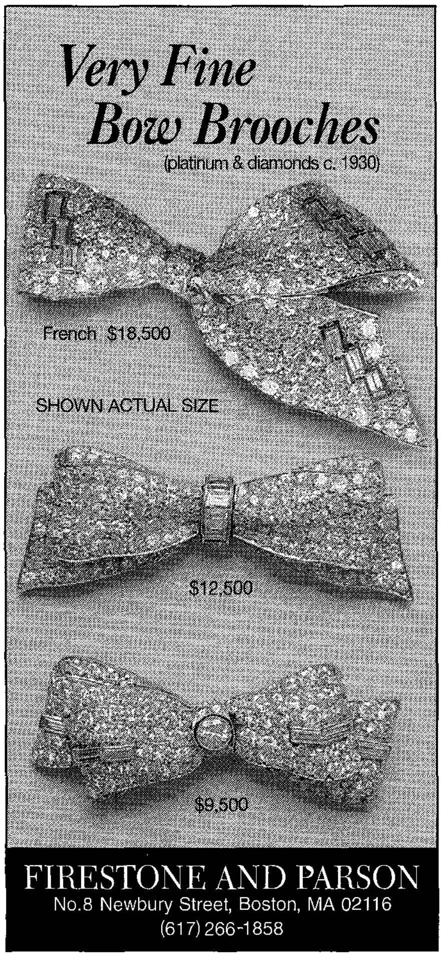

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siders Batson one of her best friends, explains, "It's a generosity I've very rarely seen. She's listening with, like, six ears. She's always trying to see further." Some acting coaches like to send the actor out not knowing quite where he's going; Batson sends the actor on his journey with a map. "She leads you to a place of direct emotional understanding," Jennifer Lopez says. "She gives you confidence that when you go out there you know already you're good, because she said so."

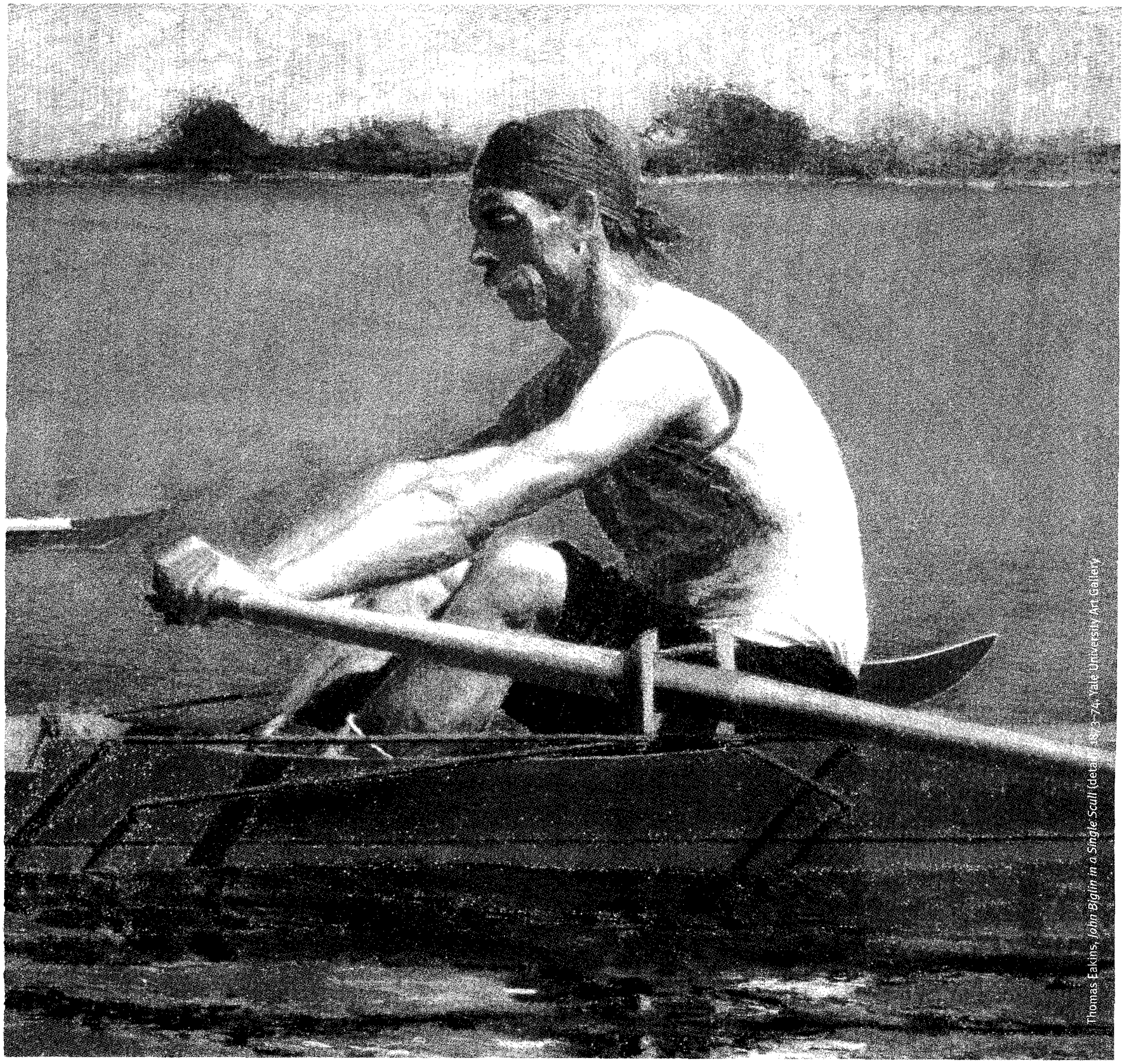
Coaching is about intimacy, which is impossible without equality—a fact that appeals to the highly politicized Batson. "When I sit across from Tom Cruise, doing my job, we have to share on this intimate level to get a piece of art done," she says. "That role has never been played by a black person. It has to be equal. Everybody—Anglo-Saxon, German, French—has to make an adjustment. They have to get rid of all kinds of stereotypes in order to sit in the room and do the work."

As a coach, Batson also has to be something of a shape-shifter, and she adjusts her approach to the needs of each client. She first worked with Cruise on Stanley Kubrick's "Eyes Wide Shut." "He said to me, 'You know, I've done this King of Hollywood thing. I really wanna act,'" Batson recalls. "He wanted to grab something and bite into it. And he did." For "Magnolia," in which Cruise played a woman-hating men's-empowerment guru, Batson worked to open him up "to the scumbag in him, the hustler in him." She says, "I wanted him to be more physical. We worked on an animal—the fox. He would start to feel the whole thing, which gave him the clothing, the look. Once he got the sensation of the tail, he was totally present."

When Batson was hired to help Jennifer Lopez on "Enough," a film about emotional abuse, she began with what amounted to a pep talk: "You know, a lot of young girls look to you for who they are, what they're gonna wear. You have a responsibility to make sure they understand this woman." By the end of this, Lopez was in tears. "Exactly," Lopez said. "Once I got Jennifer to have a purpose, she knew she had to send it," Batson explains. "I could start talking to her about actions."

Recently, Batson was called in to help Chris Rock with "Bad Company," a film in which he plays twin brothers—one a Harvard-educated C.I.A. agent and the other a comic hip-hop homie. She found herself stonewalled with "the first resistance ever." "Comedy built my house, not acting," Rock told her. "What are you doing here?" "He's sitting there. He's got khakis and a beautiful shirt with his legs crossed. He's leaning on the couch," Batson says. She decided to help him use his own body language to develop the character of the C.I.A. agent. "I said, 'What about crossing the legs, and stuff? If he sat wearing elegant clothing, five-hundred-dollar shirts, and you just cross your legs for him—make sure the legs are crossed—that would, I think, serve the character.' He looks at me. 'And the other one, the comic hip-hop character, I think you can put together yourself.' He says, 'You're absolutely right.'" At the end of their session, Batson asked, "You want me to come back tomorrow so we can maybe get the emotional life into the character?" Rock worked with her for eight days, and asked her to go with him on location; she demurred. As a rule, she stays away from the set. ("I get directorial—it gets messy.") The only exception is Spike Lee's films, for which she and Lee often review the monitor after each take. "His strength is in the visual," Batson says. "Not necessarily pulling from the actor what he wants." At an early point in their collaboration, Batson was summoned to Lee's offices. As she recalls it, "He pulled out a notebook and pen, and said, 'Well, tell me about acting.' I said, 'This is not the way to tell you about acting.' 'Well, just give me a few notes on it.' Finally I said, 'Look, the only way I think you will understand the process is to take the class.' I have yet to see him."

This summer, Batson accepted the notoriously temperamental Naomi Campbell on the basis of a phone call. "By sixteen, Naomi was out on her own, creating her career," Batson says. "That's something I understand. Naomi's boda-



Thomas Eakins, *John Biglin in a Single Scull* (detail), 1873–74, Yale University Art Gallery

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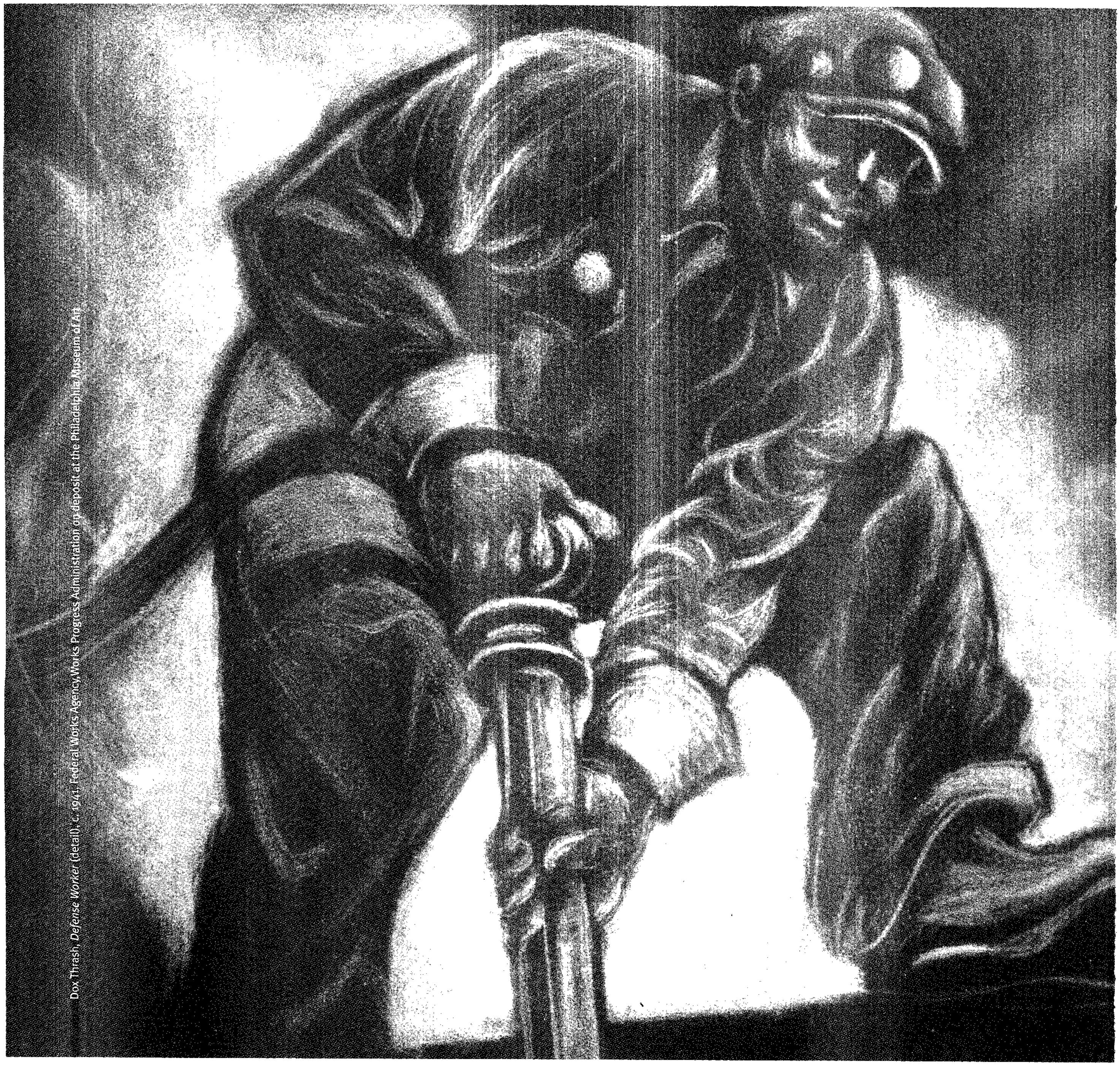

Dox Thrash, *Defense Worker* (detail), c. 1941, Federal Works Agency, Works Progress Administration on deposit at the Philadelphia Museum of Art

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## INCARNATION

In the blind a bird dog watches
as you become irretrievable
and snow geese come down from the east.
Your children look for you where you are not.
In the basement of the house.
The ties we find are drunk with animal life:
the pheasants set in whiskey-colored frieze.
Heavy English jackets laid like skins.
My milk teeth in a drawer.

I taste you in smoked meat near the bone.
My lungs run, sick and guttural and gold.
You faced an animal. It said, "It hurts so much."

—*Dana Goodyear*

cious on the runway. When she commits, it's wonderful. There is no way Naomi could work half-assed. She may not have all the elements, but she'll have the courage." At thirty-one, after a few haphazard appearances in films, Campbell had signed on to perform Eve Ensler's "The Vagina Monologues" in San Francisco and London, and had flown to New York to spend three weeks cramming with Batson. "I'm nervous when I'm on the runway, but I'm not speaking, so I'm not playing my emotions. I'm used to covering," Campbell explained to me.

Batson's style of coaching involves a particularly personal scrutiny; for a celebrity, to be experienced and not just seen can be at once moving and humbling. "Because I'm meeting them on such intimate territory, I meet their 'Little Girl,'" Batson says, using her term for the hidden or wounded part of some of her diva clients, which the carapace of fame hides from the world and from them. "Madonna, for instance. The first thing she said to me—I don't make this up—'I'm putty in your hands.' I was waiting for the testy bitch, the queen who you gotta do it her way. She absolutely, completely surrendered." So did Campbell, who had never been onstage and had a limited time in which to get ready. From the first day of Ex-er Actor class, she displayed extraordinary access to her feelings. Batson had asked the students, when reliving their moment of trauma, to feel the face of the figure they were imagining. "Naomi screamed, 'No! No!'" Batson says. "She didn't want to go near the person. It was so vivid for her. She was right, right there."

By the time I joined them for their one-on-one, Campbell had already worked on characters from two such moments. The whole experience, she told me in her breathy, girlish voice, had been incredible. In a green dress and sneakers, Campbell sat at the steel table in the business office with Batson and Batson's assistant Gail Williams. They were in the process of breaking the lines of a scene into beats. Campbell studiously noted the conclusions in a notebook with three columns marked across the top of the page: "Action," "Description," and "Personalized Material."

"I hated my thighs and I hated my vagina even more," Campbell read out loud. "I thought it was incredibly ugly. I was one of those women who had looked at it and from that moment on I wished I hadn't. It made me sick."

"Now, this is a major conflict," Batson interjected. "This is an inner conflict."

"Right," Campbell said, entering "inner conflict" under the "Description" column in her notebook.

"So the action is not to go to the loathing side but a desire not to have such an inner conflict inside." Then, referring to a period of depression in Campbell's life during which she stayed in bed for three days, Batson added, "The stuff that you felt in the shutdown period is what you want here."

Campbell took notes, then launched into the next line: "I pitied anyone who had to go down there. I began to pretend—" Batson stopped her again. "No, no, no. Do you believe her, that she pitied anyone who would go down there?"

"Yeah," Campbell said, fingering a diamond cross at her neck. "Well, she let Bob go down there."

"She *finally* let Bob go down there. You could make this a total character statement and be a liar about it. Or you can really mean it."

"No, she hates it. It's a fact," Campbell said. She continued reading: "I began to pretend there was something else between my legs. I imagined furniture—cozy futons with light cotton comforters, little velvet settees. Leopard rugs, pretty things—silk handkerchiefs, quilted pot holders, or place settings."

"Look at the stuff she's putting there. Comfy, pretty things. It tells you what class the woman is, too," Batson said. "We're dealing with a middle-class woman. This is the soft, lady side of her coming out."

Campbell carried on: "Whenever a man was inside me, I pictured him inside a mink-lined muffler, or a Chinese bowl." At this point, she suddenly broke off.

"I'm right here," Batson said. "What's touching you about this?"

"I got dizzy, actually," she said, leaning back in her chair. "Just got dizzy there. I wanted to throw up right there."

"You may want to ask yourself, What's the feeling that's just occurred now? You feel how it's knocking you out?"

Tears were rolling down Campbell's face, and she looked bewildered. "I feel like something might be wrong."

"Can you guess what the feeling might be?"

"Denial."

"I think you're no longer in denial," Batson replied. "I think that's what the problem is. You want to try again, maybe with the feeling? Whatever it is, it's gonna stir this up. It really is."

"We got to 'Whenever a man was inside me' . . ." Campbell broke off again. "I have a lot of guilt right now," she said.

"How about anger?"

"Yeah, there is anger, because why couldn't they see, why didn't they take my shutdown?" Campbell said.

Like a prosecutor leading an expert

witness, Batson said, "So maybe this is real anger, you know."

Campbell got up from her chair and stood unsteadily. "This is the weirdest thing. Have you ever seen this?"

"Oh, yeah," Batson said. "I just want you to know that we're not panicked. Not yet. If you faint, I'll jump up. You want to try a couple of 'fuck you's while I sit here?"

Campbell began to curse. "Fuck you! Fuck you!! Fuck you!!!" Then she stopped, her eyes glazed. "I feel so bloody weak," she said. "I don't understand what's happened. This is so strange. I can't look at a paper, and I can't—"

"Do you want John to leave so you can talk about it?"

I left the room. Through a glass partition, I watched as Batson led Campbell to the sofa to lie down. A few minutes later, she joined me in the lobby. "My suspicion is that the anger is the real thing, and to put it on display is a little tough," Batson said. "Right now, I think she's kind of amazed at how enraged she is. I think she could kill. I'm just gonna have to lift it up to art so that when she gets to this monologue she doesn't balk."

Half an hour later, Campbell woke up. Like a floored fighter pushing up from the mat, she struggled to the table. Batson came around and knelt beside her, holding her hand and whispering into her ear. "Make a sound. Just let yourself cry. Let it go," she whispered, as Campbell started to sob. "Make a sound! Good. Everything is breaking up. Let everything happen."

"I'm feeling something," Campbell mumbled. "I don't understand. My whole body is empty."

" 'I'm having a feeling, a deep, deep feeling.' Say that, please," Batson said. Campbell did as she was told and started to cough. "There you go," Batson said. "The cough is the indication of the rage. It's fantastic, Naomi. This is how talented you are, how sensitive. You took it off the page—something hit you from the page! You don't have any escape route now. You can't cover. This is an ancient feeling. That's how deep down you put it. It's older even than you, maybe. I mean, this is primal stuff."

As Campbell sobbed, Batson gave little intakes of breath, as if she, too, were reining in tears. In the moment, Batson was not fake, but not entirely real, either. The maneuver, she said later, signalled, "I'm here, I'm feeling you. We can release." As Batson zeroed in on the source of Campbell's feelings, she began to change her syntax, moving from first person to third person, referring to Campbell's "Little Girl," whom she seemed to be calling out: "You want to throw up? You want to curl up? This is her pain. She has every right to cry. She has every right to be angry. This is the feeling. You didn't ever feel it before. And it really hurts. You're not gonna be violated by another person. And you come to that just by being clear about this. And this is why the shutdown."

"I just feel bad for the Little Girl," said Campbell, who by now had clearly absorbed Batson's analytic vocabulary. "Her mother shouldn't have left her. A lot of stuff I've gone through I don't think I would have gone through if my mother was there."

"I'm glad you feel sorry for her," Batson said. "She was this hurt. That's the feeling. And that feeling you've been running from in fifty million ways."

After a while, Batson said, "You did amazing work tonight. You took time to have sympathy for that Little Girl, which is the most important work. Maybe tomorrow when I see you, you'll be ready—*boom!*—to lift it to art."

It was well after midnight by the time we left. As Campbell and I got into the elevator, another actress, who had been waiting patiently for forty minutes, smiled and walked into the office for her one-on-one with Batson.

Because Campbell had slept for only a few hours and had awakened with a migraine, her lesson the next day was shifted to her sumptuous lemon-yellow Upper East Side hotel suite, which smelled of lilies. When I reported the events of the previous night to a friend, he'd quipped, "For a supermodel to pass out unassisted by drugs is a major achievement." But, as Campbell ushered us graciously into her room, I was disappointed in myself for having laughed. Struggle is an opportunity, Batson was fond of saying, and Campbell, it was plain to see, was working hard to grow. "I had no understanding of what was happening," she said of her collapse. "I was like, Why is she not sending me home? When we went through it to the end, I understood. I feel lighter. I feel more connected with making peace with those things that have happened to me."

The lines that had thrown Campbell the night before now posed no problem, and she made it to the end of the speech: "I began to swell, began to feel proud. Began to love my vagina. And Bob lost himself there, and I was there with him, in my vagina, and we were gone."

Batson reviewed the trajectory of the character—"total shutdown to disgust, hate to acceptance"—then returned to the beginning of the monologue to layer it with psychological gesture. Like a platoon sergeant demanding pushups, she called for movements and watched over every adjustment that Campbell made to her body. For two hours, they went back and forth over the lines like a brass rubbing, bringing both Campbell and the text into greater definition.

"She's ready to work it," Batson said, as she got into a taxi to go downtown. "I usually don't like to lay it out this quickly. But she doesn't have much time." (Campbell, it turned out, was a hit in San Francisco, and was asked by the producers to reprise the role in Los Angeles and New York.) Teaching acting, it seemed to me, was a confidence game; that is, it gave confidence. Coaches are entrepreneurs of hope. Their strange alchemy is part psychology, part technique, part smoke and mirrors. What made Campbell and all the other stars believers was Batson's intuition. Kidman and Binoche had also made reference to this quality, and both could explain it only as a kind of magic. "She just brings out the truth in some people," Campbell had told me. I asked Batson if, as a child, she had been aware of having heightened perceptions. "I used to call myself crazy all the time," she said. "I would make announcements like 'Uncle Richie just died.' The phone would ring, and Uncle Richie would be dead. So my mother would say to my sisters, 'Meet her at the door. Tell her not to have any revelations today.' " Batson laughed. "She'd say, 'Don't say anything, because you're gonna put your mouth on a situation.' So I thought if I opened my mouth this evil thing would happen." Batson looked away, as if remembering herself as that manic little showoff. "But in the theatre I was told that I had to put my mouth *on*—and that it was all right." ♦

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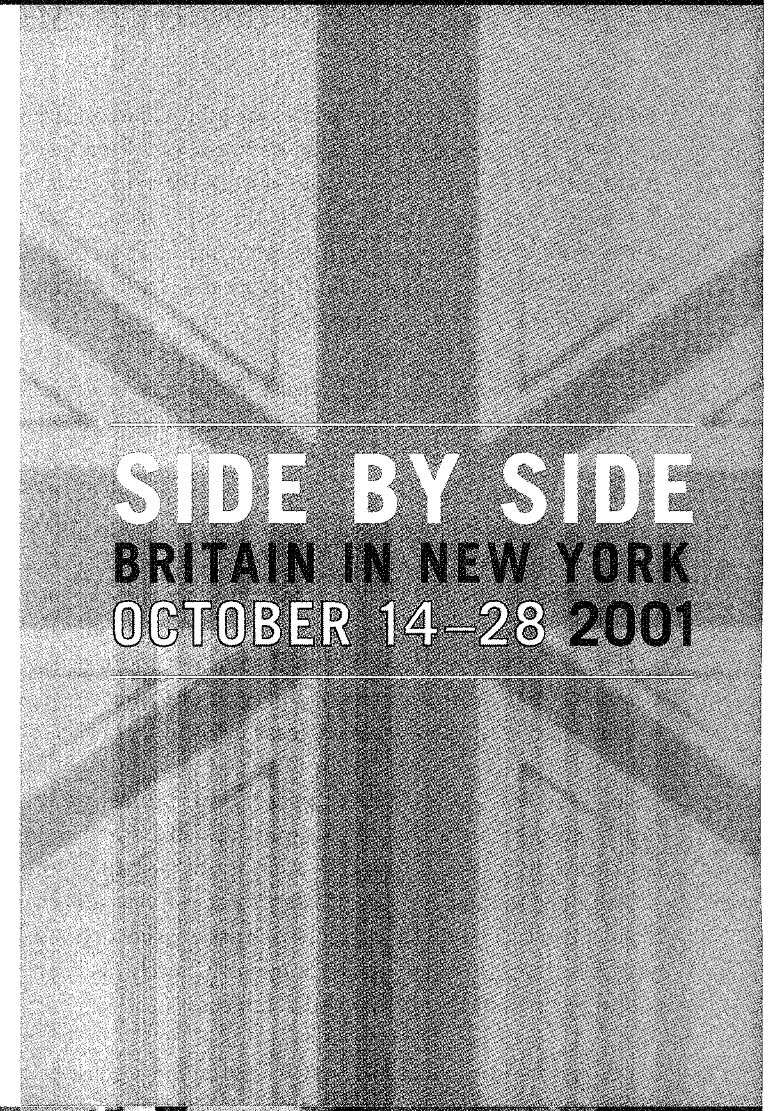

# SIDE BY SIDE

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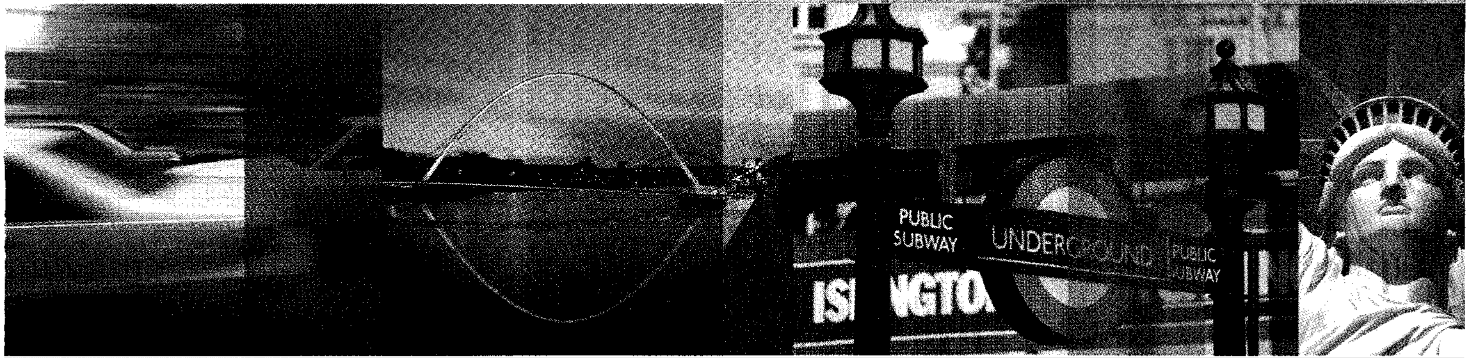
## OCTOBER 14–28 2001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# THE UKWITHNY FESTIVAL

## OCTOBER 14–28, 2001

Perhaps the British critic and professor, John Churton Collins, said it best: "In prosperity our friends know us; in adversity we know our friends." It was as true when he wrote these words in *The English Review* during the dark days of 1914 as it is in the weeks following the horrendous attacks on New York City and Washington D.C. Since September 11th, the bonds of friendship and cooperation that unite the U.S. and the U.K. have only grown stronger. And it's in the spirit of this bond that we are proud to announce the UKwithNY Festival.

For two performance-packed weeks, the whole of New York City will be transformed into a giant stage for UKwithNY, a spectacular festival showcasing the finest culture, cuisine, and retail goods produced in the United Kingdom. More than two hundred events—hosted at dozens of venues from Grand Central and Lincoln Center to the smartest stores and finest galleries—will help renew the spirit of New York.

The anchor of the festival is "Great Expectations," an interactive exhibition of contemporary British design and innovation, set in the soaring landmark space of Vanderbilt Hall at Grand Central Terminal. Open throughout most of the festival, its attractions will be complemented with a continuous program of performances by British artists, as well as culinary and retail displays in its great hall and throughout the terminal.

Celebrating the U.K.'s extraordinary contribution to the world of performance art, nearly seventy different dance, musical, film, literary, and theatrical events will run concurrently at sites around the city. Look for such highlights as the New York City Opera's production of "The Mikado" that will transport audiences from Lincoln Center to an Edwardian seaside resort in England. The London Symphony Orchestra will be filling the interior of St. Bartholomew's Church (51st Street at Park Avenue) with the rousing strains of Beethoven and Schubert.

But these performances are only a few of the highlights of a program that is as full of surprises as the country from which it originates. No enthusiast of hemlines and halters should miss "London Fashion," a bold exhibition to be staged at the Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology. Visual art will be amply represented in "Beck Futures 2," Sotheby's dynamic showcase of top young British artists. There will also be specially tailored exhibitions at private galleries and major art institutions.

British goods, famous the world over for their mix of authentic design and superb workmanship, get their share of the spotlight in promotions around the city. Iconic British stores like Asprey & Garrard and Holland & Holland will host special promotional events. Celebrity chefs like Gordon Ramsay and Raymond Blanc will demonstrate their prowess at Guastavino's restaurant. The list of events goes on and on. Each, in its way, affirms the enduring links between New York and the U.K.

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UKwithNY, October's two-week citywide festival, will demonstrate not only British achievement, but the United Kingdom's long-standing, vital and mutually beneficial relationship with New York. It will illustrate why the United Kingdom has gained a deserved reputation for being one of the world's most exciting and dynamic environments for business and pleasure. The festival will also express the strength of the relationship between Britain and New York—ever more vital at this particularly heart-rending period in its history when so many of us in Britain have felt deeply for the agony endured by its inhabitants.

The Festival will emphasize the relationship by presenting a diverse programme of more than 200 events that will represent the United Kingdom of today as a uniquely robust blend of time-honoured traditions and values, punctuated by an energetic artistic and technological creativity.

UKwithNY will share with New York-area residents and visitors the very best that modern Britain has to offer in the way of visual and performing arts, design, food, fashion, technology, film, literature, business and finance. The festival will illustrate the creative expertise, high standards of public service, independence of mind, scientific excellence, entrepreneurial dynamism and distinctive character that collectively make the United Kingdom a natural leader of, and reliable partner in, our ever-changing global society.

To mount these events, the festival will bring together the finest British and New York organisations in a way that will serve as a role model for future collaboration.

I am therefore delighted to support UKwithNY as Patron—an extraordinary programme of events designed to appeal to a broad spectrum of interests.

Charles

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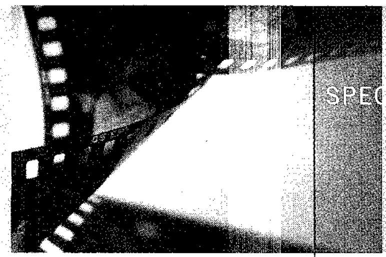

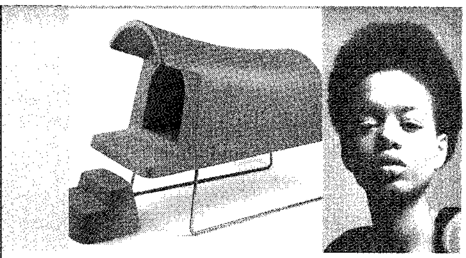

## DANCE EVENTS

### AKRAM KHAN DANCE COMPANY "FIX, LOOSE, RUSH IN FLIGHT"

10/24–10/27, 8 P.M.
The Kitchen
Award-winning choreographer Akram Khan of British Asian origin incorporates North Indian classical dance form, Kathak, into his electric interpretations of modern dance.

### SOUTH ASIAN DANCE IN THE DIASPORA

10/25, 1 P.M., Free
The New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Bruno Walter Auditorium
A panel featuring Ananya Chatterjea, Akram Khan, Chitra Sundaram, and Janaki Patrik. Moderated by Shayna Samuels.

### AN EVENING WITH CHRISTOPHER WHEELDON

10/30, 6:30 P.M., Free
The New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Bruno Walter Auditorium
An evening program with Christopher Wheeldon, the acclaimed young British choreographer-in-residence at the New York City Ballet.

### COMING OF AGE

10/25, 3 P.M., Free
New York Public Library for the Performing Arts
Screening of a documentary about a major site-specific performance event, which took place in August 2000 at London's South Bank Center.

### GLOBAL EXCHANGE/UKWITHNY: RANDOM DANCE COMPANY

10/25 and 10/26, 8 P.M., 10/27, 7:30 P.M.
Danspace Project
One of Britain's leading contemporary dance companies performs a groundbreaking technology-based work, under the direction of Wayne McGregor.

### WENDY HOUSTOUN: "HAPPY HOUR"

10/16–10/21, 7 P.M. (bar opens at 6:30 P.M.)
Performance Space 122
Wendy Houstoun's disturbing and funny performance, combines movement and text to reveal the state of bitter England from the perspective of a barmaid on a bender.

## EXHIBITIONS

### AMALGAMATE

10/16–10/27
Asprey & Garrard, Free
An exhibition designed to unite British talent in various creative fields. Artists give their unique take on the festival's theme–the fusion of U.K. and New York.

### ARCHITECTURE + WATER

Through 10/26, Monday–Friday, Noon–6 P.M., 212-924-7000
Van Alen Institute
An exhibition focusing on international building projects that integrate architecture, landscape, and the infrastructure of 21st-century waterfront cities.

### THE BRITISH IN NEW YORK SINCE 1770

10/9–1/13/02
New-York Historical Society
St. George's Society presents an exhibition examining the close ties between Britain and the U.S. over three centuries, focusing on British influence on the culture, commerce, and politics of New York City.

### LONDON FASHION

10/16–1/12/02, Free
The Museum at the Fashion Institute of Technology
First major exhibition in the U.S. on London fashion featuring designs by Alexander McQueen, Hussein Chalayan, Vivienne Westwood, and others.

### NEW CONNECTIONS, NEW ARCHITECTURE–LONDON'S NEW JUBILEE LINE

Through 11/28
Municipal Arts Society, Free
The Royal Academy of Arts exhibition explores the engineering, architectural, and technological success of the extension of the London Underground's Jubilee Line.

### MOVING LONDON 1901–2001

10/15–10/19/02, Free
New York Transit Museum Gallery, Grand Central Terminal
A dramatic visual portrayal of the way transportation has shaped London over the last 100 years.

### OSCAR WILDE: A LIFE IN SIX ACTS

9/14–1/13/02
The Morgan Library
Oscar Wilde's extraordinary life presented in a variety of media from printed works to drawings and photographs. Contact the library for information on lectures, programs, and concerts.

### 100% PROOF: A DISTILLATION OF NEW WORK IN JEWELRY AND SILVERSMITHING FROM SCOTLAND

10/9–10/26, Free
New York School of Interior Design
First-ever exhibition which combines Scottish contemporary jewelry and silversmithing ranging from sensuous precious jewelry to radical tableware in silver and steel. Curated by Dorothy Hogg of the Edinburgh College of Art.

WHERE NOT ALREADY INDICATED, PLEASE CHECK THE UKWITHNY WEB SITE FOR TIMES AND TICKETING INFORMATION.

## FILM AND TELEVISION EVENTS

### IGITAL: NEW FILMS FROM HERN IRELAND

10/19, 6:15 P.M. (reception at 9:15 P.M at NYU's Glucksman Ireland House), R.S.V.P. to paul@bandigital.com
NYU Cantor Film Center
A screening of six new documentaries by Northern Irish filmmakers.

### BANDIGITAL: NEW FILMS FROM NORTHERN IRELAND

10/22, 8:30 P.M., R.S.V.P. to paul@bandigital.com
Galapagos Art Space
Screening includes a dozen new, cutting-edge digital short films and music promos.
'Reverb Records' resident DJ Audio-Basic will take part.

### 18TH ANNUAL AWARD WINNING BRITISH COMMERCIALS EXHIBITION

10/19–10/29
The Museum of Modern Art
An exhibition presenting approximately 100 British commercials made for television and cinema selected for excellence.

### THE BEST OF BRITISH ADVERTISING 2000 SCREENING

10/19, 6 P.M., 10/28, 1 P.M.
The Museum of Modern Art
Winners of the British Television Advertising Awards 2000.

### THE BEST OF BRITISH ADVERTISING RETROSPECTIVE SCREENING

10/27 and 10/29, 2 P.M.
The Museum of Modern Art
25 year retrospective of the Gold Winners of the British Television Advertising Awards, 1976–2000.

### THE BRITISH GET ANIMATED! A SHOWCASE OF THE BEST OF BRITISH ANIMATION

10/19, 6:30–10 P.M., register online at nfts-found@dial.pipex.com
The National Arts Club
Britain's National Film and Television School, the birthplace of "Wallace and Gromit" presents a 90-minute screening of animated works, followed by a 30-minute Q&A.

### BRITISH PROGRAMMING ON WLIW (CHANNEL 21)

10/13 and 10/14
Two evenings of the best of British television from BBC America.

### CHALLENGING BRITISHNESS: CINEMA AND NATIONAL IDENTITY IN SCOTLAND, WALES, AND NORTHERN IRELAND

10/20, 10 A.M.–6 P.M., 212-998-3950 to R.S.V.P.
Glucksman Ireland House

*continued*

**FOR A COMPLETE PROGRAM, VISIT UKWITHNY.COM.**

THIS OCTOBER, ASPREY & GARRARD IS MAKING
AN EXHIBITION OF ITSELF.

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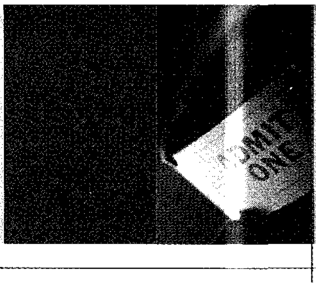

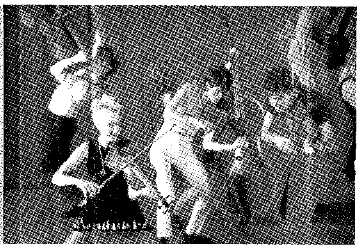

## FILM AND TELEVISION EVENTS continued

A discussion of recent Celtic films such as "Trainspotting" and "Human Traffic," and how they are reshaping British national identity.

### "DANCE DREAMS FROM BRITAIN"

10/17, 7:30 P.M.,
Walter Reade Theatre, Film Society of Lincoln Center
A screening of David Hinton's startling video, choreographed by DV8's Lloyd Newson, and based on the diaries of mass murderer Dennis Nielsen.

### EDINBURGH INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL

10/19–10/26
The Screening Room
Direct from Edinburgh, highlights from the 2001 film festival and a look back at past years (1997-2001).

### THE FILM SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER PRESENTS "LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN"

10/16, 6:30 P.M. and 9 P.M., 212-496-3809
Walter Reade Theatre, Film Society of Lincoln Center
A screening of a restored print of Fred Paul's 1916 silent film with a live performance of a new score conducted by Nicholas Brown.

### GLOBAL VISIONS: DISRUPTIVE DIRECTORS OF BRITISH TELEVISION

10/18–10/20 and 10/25–10/28
The Museum of Television and Radio
Early television films from great British directors including Ken Russell's "Elgar" and "Isadora Duncan" and Ken Loach's seminal "Cathy Come Home."

### SALUTE TO FILMFOUR

10/18–10/28, Admission for screenings free with museum admission.
The Museum of Modern Art
A salute to Britain's pioneering production arm of Channel 4, with screenings of 11 films that deal with Britain's new multiculturalism including "Sexy Beast" and "East is East."

### SCREENING OF "MOHABBATEIN"

10/23, 6:30 P.M., Free
The New York Public Library for the Performing Arts
North American premiere of the Indian film set in London, directed by Aditya Chopra (2000). With English subtitles.

## FOOD AND DRINK

### AMBASSADOR GRILL'S BRITISH FOOD FESTIVAL

Millennium UN Plaza Hotel
10/15–10/31
Kick off dinner, 10/15 highlighted by performance of Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing."

10/22, 3:30–5 P.M., Free tickets at Posman Books, Grand Central Terminal.
Campbell Apartment, Grand Central Terminal
Three-star chef Gordon Ramsay discusses his new book "Just Desserts" and answer five questions. Signing to follow.

### DE GUSTIBUS COOKING FOR QUALITY – GREAT MICHELIN STARS

10/23 (Gordon Ramsay) 5:30–8P.M., 10/25 (Raymond Blanc) 5:30–8 P.M., 212-439-1714
Macy's Herald Square
Cooking demonstrations by celebrated British chefs Gordon Ramsay, and Raymond Blanc, of Le Manoir aux Quat' Saisons. Tastings of dishes, complementary wines and recipes.

### FOOD EMPORIUM SUPERMARKET PROMOTIONS

10/13–10/28
43 Food Emporium outlets throughout N.Y., N.J., and CT
Promotion of British food and drink brands featuring in-store cooking demos, special display areas, and sweepstakes opportunities.

### A GUIDED [illegible] PORT TASTING

10/17, 4 P.M.
Campbell Apartment, Grand Central Terminal
A cheese tasting event, including a talk on the making of Stilton Blue Cheese.
Several levels of maturity of Stilton will be compared with port wine to contrast flavor characteristics.

### TEA TIME AT THE WALDORF

10/14–10/28, 3–5:30 P.M.
The Waldorf=Astoria
Daily afternoon tea in the landmark hotel's elegant Cocktail Terrace complemented by special presentations of British fashion and food.

### WHISKYFEST

10/23, 6:30–10 P.M., Reservations required, 800-610-MALT
Marriott Marquis Hotel
America's largest whisky celebration, with more than 200 of the world's finest and rarest whiskies.
Seminars by experts and buffet dinner included.

## GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL EVENTS

Sponsored By
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### GREAT EXPECTATIONS

10/16–10/27, 7 A.M.–9 P.M.
Vanderbilt Hall, Grand Central Terminal, 42nd Street at Park Avenue
UKwithNY's stunning centerpiece, this interactive, multi-dimensional exhibit will showcase the best of contemporary British design, innovation, and creativity. Conceived and executed by the Design Council, it will present a feast of intriguing products utilizing a captivating design concept that will capitalize on the international recognition of a banquet table as being a place where acquaintances are made, plans forged, and deals done. Visitors will be invited to pull up a chair and join the party. Great Expectations' charismatic attractions will be supported by other Grand Central-based festivities–British music performances, and food and retail promotions.
ADMISSION TO ALL EVENTS IS FREE.

### VANDERBILT HALL LIVE EVENTS

### THE GOGMAGOGS

10/16, 5 P.M.
Critically acclaimed theatre director Lucy Bailey directs young string players in an exhilarating concoction of music, words, and theatre.

### SHAKESPEARE ACROSS THE SEAS: BRITISH AND AMERICAN PERSPECTIVES

10/17, 10 A.M.
Talented American and British teenagers collaborate online and in person to present scenes from Shakespeare.

### OUR NAME IS MUD!

10/17 and 10/24, 10 A.M.–4 P.M.
Trivet painting – create your own designs in Vanderbilt Hall.

### "SATURDAY NIGHT 4 EVER"

10/17, Noon
The Sherman Theatre Company presents an extract from a comic but uncompromising tale where a Saturday night out isn't always what you expect.

### YOUNG POETS AND WRITERS FROM WALES

10/17 and 10/19, 3 P.M.
Four young and acclaimed poets and writers will read from recent work.

continued

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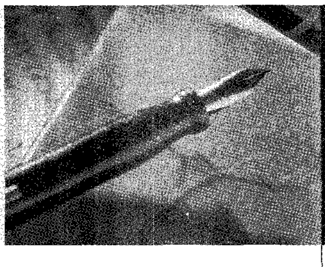
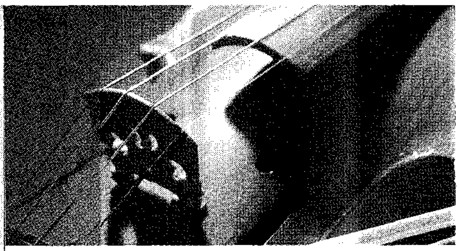




## GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL EVENTS continued

### MACKINTOSH
10/17, 5 P.M.
A new opera based on the Scottish architect Charles Rennie Mackintosh and Margaret Macdonald, two innovative Scottish artists caught between the Victorian era and the Modern Age.

### MARK EVANS AND JEANNE KENDRICK
10/18, 3 P.M.
Two leading young opera soloists give an exclusive performance.

### MORRISTON ORPHEUS CHOIR
10/18, 5 P.M.
Experience Welsh culture through the beauty of the music of male voices singing in four-part harmony.

### ORIGINS TEA PARTY
10/19, 11 A.M.–4 P.M.
An invitation from Origins to taste rare, fragrant Silver Tip White Tea.

### GBH: DJ TERRY CASEY
10/19, 5 P.M. and 10/26, 5 P.M.
Sounds by Terry Casey from GBH-New York's long running Anglo-centric house night at Centro-Fly.

### UKWITHNY CHILDREN'S DAY
10/20, 11 A.M.-3 P.M.
Scottish dance by the Loch Leven Dancers, screenings of "Bob the Builder" and the award winning "Wallace and Gromit," readings by Sir Timothy Ackroyd, workshops by the NYU Creative Arts Team, and arts and crafts from the Children's Museum of Manhattan.

### GORDON RAMSAY BOOK SIGNING
10/22, 9:30 A.M.
Gordon Ramsay to autograph copies of his "Just Desserts."

### MICHAEL C. FINA
10/23 and 10/24, 8 A.M. and 10/25, Noon
Silver cutlery and handcrafted giftware demonstrates the latest in British design for the table.

### BY JEEVES
10/23, 5 P.M.
Extracts from the new musical based on the classic Jeeves stories by P.G. Wodehouse.

### MIRROR BALL
10/24, 5 P.M. and 10/25, 6:30 P.M.
Live DJs and dancers take us through the social impact of Disco Culture in New York and the U.K. during the late 70s and early 80s, remembering its celebrators and haters!

### MIND THE GAP THEATRE "JUST THE TICKET!"
10/25, 5 P.M.
A collection of monologues and token comedic pieces by British writers, presented by Mind the Gap Theatre.

### UKWITHNY Chef Series:

**Paul Gayler and Chris Galvin**
Lanesborough Hotel and Orrery, London
10/16, Noon

**Clarissa Dickson-Wright and Sir John Scott**
Clarissa and the Countryman
10/17, 1 P.M.

**Daniel Orr**
Guastavino's, New York
10/18, Noon

**Sandy Ingber**
The Oyster Bar, Grand Central Terminal
10/19, 9 A.M. and 10/23, 9 A.M.

**Gordon Ramsay**
10/22, 7:30 A.M.

**Simon Gomes**
Ada Restaurant, New York
10/22, Noon

**Andy Blyth and Marc Fosh**
10/23, Noon

**Paul and Jeanne Rankin**
Cayenne Restaurant, Belfast
10/24, Noon

**Alan Swinson**
The Compleat Angler, Marlow
10/25, Noon

**Annie Wayte**
Nicole's Restaurant, New York
10/26, Noon

## LITERARY EVENTS

### BOOK SIGNING BY SIR TERENCE CONRAN
10/27, 2–4 P.M.
The Terence Conran Shop
Designer, retailer, and restaurateur Conran will sign copies of his new book, featuring candid answers and observations that are pure Sir Terence as he celebrates his 70th year.

### THE BRITISH ON BROADWAY
10/29, 8 P.M.
The Algonquin Hotel
Verse, prose, and anecdotes from Elizabeth Sharland's eponymous book about Broadway actors like Laurence Olivier, John Gielgud, and Dame Judi Dench. Judy Campbell featured.

### A CELEBRATION OF BRITISH POETRY
10/25, 7 P.M.
New York University Greenberg Lounge
British poets representing a range of styles and aesthetics. Moniza Alvi, Vicki Feaver, Kathleen Jamie, Colyn Maxwell, Dan Paterson, and Robin Robertson, introduced by distinguished American poet Mark Doty.

### CHICK LIT, BROOKLYN
10/18, 7:30 P.M., Free
Barnes & Noble Park Slope, Brooklyn, Seventh Avenue at 6th Street
A chat about "chick lit" in the city, with British authors Anna Maxted ("Running in Heels," "Getting Over It") and Marian Keyes ("Watermelon," "Lucy Sullivan Is Getting Married").

### CITY2CITY
10/23, 7–9 P.M.
The Nuyorican Poets Café
Dana Bryant, London Arts' first performance-poet-in-residence hosts poets Breis, Crisis, and Zena Edwards.

### FATE OF THE EMPIRE
10/23, 6:30 P.M., Free
The First Amendment Center
A panel discussion on "The Fate of the Empire," moderated by Simon Schama, author of "A History of Britain."

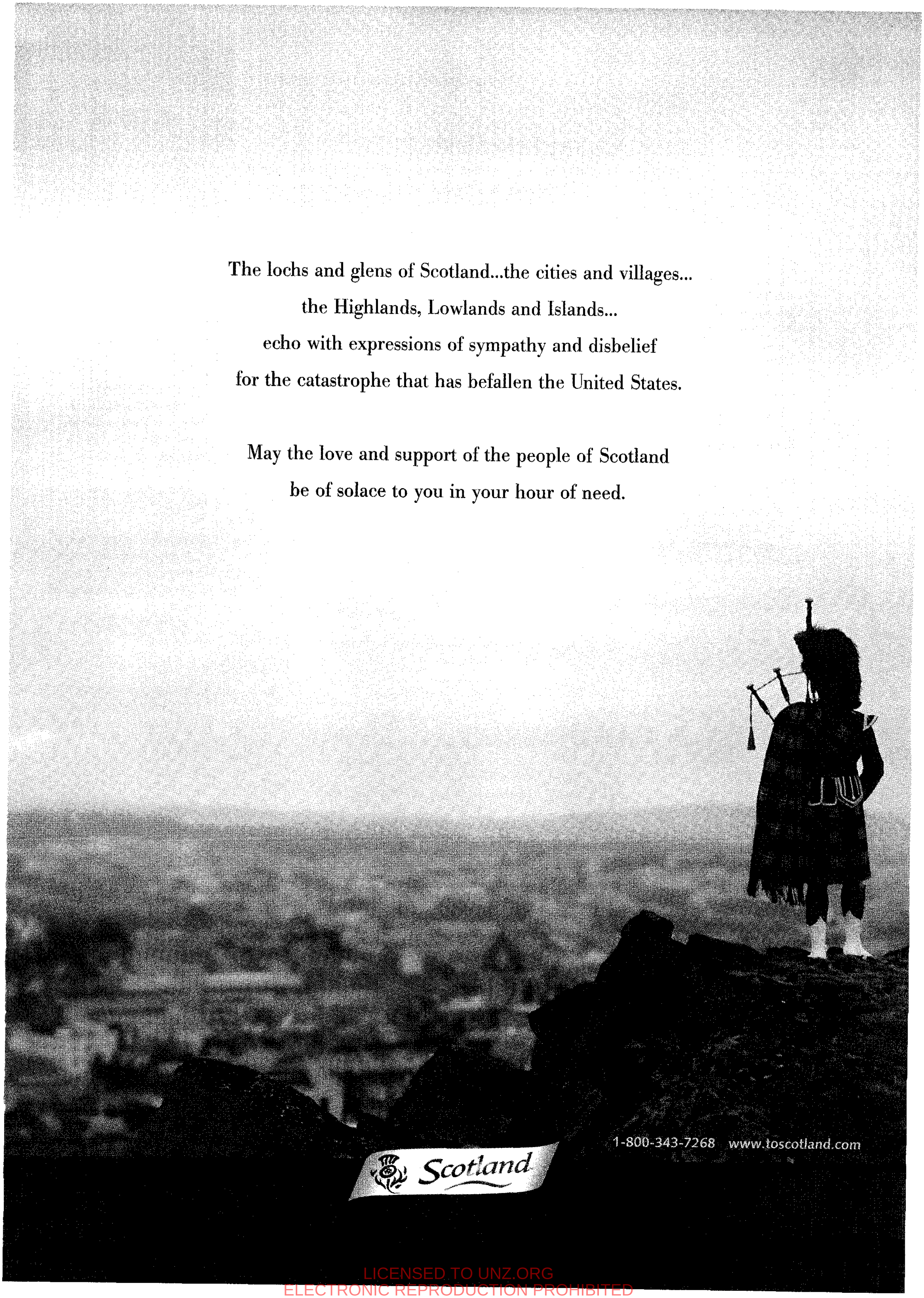
### GEOGRAPHY, RACE, AND CULTURE: A PERFORMANCE DISCUSSION
10/20, 6–10 P.M.
Abyssinian Baptist Church
Performances and discussion explore the vision of today's leading black British and African-American writers. Panelists include Bernadine Evaristo, Courttia Newland, Sonia Sanchez, Kadija Sesay, Dorothea Smartt, Camille Yarbrough, and Gary Younge.

### HANAN AL-SHAYKH: ONLY IN LONDON
10/25, 7:30 P.M.
Barnes & Noble, 86th and Broadway
A reading by one of the U.K.'s most highly regarded contemporary writers, from her wonderfully comic and touching novel about London's burgeoning Arab community.

### TOM DEVINE: THE INVENTION OF SCOTLAND
10/18, 7:30 P.M.
Barnes & Noble, 86th Street and Second Avenue
Scotland's leading historian Tom Devine ("The Scottish Nation: 1700–2000") explores the myths and beliefs surrounding the invention of Scotland.

### JOSEPH O'NEILL IN CONVERSATION WITH LUC SANTE
10/25, 7 P.M. Free for members
Glucksman Ireland House
A conversation between Joseph O'Neill ("Blood-Dark Track") and Luc Sante ("Low Life," "The Factory of Facts"), discusses the nature of memoir, the search for truth in writing, and the impact of displacement on life and art.

**FOR A COMPLETE PROGRAM, VISIT UKWITHNY.COM.**



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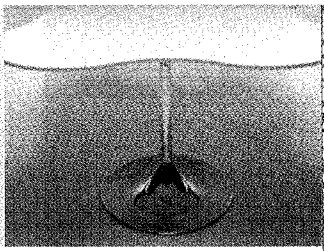

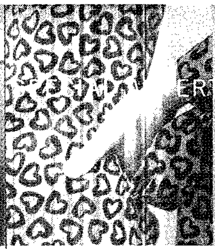

### NEW VOICES, OLD TRADITIONS: BRITISH WRITERS FOR THE NEXT CENTURY

DAVID CANNADINE, AN INTERVIEW BY CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

**10/17, 6 P.M.**
The New York Public Library
David Cannadine is Professor of History and Director of the Institute for Historical Research at London University. His latest book, "Ornamentalism," an unorthodox examination of British imperialism.Visit www.ticketweb.com for tickets.

MATTHEW KNEALE, AN INTERVIEW BY PATRICK MCGRATH

**10/18, 6 P.M.**
The New York Public Library
Matthew Kneale is the author of "English Passengers," winner of the 2000 Whitbread Book of the Year Award. Visit www.ticketweb.com for tickets.

RONALD FRAME, AN INTERVIEW BY LEONARD LOPATE

**10/24, 6 P.M.**
The New York Public Library
Ronald Frame's most recent novel, "The Lantern Bearers," won the Saltire Award for Scottish Book of the Year 2000 and will be published in the U.S. this fall.
Visit www.ticketweb.com for tickets.

### POETRY'S YOUNG LIONS: YOUNG WRITERS FROM WALES

**10/17, 7 P.M., HERE Art Center**
**10/22, 2 P.M., Juilliard School of the Arts**
Readings by four young Welsh writers: Richard John Evans, Anna Hinds, Lloyd Robson, and Rachel Trezise. Introduced by Jon Gower, writer and BBC arts and culture correspondent.

### POETRY'S YOUNG LIONS: YOUNG POETS FROM WALES

**10/18, 8 P.M.**
HERE Art Center
Readings of recent work by young Welsh poets: Patrick Jones, Samantha Wyn Rhydderch, and Owen Sheers. Introduced by acclaimed poet and *Poetry Wales* editor Robert Minhinnick.

### POETRY WALES LAUNCH

**10/20, 2 P.M.**
The New York Public Library St. Agnes Branch
Launch of the periodical *Poetry Wales*, in conjunction with Rattapallax. Readings follow from acclaimed poet and *Poetry Wales* editor Robert Minhinnick, and emerging poets: Patrick Jones, Samantha Wyn Rhydderch, Lloyd Robson, and Owen Sheers.

### SEX AND THE CITY

**10/22, 7 P.M.**
Joe's Pub at the Public Theatre
A panel discussion exploring the phenomena of chick lit, biological clocks, bank balances, and alcohol units. Hosted by Candace Bushnell ("4 Blondes" and "Sex and the City.")

## MUSIC EVENTS

### AN AFTERNOON WITH SIR RICHARD RODNEY BENNETT

**10/20, 3 P.M., Free**
The New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Bruno Walter Auditorium
Sir Richard Rodney Bennett discusses his work.

### ANN DUDLEY: REINVENTING THE PAST

**10/25**
The Knitting Factory
A performance by Ann Dudley featuring selections from her new release, "A Different Light."

### CAMERATA IRELAND

**10/26, 8 P.M.**
Church of the Heavenly Rest
Some of the finest musicians in Northern and Southern Ireland come together to create an inspired orchestra known for its technically brilliant and creative performances.

### THE CHILDREN OF LIR

**10/23, 3 P.M. and 6 P.M.**
St. Bartholomew's Church
A cross-cultural educational project, featuring performances by musicians from the Ulster Orchestra and children from Northern Ireland, showcasing instrumental music and performances led by renowned Irish composers.

### AN EVENING WITH THEA MUSGRAVE

**10/24, 6:30 P.M., Free**
The New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Bruno Walter Auditorium
A performance of Musgrave's "Pierrot" illustrating the noted Scottish composer's work. Performers include Charles Neidich, Daniel Phillips, and Morey Ritt. A lecture accompanies the performance.

### AN INTRODUCTION TO THE CHILDREN OF LIR

**10/22, 7 P.M.**
Glucksman Ireland House
A musical presentation by the Belfast Wind Quintet, composed of members of the Ulster Orchestra. Introduced by Colin Stark and Stephen Pickett.
Q&A and reception to follow.

### GORILLAZ

**10/25**
Virgin Records and Madstone DDN present Gorillaz, the world's foremost animated band, in a special movie screening of live footage never before seen in the U.S. To discover the locations for the exclusive ticket giveaways, register at www.madstoneddn.com/gorillaz.

### JEFFREY KHANER, FLUTE, AND CHARLES ABRAMOVIC, PIANO

**10/18, 6:30 P.M.**
The New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Bruno Walter Auditorium
Program includes a work by Scottish composer Iain Hamilton, who bequeathed his manuscripts to the Library's Music Division.

### LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

**10/18, 7:30 P.M.**
St. Bartholomew's Church
A concert by key musicians of the London Symphony Orchestra with the St. Bartholomew's Choir and organist William Trafka. Concert program includes John Tavener's "Svyati" for cello and choir, Brahms' "Clarinet Trio in A-Minor," and works by Beethoven, Duruflé, and others.

### MADELEINE MITCHELL, VIOLIN, AND JOEL SACHS, PIANO

**10/16, 6:30 P.M., Free**
The New York Public Library for the Performing Arts
A performance by Madeleine Mitchell of London's Royal College of Music, accompanied on the piano by Juilliard's Joel Sachs. Featuring "Sonata No. 2 for Violin and Piano," by Scottish composer Iain Hamilton.

### MORRISTON ORPHEUS CHOIR

**10/21, 8 P.M.**
Carnegie Hall
A concert in four-part harmony by an all male choir, whose revelation of Welsh culture through song will be complemented by the wit and personality of Morriston's musical director, Alwyn Humphreys MBE.

### MOVING ON MUSIC AT ARLENES GROCERY

**10/18, 9 P.M.–2 A.M.**
Acoustic showcase featuring Kidd Dynamo, Iain Archer, Gary Lightbody, and Stroke City AllStars

### MOVING ON MUSIC AT THE MERCURY LOUNGE

**10/19, 9 P.M.–2 A.M.**
Band Showcase featuring Snow Patrol, Kidd Dynamo, and Whole Tribe Sings

### NEW YORK CITY OPERA'S THE MIKADO

**9/15–10/28**
**10/16 Special UKWITHNY Performance**
New York State Theater, Lincoln Center
A groundbreaking interpretation of "The Mikado," originally presented by the English National Opera. Acclaimed director Jonathan Miller relocates the action from Imperial Japan to an English seaside hotel in the 1930s.

### THE GIRL IN MY ALPHABET

**10/19, 3 P.M., Free**
The New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Bruno Walter Auditorium
An afternoon with British composer Errollyn Wallen.

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THE SPIRIT JOURNAL, 2000

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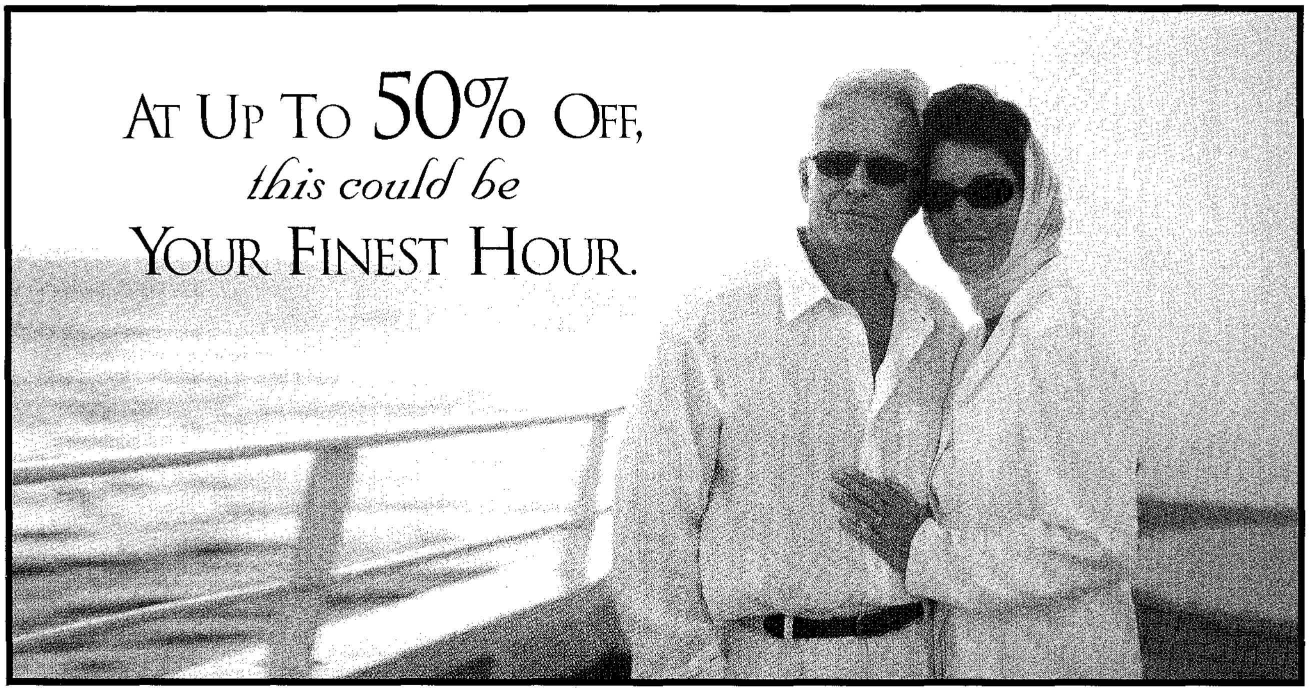

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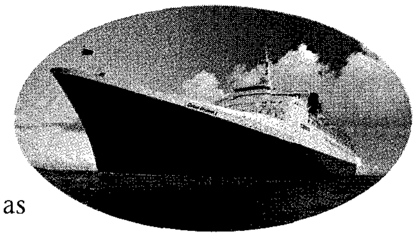

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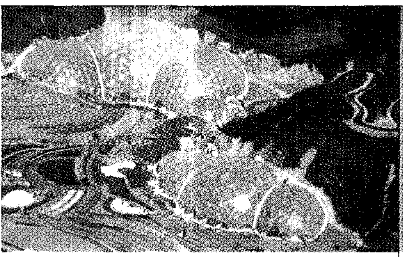

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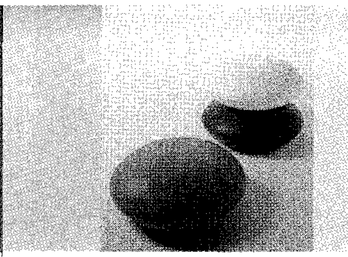

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### UNITY OF [illegible] ONS OF UTOPIA ULSTER ORC[illegible]

10/14, 7 P.M.
The Great Hall in Shepard Hall, The City College of New York
Deirdre Gribbin's "Unity of Being," performed by the Ulster Orchestra in their first N.Y. appearance. The evening also features a performance of Mendelssohn's "Symphony No. 2 'Lobgesang'."

### WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL CHOIR

10/24, 7:30 P.M.
St. Bartholomew's Church
An evening of great choral works, including the music of Bach, Byrd, Frank Martin, James MacMillan, and Palestrina.

## RETAIL EVENTS

### BRITISH LINKS WITH STYLE

10/15–10/27
Asprey & Garrard
An exhibition of more than 500 gentlemen's cuff links and shirt studs in an extraordinary range of precious materials and motifs, presented by Asprey & Garrard.

### EVENTS AT BERGDORF GOODMAN

10/14
- Burberry representative available to present collection in the women's store

10/15
- Lulu Guinness personal appearance and trunk show in the women's store
- Turnbull and Asser representative Mark Stern will present latest shirt/tie collection in the men's store
- Daniel Hanson trunk show and personal appearance in women's store

10/16
- Daniel Hanson trunk show and personal appearance in men's store
- Stephen Webster personal appearance
- Book signing and personal appearance by engraver Lady Primrose

10/17
- Personal appearances by Clive Kandel and Robert Tateossian

10/19 and 10/20
- Rigby and Peller trunk show and fitting clinic

10/24
- Personal appearance and book signing by chef Gordon Ramsay

10/25
- Personal appearance by Linda Canello

### CRABTREE & EVELYN TASTINGS

10/14–10/28
British food tastings, tea and biscuits served at Crabtree & Evelyn's three Manhattan locations.

### JO MALONE AFTERNOON TEA

10/27, 1–3 P.M., R.S.V.P. 212-673-2220
Jo Malone will host a traditional English tea in their store on Broadway.

### JOHN LOBB SHOES

10/25
Celebration of St. Crispin's day with special in-store events.

### LORD LICHFIELD PHOTOGRAPHY EXHIBIT

10/14–10/28
Links London
An exhibition of photography by Lord Lichfield in the Links London store on Madison Avenue.

### OXXFORD CLOTHES TRUNK SHOW

10/25–10/27
Trunk show, previewing the 2002 collection. Personal appearance by Hilary Freeman of Edward Green Footwear, and signing of "American Greats" by Stanley Marcus, founder of Neiman Marcus. (10/25).

### PLAIN, SIMPLE AND USEFUL

10/8–10/28, Free
The Terence Conran Shop
A salute to Sir Terence Conran's 70th birthday, with an exhibition of iconic and self-described "plain, simple, and useful" furniture designs.

### PAUL SMITH ART EXHIBITION

10/14– 10/28
Featuring British Art exhibition from the Cricket Hill Gallery.

## SEMINARS

### ARCHITECTURE + WATER LECTURE

10/19, 6:30 P.M., Reservations required, members free.
New York Society for Ethical Culture
A lecture by acclaimed architects Farshid Moussavi and Alejandro Zaera-Polo of the London-based firm Foreign Office Architects, who designed the Yokohama International Ferry Terminal, on the Osanbashi Pier, Yokohama Bay, Japan.

### ART TRANSPLANT LECTURE SERIES

10/10/, 10/16, 10/17, and 10/23
Lectures by Sir Nicholas Serota, Maxwell L. Anderson, Alanna Heiss, and John Elderfield. By invitation only.

### BBC JOURNALISM SEMINAR: AMERICA'S STANDING IN THE WORLD

10/18, 6.30 P.M., Reception, 7 P.M. Panel Discussion
The Freedom Forum's Amendment Center
Moderated by Harold Evans and featuring the BBC's Director of Television, Mark Thompson and Executive Vice-President and Editor of Reuters America, David Schlesinger.

### [illegible]IARS BRIDGE STATION: A LECTURE [illegible] ALSOP OF ALSOP ARCHITECTS

10/22, 6:30 P.M., members free
Ames Auditorium Lighthouse International
A presentation by Stirling Prize-winner Will Alsop of his design for London's Blackfriars Bridge Station over the River Thames. Alsop's design references the great train sheds of stations such as Victoria and Paddington.

### BRITISH IMMIGRANT CARVERS IN GEORGIAN NEW YORK

10/15, 6 P.M., 212-861-3990
The Leash Club
An illustrated slide show, by Luke Beckerdite, which follows various British carvers working in the New York City area on a number of important buildings. Reception to follow.

### CATASTROPHE AND NEGLECT: THE CONSERVATION CHALLENGES A PRESERVATION SEMINAR

10/27, 9 A.M.–5 P.M., 800-913-6565, Ext. 203
Columbia University, Avery Hall
A discussion of catastrophe and neglect that result in the ruin of some of Britain's most outstanding historic buildings. Speakers address the challenges associated with the conservation of two important houses, Uppark and Auchinleck.

### CREATIVE CITIES CONFERENCE: QUEENS WEST/ LONG ISLAND CITY

10/23, 2–7 P.M. Conference, 7–9 P.M. Reception
212-745-0364
P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center
Renewing New York with perspectives from London.
By invitation only.

### DESIGN DIRECTIONS FOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS: DESIGN FUTURE STUFF

10/18, 9 A.M–4 P.M., Advance registration required.
Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum
Students work with Katty Barac, award-winning restaurant and product designer from Glasgow, Scotland, to design new products and environments for their lives.

### DESIGN INGENUITY IN THE U.K.

10/17, 6:30 P.M.
Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum
Sir Christopher Frayling, Rector, Royal College of Art, and Chairman, Design Council, leads a panel discussion on the U.K.'s design revolution. With Ron Arad, Julia Barfield, David Marks, and Janice Kilpatrick. Reception to follow.

### DESTINATION U.K.: ICT/NEW MEDIA BUSINESS SEMINAR

10/24
A business seminar focusing on the strengths within the ICT/New Media sector. Find out why more than 5,700 U.S. companies operate in the U.K., and why the U.K. attracts more than 40 per cent of U.S. foreign direct investment within Europe. Keynote speakers and companies successfully operating in the U.K. explain why.

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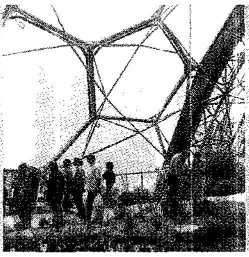

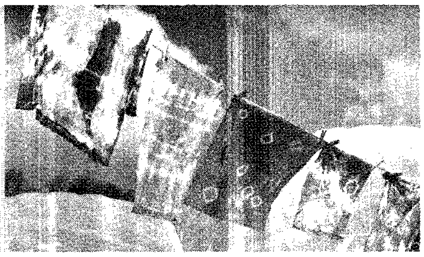

### THE ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSE: A TRIUMPH OF TREASURES AND TRADITIONS

10/20, 9:30 A.M.–4:30 P.M. Advance registration required.
New York University School of Continuing and Professional Studies
A series of lectures moderated by English cultural historian Lorella Brocklesby. Speakers include historian Nicholas Brawer; architectural historian Alfred J. Rowe; Lord Saye and Sele, owner of the 14th-century ancestral Broughton Castle; and eminent collector of 16th- and 17th-century treasures George Way.

### LIFE BELOW STAIRS IN THE BRITISH COUNTRY HOUSE

10/27, 10:30 A.M.–3:30 P.M. Advance registration required.
New York University School of Continuing and Professional Studies
A slide-illustrated workshop with Lorella Brocklesby, English cultural historian, who will examine five centuries of life below the stairs in the English country house, focusing on the lives of servants and housekeepers.

### THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK FOR EUROPE

10/18, 8–10:30 A.M., 212-661-4060
Reuters Building, 3 Times Square
A seminar designed for all sectors of the business community with an interest in transatlantic business issues. *Financial Times* editor, Richard Lambert, will moderate with a panel of experts.

### THE HAND MADE

10/18 and 10/19, 6–8 P.M.
Shapiro Theatre at Columbia University
Two seminars bringing together artists, academics, and critics to discuss the relevance of the handmade at a time when creativity is increasingly expressed through digital technology. By invitation only.

### THE LOST SISTERS OF JANE AUSTEN

10/16, 6–8 P.M.
The Grolier Club
An illustrated talk by Professor Michael Wheeler on the restoration of Chawton House, Hampshire, as a new center for the study of early English women's writing, 1600–1830.

### NEW YORK IN THE WIRED MUSEUM

10/27, 2–4 P.M.
NYU Cantor Film Center
A discussion about innovative Internet projects in museums, by the directors of the British Museum, Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, and the Montclair Museum. Organized by NYU's Graduate Program in Museum Studies in association with NYU's Grey Art Gallery, presenting "British Works on Paper from the Whitworth" (11/13–11/26).

### NEW YORK TABLETOP MARKET SEMINAR BY TABLEWARE INTERNATIONAL AMERICA

10/29, 8 A.M.
The New York Merchandising Mart
A seminar exploring the impact of British design in the past, present, and future by three top British designers.

### PRESERVING [illegible] OF THE MODERN MOVEMENT — AN ARCHITECTURAL CONVERSATION

10/16, 6 P.M., 212-966-6565, Ext. 203, outside New York 800-913-6565, Ext. 203
A discussion of the protection and adaptation of structures built after 1900 by Sir Colin St. John Wilson and Kenneth Frampton. The evening includes the announcement of the winner of Royal Oak's 10th Annual Architectural Competition.

### ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON IN AMERICA

10/21, 2 P.M., Free with museum admission,
The New-York Historical Society
A look at the American adventures of one of Scotland's finest literary figures, Robert Louis Stevenson, whose best-selling novels include "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "Treasure Island."

### SAME LANGUAGE? SAME CULTURE?

10/23, 9–11:30 A.M. and 2–4:30 P.M., Free
The British Consulate
A seminar exploring the cross-cultural distinctions that exist between Britons and Americans at work. The seminar addresses the issues of British and American cultures, as they affect our ability to work together successfully.

### SCIENCE, KNOWLEDGE, AND HUMANITY

10/26, 7 P.M.; 10/27 and 10/28, 11 A.M.
Tishman Auditorium, The New School University
A series of seminars addressing the issues about science and the technological manipulation of nature. Speakers include Bruce Ames, Ron Bailey, Napoleon Chagnon, Jim Chatters, Jean Bethke Elshtain, Jonathan Entine, Mike Fitzpatrick, Frank Furedi, Sarah Glazer, Joseph Ledoux, Kenan Malik, and Ullica Segerstrale.

### SCOTLAND AND AMERICA: INTIMATE STRANGERS?

10/20, 9 A.M.–5:30 P.M., Advance registration required.
212-605-0338
Low Rotunda, Columbia University
Leading commentators discuss Scotland's legacy and future in America. Featuring speakers from Scotland's universities, the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and the Museum of Scotland.

### SILVER AND JEWELRY: PAST AND FUTURE IN SCOTLAND'S NATIONAL MUSEUMS

10/23, 7 P.M., Advance reservations required.
New York School of Interior Design
An insight into the collections of silver and jewelry at the National Museums of Scotland and a look at collecting, by two of Scotland's leading experts, George Dalgleish and Elizabeth Goring.

### SUPPLY AND DEMAND: THE MAKING AND UNMAKING OF GREAT COLLECTIONS

10/20, 9:30 A.M.–5 P.M.
Christie's
A symposium examining the ambitions of passionate collectors who amassed objets d'art and the dispersal of great collections. Moderator Dr. Werner L. Muensterberger addresses, "Object Hunger: Psychological Aspects of Collecting."

## SPECIAL EVENTS

### BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AWARDS CEREMONY

10/21, 6 P.M.
703-830-4176 for invitation.
Sotheby's
Presentation of Royal Society of Arts 2001 Award to Philip Lader by Sir Jeremy Greenstock.

### BRITISHAMERICAN BUSINESS INC TRANSATLANTIC BUSINESS AWARDS DINNER

10/24, 7–9 P.M.
The Pierre New York
BritishAmerican Business Inc. honors leaders from major multinational U.S. and U.K. companies who have made exceptional contributions to strengthening the business relationship between the two countries. By invitation only.

### CREATING THEATRICAL MAGIC

The Children's Museum of Manhattan
10/13, 1:30 and 3 P.M.
Freestyle Repertory Theater brings the magic of Harry Potter to life through improvisation.
10/14, 1:30 and 3 P.M.
The HalfMoon Sword Dancers provide a festival of traditional English folk dancing.

### MARK GASSER, PIANO

10/20, 5:30 P.M.
Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall
English pianist Mark Gasser performs Ronald Stevenson's epic "Passacaglia on DSCH" in aid of the World Trade Center victims and their families.

### THE 65TH ANNUAL OPENING CELEBRATION OF THE RINK AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER

10/15, 12:30 P.M., Free
Rockefeller Center
Annual opening of the world's most famous ice rink. Olympic skating stars from Tom Collins's "Champions on Ice" join forces with some of the U.K.'s most exciting singers, dancers, and musicians currently performing in N.Y.

### SHAKESPEARE ACROSS THE SEA AND AMERICAN COMMUNITY SCHOOL'S STUDENT PANEL

10/16, 12 P.M.
The New-York Historical Society
Talented American and British teenagers collaborate and present scenes from Shakespeare. American high school students from the five New York City boroughs share their experiences after a three-week course of study in the U.K. By invitation only.

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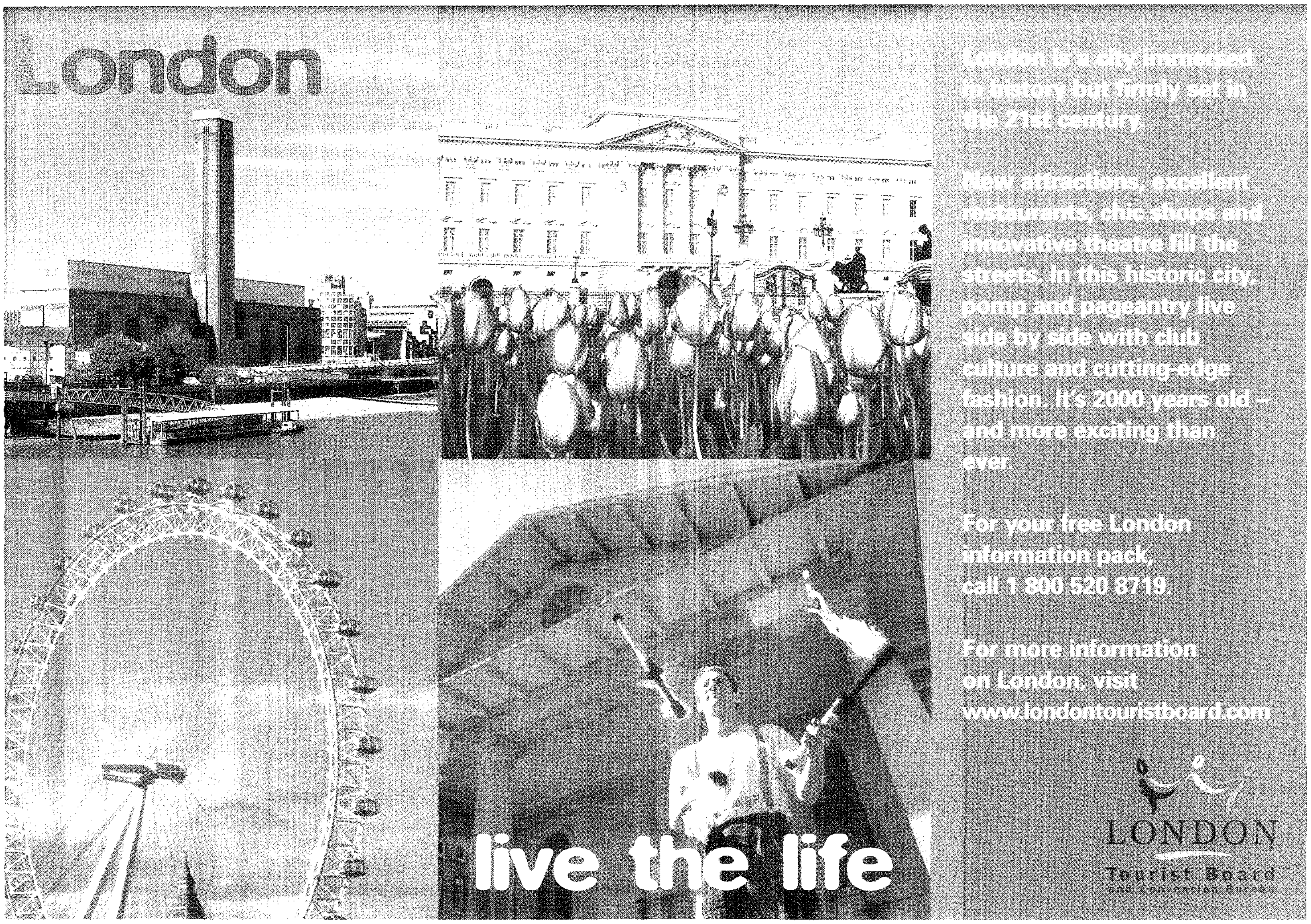

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## THEATRE EVENTS

### A STEP OUT OF TIME

10/28–10/30, 8 P.M.
The Julie Wilson Room at the Hideaway Cabaret
An evening full of reminiscences, vignettes, and witty reflections on Sir Timothy Ackroyd's relationship with Winston Churchill, Queen Elizabeth, Peter O'Toole, Nöel Coward, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, and many others.

### AMERICAN ARTISTS AT WORK SERIES BY MIND THE GAP THEATER COMPANY

10/16 and 10/19, 7 P.M.
MTC Studios
Presentation of two one act plays "Three Tables" by Dan Remmes and "Beautiful Noises" by Scott C. Sickles.

### BED OF ROSES

10/11–10/13 and 10/18–10/20, 9:30 P.M.
HERE Art Center
A unique "cabaret for heavy thinkers," with a film noir, speakeasy feel. Sharp stand-up comedy, sleazy live music, satire and poetry, stories of being on the road, jealousy, sexual tension and bad diet.

### BY JEEVES

Helen Hayes Theatre
From 10/16
Musical entertainment based on the stories by P.G. Wodehouse. Lyrics by Alan Ayckbourn and music by Andrew Lloyd Webber.

### DIFFERENT LIGHTS

10/25, 8 P.M.; 10/26, 6:30 and 9:30 P.M.;
10/28, 2:30 and 6:30 P.M.
Angel Orensanz Arts Center
Through light and movement, a theatrical performance piece combining abstract paintings by three Welsh visual artists and contemporary music by Welsh and Italian composers. Conceived and presented by the Vale of Glamorgan Festival.

### EDDIE LADD: SCARFACE

10/11–10/13 and 10/18–10/20, 7 P.M.
HERE Art Center
A tribute to Brian De Palma's 1983 classic film. Live video mixing creates a Hollywood film translated into dance and played out against projected images of West Wales as a stand-in for Miami. Soundtrack by Welsh-language rap group Tystion; text in Welsh and English.

### FROM ACROSS THE POND: READING AND WORKSHOP SERIES BY MIND THE GAP THEATRE COMPANY

MTC Studios
Readings–10/15 and 10/23 7 P.M.
Workshops–10/17, 7 P.M., and 10/20, 1 P.M.

### FROM DAVID GARRICK TO JOHN GIELGUD

British Theatrical Correspondence in the Library's Theater Collection
10/15, 6 P.M., Free
The New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Bruno Walter Auditorium
Readings by Kathleen Chalfant, Patricia Elliott, Simon Jones and Andrew McCarthy.

### NIL BY MOUTH

10/22, 10/24, 10/26, 10/27, 7 P.M.
MTC Studios
Mind the Gap Theatre presents a reading of their exclusive stage adaptation of Gary Oldman's "Nil By Mouth" — a brutal look at a South London family.

### POLIS

10/19–10/21
Snug Harbor Cultural Center
New House Center for Contemporary Art
Performance investigating the fabric of the city using video, sound, and interviews with local inhabitants.

### RIDICULUSMUS THEATER COMPANY: SAY NOTHING

10/23–10/24, 7 P.M.
HERE Art Center
A suitcase filled with grass, feverish chat, and blips of mindless violence. This is the chaos that is Northern Ireland at peace.

### RIDICULUSMUS THEATER COMPANY: YES, YES, YES–LATE NIGHT WEIRDNESS

10/26–10/27, 10:30 P.M.
HERE Art Center
The robust double act of David Woods and John Hough, who display a giddy affection for physically demanding slapstick and a full-blown passion for trains of thought that leave the track of sense at high speed.

### SHERMAN THEATRE COMPANY: SATURDAY NIGHT 4 EVER

10/15–10/17, 8:30 P.M.
HERE Art Center
Cardiff's Sherman Theatre Company presents a play by Roger Williams. This exposé of love and life in the pubs is a comic but uncompromising tale about how a Saturday night out isn't always what you expect.

### SHERMAN THEATRE PERFORMANCE LECTURE DEMONSTRATION

10/19, 2 P.M.
Tisch School of the Arts, New York University
A discussion between Sherman Theatre Company Artistic Director Phil Clark and company members, with students from the Classical Studio and the Meisner Extension.

### VOICE FOR WALES? CONTEMPORARY THEATRE FROM WALES

10/19, 2 P.M.
Tisch School of the Arts, New York University
How does new writing from Wales deal with the issues of nationhood, devolution, and bilingualism? A discussion with new playwrights Helen Griffith, Patrick Jones, and Roger Williams.

### A TRIBUTE TO MAURICE EVANS

10/22, 6 P.M., Free
The New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Bruno Walter Auditorium
Centennial celebration of the late British actor-manager. Participants include Richard Easton, Richard Grayson, Rosemary Harris, Sol Jacobson, Ira Levin, and Elizabeth I. McCann. Moderated by Sheridan Morley.

### WALTZ OF MY HEART: THE LIFE AND MUSIC OF IVOR NOVELLO

10/21, 4 P.M., Free
The New York Public Library for the Performing Arts at The Lucille Lortel Theater
An entertainment by Barry Day, featuring the music of the Welsh playwright/composer. Artists include Anna Bergman, Lorna Dallas, Constance Green, Ellen Lang, Irwin Reese, and Barry Ingham as Ivor Novello.

## VISUAL ARTS

### ALAN CHARLTON EXHIBITION

10/17–11/17
Eric Stark Gallery
An exhibition featuring the work of Alan Charlton.

### ALAN PARKER: RECENT WORKS

Through 11/3
Cricket Hill Gallery
An exhibition featuring Alan Parker's work. Parker is the recipient of the 2001 BP Travel Award and 1993–95 Commoner Fellow in the Creative Arts, Trinity College, Cambridge University.

### ART FIRST IN NEW YORK

10/16–10/27
42 West 15th Street
An exhibition of recent works by contemporary British artists including Wilhelmina Barns-Graham, Eileen Cooper, Anna Gardiner, Margaret Hunter, Simon Lewty, Will MacLean, Lino Mannocci, and Barbara Rae.

### ART TRANSPLANT: BRITISH ARTISTS IN NEW YORK

10/11, 10/18, and 10/25, 10 A.M.–Noon, public viewing by appointment 212-242-3050
The British Consul General's Residence
An exhibition of work by 30 British artists working in New York, including Cecily Brown, Jessica Craig-Martin, Carl Fudge, Patrick Hughes, Bill Jacklin, Malcolm Morley, Sarah Morris, David Remfry, John Walker, and Rachell Whiteread.

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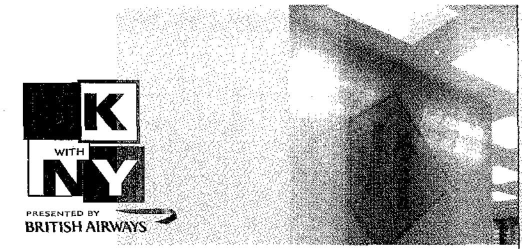

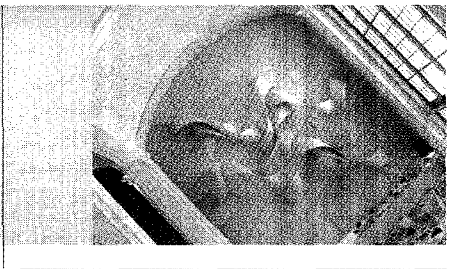

### BECK'S FUTURES 2
10/8–10/21
Sotheby's
Direct from London's Institute of Contemporary Art, this annual exhibition of the world's up-and-coming artists, premieres in the U.S. Presenting "tomorrow's talent today," Beck's Futures awards Britain's top art prize.

### "BODIES–PLACES": DRAWINGS BY JOHN BERGER
Through 10/31, 10 A.M.–5:30 P.M.
Denise Cade Gallery
An exhibition of drawings by John Berger, created from 1997 to 2000, when the artist returned to an early love for motorcycles.

### CHRISTIE'S EXHIBITION OF BRITISH FURNITURE, DECORATIVE ARTS, SILVER AND PAINTINGS
10/13–10/17
An impressive selection of English furniture and decorative arts dating from the 17th–19th centuries.

### DAVID REMFRY: NEW YORK NIGHTLIFE
Through 10/31
Nicole's Restaurant
A showing of recent works by David Remfry, coinciding with the exhibition of his works at the Neuhoff Gallery.

### DAVID REMFRY: RECENT WORKS
10/11–11/3
Neuhoff Gallery
An exhibition of David Remfry's 20 new watercolors depicting New York nightlife. His work also features in a group show at P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center.

### DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY: THE GLASGOW SCHOOL OF ART MFA PROGRAM IN NYC
Through 11/10, Free
Hunter College, Times Square Gallery
An exhibition by 22 graduates of the Glasgow School of Art's Masters of Fine Art program which consistently produces some of the finest and most innovative young artists in Britain.

### EXHIBITION OF CONTEMPORARY NORTHERN IRISH ART
10/14–10/28
Irish Arts Center
An exhibition of contemporary visual art by various artists based at Belfast's Queen Street Studios. The show explores the theme of creativity and the city through video projection, painting, drawing, and sculptural installation.

### FROM LONDON: NEW WORKS ON PAPER BY FELIM EGAN AND ESTELLE THOMPSON
10/9–11/3
Rosenberg + Kaufman Fine Art, Photography & Work on Paper
An exhibition featuring new drawings, prints, and mixed-media work on paper by two prominent British artists, Felim Egan and Estelle Thompson.

### FROM REPRESENTATION TO ABSTRACTION: LUCY MACKENZIE AND ROHAN HARRIS
Through 10/31
Nancy Hoffman Gallery
An exhibition featuring the work of Lucy MacKenzie's jewel-like paintings of intimate scale and Rohan Harris's wall sculptures.

### GREAT! BRITAIN: FOUR BRITISH PAINTERS
Through 11/3
Bernaducci Meisel Gallery
Monumental works documenting English urban life, by Clive Head, Patrick Hughes, Ben Johnson, and John Salt.

### SPECIAL CHRISTIE'S SALES
English Furniture, 10/18, 10 A.M. and 2 P.M.
Silver and Objects of Vertu, 10/19, 10 A.M.

### JANE BENSON AT THE QUEENS MUSEUM OF ART
10/14–2/28/02
Queens Museum of Art
An exhibition of British artist Jane Benson's installation "Great Representations (The Flying Circus)."

### REBECCA SALTER: RECENT PAINTINGS
10/11–11/13
Howard Scott Galleries
A close examination of Salter's work reveals a dense network of both parallel and crossing lines, some incised and others produced by a very precise dripping and pouring technique.

### RECENT WORK: KEN EASTMAN
10/11–11/10
Opening Reception 10/11, 5:30–7:30 P.M.
Nancy Margolis Gallery
An exhibition of recent work by Ken Eastman, a British ceramist, and "selections" by Steven Dixon and Neil Brownsword.

### LEX BRAES: NEW PAINTINGS
10/16–11/24
Rosenberg + Kaufman Fine Art
An exhibition featuring the work of Scottish artist Lex Braes.

### THE LINKS AND LOCKS OF SCOTLAND AND NEW YORK
Through 10/25, Free
The Arsenal Gallery, Central Park
An exhibition featuring artistic interpretations of waterways in New York and Scotland represented in paintings and photographs by Douglas Lazarus and Benjamin Swett.

### MARK BOYLE, RICHARD HAMILTON, AND ALAN JONES
10/13–10/27
Charles Cowles Gallery
An exhibition featuring the work of Mark Boyle, Richard Hamilton, and Alan Jones.

### MARKS SILVER OF LONDON
10/18–10/23
James Francis Trezza
In juxtaposition to his own fine 18th- and 20th-century painting and sculpture, Trezza presents a show of fine antique silver from London.

### "THE MARRIAGE BED": AN INSTALLATION BY EDWINA SANDYS
10/9–10/28
Edwina Sandys Studio
An exhibition of "The Marriage Bed," a full-size bed, half-filled with roses and half-filled with nails.

### MASTERPIECES OF PHOTOGRAPHY FROM SCOTLAND
10/14–10/28
Forbes Magazine Galleries
An exhibition of 40 original works from the National Galleries of Scotland spanning 150 years, from David Octavius Hill and Robert Adamson, to the present.

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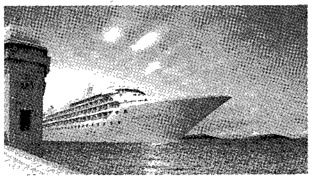

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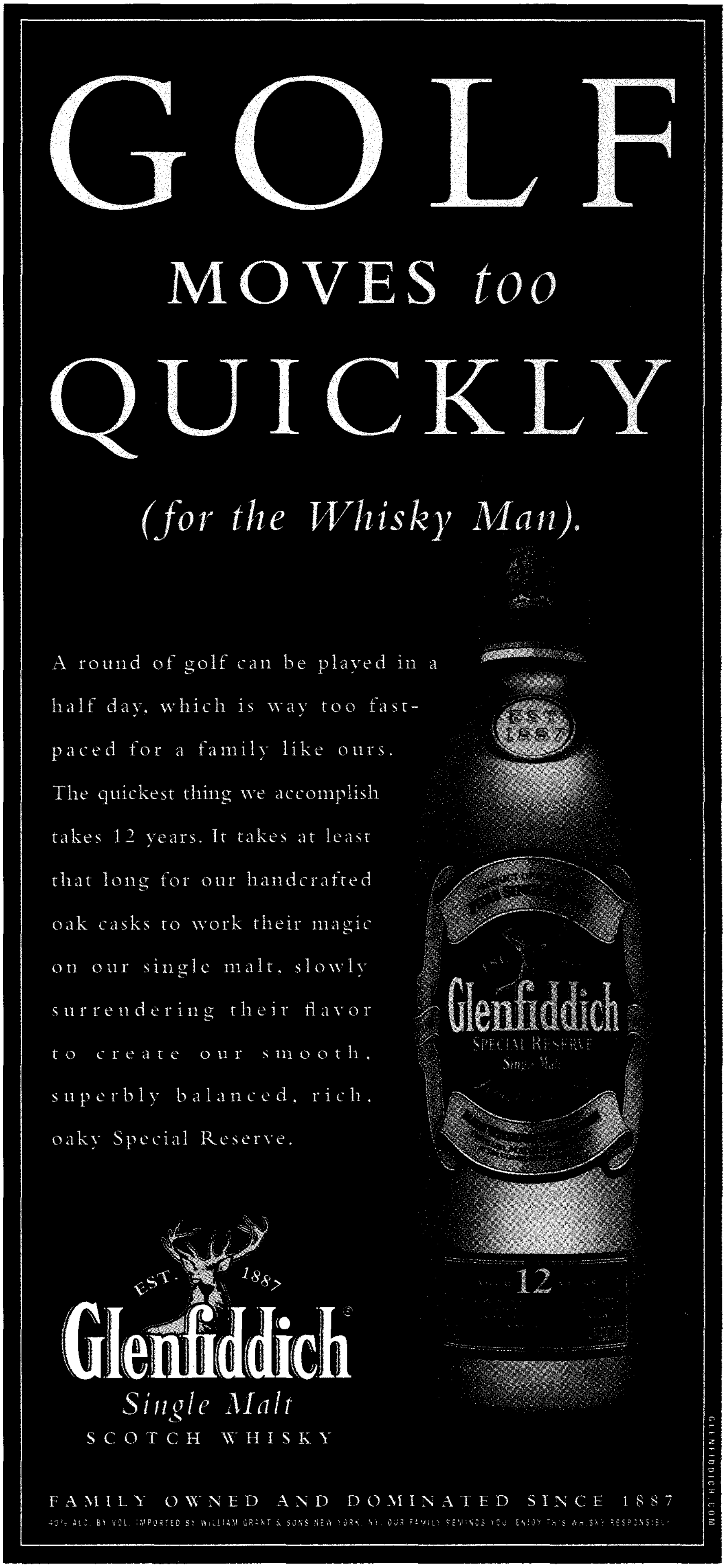

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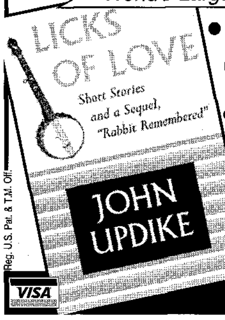

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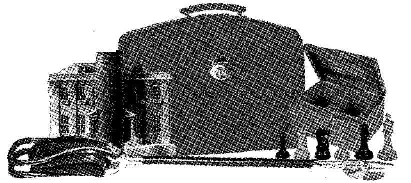

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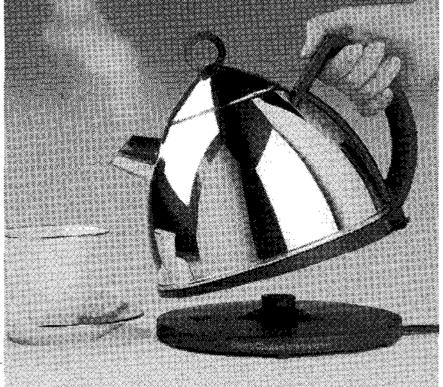

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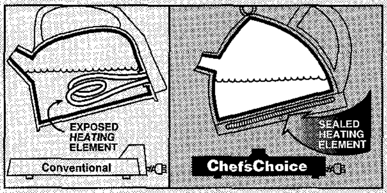

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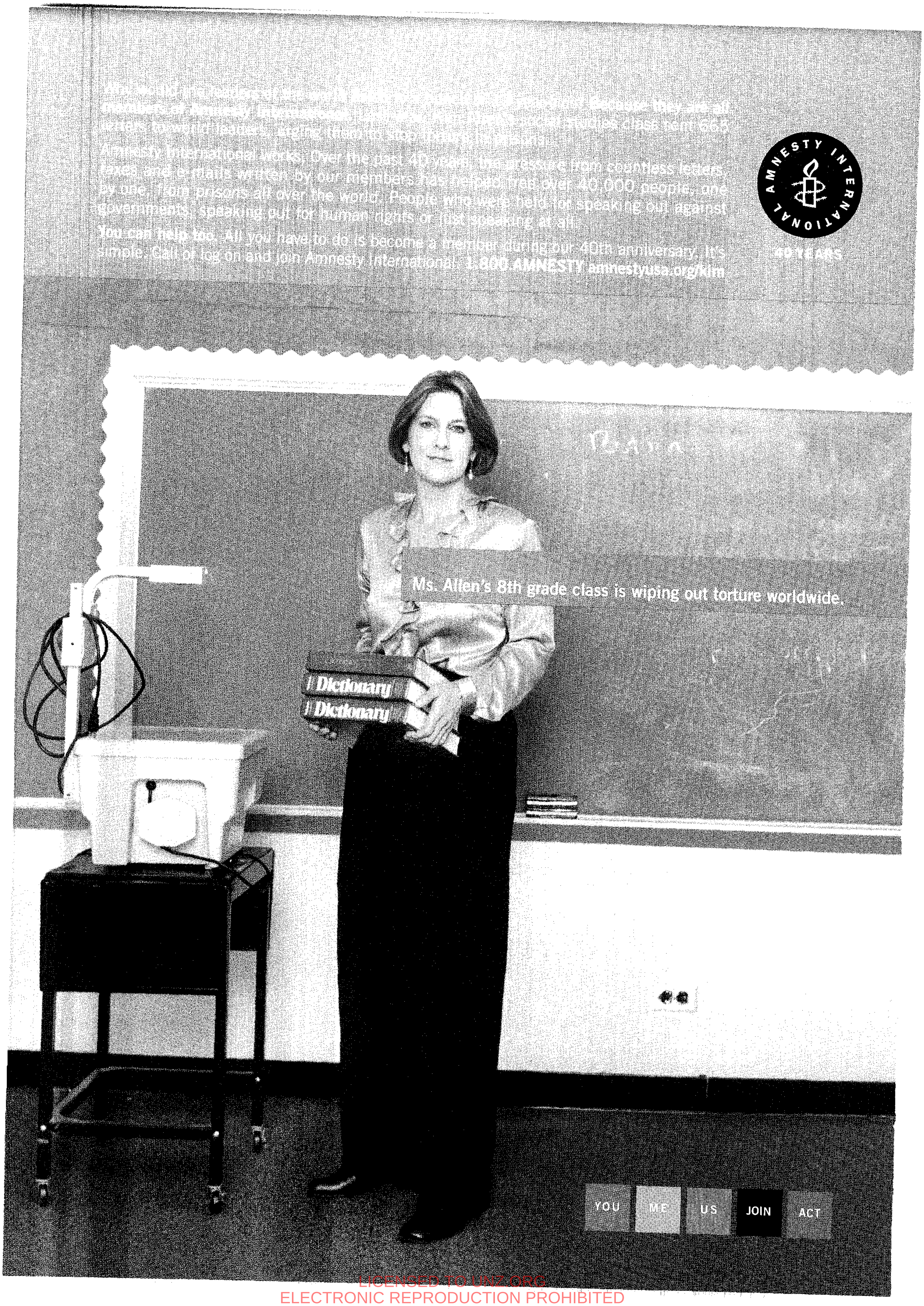
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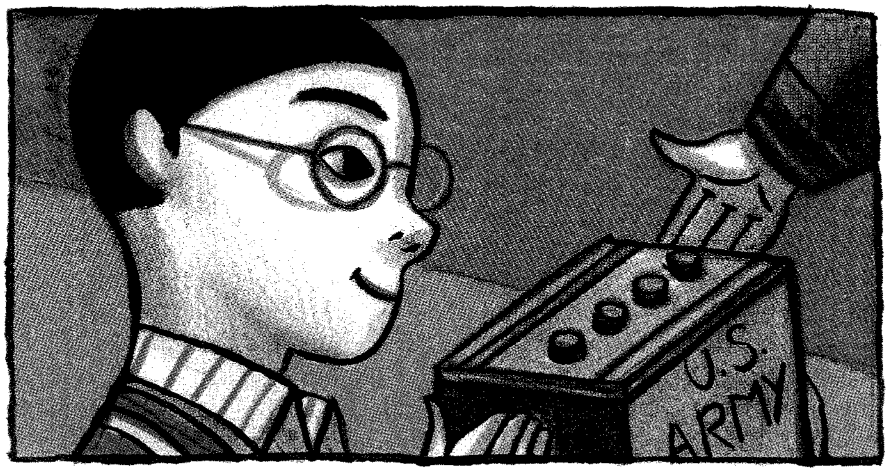


LORENZO MATTOTTI

Early in the summer of 1949, four years after Japan had lost the war, my teacher and I stepped fearfully through the gates of the United States military base in our region of Shikoku Island. I was fourteen years old, and had won an essay contest for students chosen from the region's middle schools, which was co-sponsored by the American Occupation and by bureaucrats in the Japanese Ministry of Culture. It was a day of firsts for me: in the G.I. canteen, I ate hamburger served between round slices of bread; an American who must have been a language officer praised my essay; and I was awarded two ponderous, Army-issue batteries.

After the war, our teachers had persisted in asking us why we thought Japan had been defeated. There was only one correct answer to this question: because we were not scientific enough. These were the same teachers whose question, until recently, had been "What would we do if His Majesty the Emperor commanded us to die?" The correct answer to that one: we would die—we would commit hara-kiri and die.

I resented this unvarying litany, and when we were asked, for the essay contest, to write on the topic "How is science useful to us?" I rebelled. "Science will enable us to win the next war," I argued. I was summoned to the teachers' room. The compositions by the students who had been asked to compete at my school, in the village of Ose, were to have been sent to the prefecture's selection committee, I was told. What if the Americans on the committee had seen my essay? There was no telling what sort of punishment would have been in store for everyone, starting with our principal. I was ordered to rewrite my essay. In the revised version, science would be used to make toys, not weapons, and would thus contribute to the happiness of the children of the world.

The hulking batteries I had won were duly installed in the school's science room, where they sat untouched. Until the blackout. On August 16th, the day after the anniversary of the defeat, a Japanese athlete performed well in a swimming championship held in Los Angeles. This was the first time since the end of the war that a Japanese had competed against Americans and won. The races on the second day of the meet were also broadcast, but it had been raining heavily since the night before and the power in our valley went out. The principal asked the science teacher if he could put those military batteries to work. With the entire school looking on, he hooked them up, and the radio exploded.

But this mishap was an inspiration to one of my friends, who was a science whiz. Assembling his buddies in the science room, he hooked the batteries up to every gauge and gadget he could find, filling the room with unfamiliar fireworks of sound and light. He pursued his research late into the night, and finally managed to set the room on fire.

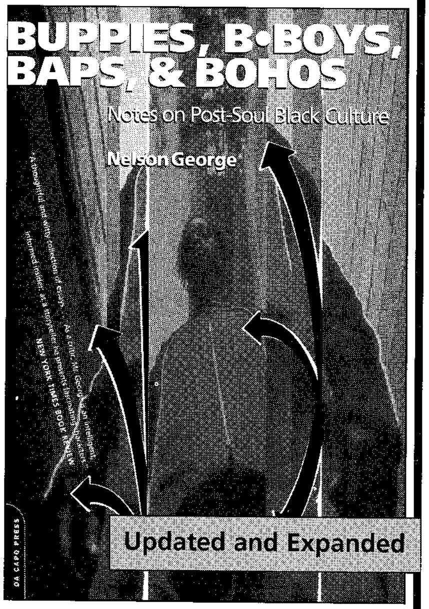
Reprimanded by the principal, my friend ran away from home and drowned in the swollen waters of the river that runs through our valley. When representatives of the school appeared at his funeral, his mother confronted them. "For a lousy battery!" she cried. Had her child deserved to die for some mischief with a battery? Her bitterness cut through me. It was I, after all, who had brought the batteries to our village.

My friend's mother seemed to have lost her mind. For a time, she would stand at the village intersection and loudly declare her intention to dig up the hunting guns that the men had hidden in the forest after the war and turn them on the school and the police station. One day she failed to appear, and we never saw her again.

If this incident revealed anything, it was the odd intransigence of our own culture in its encounter with another (America, in the form of two military batteries). Still, that piteous yet comic outcry—"For a lousy battery!"—has resounded at the back of my mind more than once during the half century since it was uttered. I have heard its echo in Japan's rapid climb to affluence, and I hear it in the hard economic times that have befallen us now. ♦

*Translated, from the Japanese, by John Nathan.*

"A pure joy to read."*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POPULAR CHRONICLES

# ART FOR EVERYBODY

*How Thomas Kinkade turned painting into big business.*

BY SUSAN ORLEAN

One recent sultry afternoon, inside the Bridgewater Commons mall, in central New Jersey, across from The Limited, down the hall from a Starbucks, next door to the Colorado Pen Company, and just below Everything Yogurt, a woman named Glenda Parker was making a priceless family heirloom for a young couple and their kid. This was taking place in the Thomas Kinkade Signature Gallery, a plush and flatteringly illuminated, independently owned, branded distribution channel for the art-based products of America's most profitable artist, Thomas Kinkade. The young couple were from a moderately priced gated community not far from the mall, and they were bashful and pleased because they had never bought a family heirloom before. Also, they had never bought a painting before. Actually, they still hadn't bought a painting, since what they were buying was not a painting per se but a fifteen-hundred-dollar lithographic reproduction of a Thomas Kinkade painting, printed on textured-brushstroke canvas with an auto-pen Kinkade signature in the lower right-hand corner.

This was not an ordinary day at the gallery: it was a Master Highlighter Event, a two-day guest appearance by one of Kinkade's specially trained assistants, who would highlight any picture bought during the event for free. Highlighting a picture is not that different from highlighting your hair: it entails stippling tiny bright dots of paint on the picture to give it more texture and luminescence. The customer could sit with the highlighter and watch the process, and even make requests—for a little more pink in the rosebushes, say, or a bit more green on the trees. Some highlighters—Glenda was one—would even let the customers dab some paint on the picture themselves, so it would be truly one-of-a-kind.

"Is this your first Kinkade?" Glenda asked the young woman. They were sitting in front of a large easel, on which the couple's picture had been propped. Beside Glenda was a digital kitchen timer, which she had set for the highlighting time limit of fifteen minutes, and a Lucite palette heaped with small blobs of oil paint.

"Yes," the woman said. "It's our first."

"Well, congratulations," Glenda said. She smiled warmly.

"My grandmother just passed away," the young woman said. "The money she left for me—it wasn't quite enough to invest, but I didn't want it to just disappear. My sister also inherited money from my grandmother, and she bought a Kinkade, too."

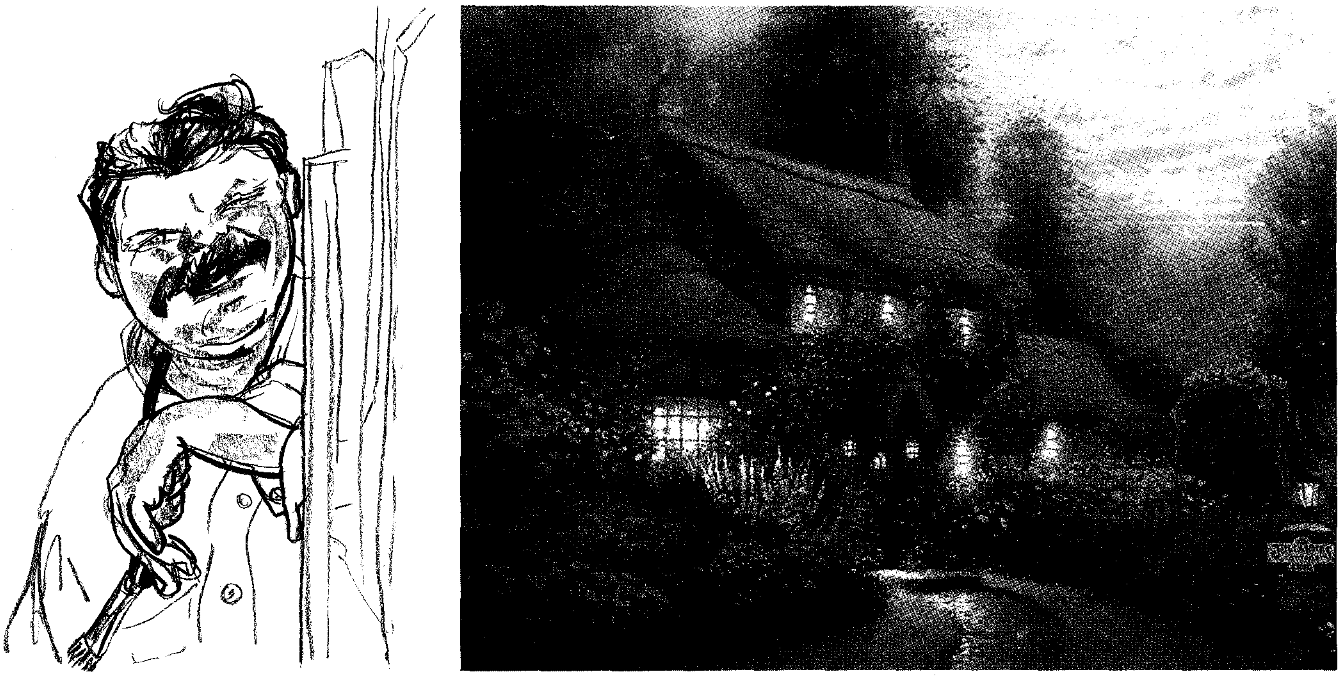
"Well, that's wonderful," Glenda said. "You picked a great one."

"I just wish I'd heard of him sooner," the young woman said, twisting a piece of her hair. "There are so many that I love now that are already sold out."

"Oh, yes, that does happen," Glenda said. She dotted some white paint on the underside of a cloud.

"I can't believe I never knew anything about Thomas Kinkade before this," the woman went on. "I had passed the gallery before, but I didn't really know anything about it or about how . . . *huge* he is. I mean, he's just this really huge thing! It's almost like a whole *world*."

The painting that the young couple bought was called "Evening Majesty." It is one of Kinkade's most popular images. It features mountains and quiet shadows and the purple cloak of sunset, but it could just as easily have featured a lavishly blooming garden at twilight, or maybe a babbling brook spanned by a quaint stone bridge, or a lighthouse after a storm; it's hard to distinguish one Kinkade from the next, because their effect is so unvarying—smooth and warm and romantic, not quite fantastical but not quite real, more of a wishful and inaccurate rendering of what the world looks like, as if painted by someone who hadn't been outside in a long time. In a Kinkade painting, if there is a bridge or a road or a gate (as there often is, since Kinkade likes visual devices that carry you into the picture frame) the bridge or the road or the gate is finely detailed, and the burr on the cobblestone or the grain in the brick is so precise it could have been drawn with a whisker. But every edge and corner is also slightly softened, as if someone had stuck it in an oven or left it in the sun. The effect is wee and precious—the cottages look as if they had been built out of cookie dough and roofed with butter cream, more suited to elves or mice than to human beings. Even big things, like the Golden Gate Bridge and the Yosemite Valley, look tiny and darling, like toys.



*Ten million people have bought Kinkade's art and "art-based" products; "Julianne's Cottage," one of Kinkade's limited editions.*

LEFT: PHILIP BURKE; RIGHT: © MEDIA ARTS GROUP, INC., MORGAN HILL, CA (1992)

Kinkade's paintings are filled with lampposts and windows and images of the sun, and the lampposts are always lit, the windows are always illuminated, the sun usually in a dramatic moment of rising or setting. Light is Kinkade's hallmark. His pictures have a weird glow even in dim settings. If you go to a Kinkade gallery, you will be taken into a special room where the picture you're interested in will be shown to you under bright light and then the light will be slowly turned down, and, as it gets darker, the dark areas of the painting will get lighter, an effect Kinkade has said is produced by layering the paint on the canvas. Kinkade has trademarked the slogan "Painter of Light," and receptionists at Media Arts Group, in California, the company that produces all Kinkade art-based products, answer the phone, "Thank you for sharing the light!"

By and large, art critics consider Thomas Kinkade a commercial hack whose work is mawkish and suspiciously fluorescent, and whose genius is not for art but for marketing—for creating an "editions pyramid" of his prints, each level up a little more expensive, which whips up collectors' appetites the way retiring Beanie Babies did. This view annoys Kinkade no end, and he will talk your ear off—even talk through the company's strictly enforced one-hour interview limit—about the ugliness and nihilism of modern art and its irrelevance compared to the life-affirming populism of his work. He will point out that he has built the largest art-based company in the history of the world, and that ten million people have purchased a Kinkade product, at one of three hundred and fifty Thomas Kinkade Signature Galleries that carry his limited-edition prints, or through his Web site, or at one of the five thousand retail outlets that sell Kinkade-licensed products, including cards, puzzles, mugs, blankets, books, La-Z-Boys, accessory pieces, calendars, and night-lights. Last year, Media Arts Group had a hundred and thirty-two million dollars in revenues. It has been traded—first on the Nasdaq, then on the New York Stock Exchange—since 1994, making Kinkade the only artist to be a small-cap equity issue. He owns thirty-seven per cent of the company, which makes him, by his calculations, one of the wealthiest artists in the world.

Kinkade is forty-three years old. He has short, brushy brown hair, a short, brushy brown mustache, a chest as broad as a beer keg, and a leisurely and booming laugh. If you see his paintings before you meet him, you might expect him to be wispy and pixie-like, but he is as brawny and good-natured as the neighborhood butcher. He has the buoyant self-assurance of someone who started poor and obscure but has always been sure he would end up rich and famous. He is so self-assured that he predicts it's just a matter of time before the art world comes around to appreciating him. In fact, he bet me a million dollars that a major museum will hold a Thomas Kinkade retrospective in his lifetime.

What Thomas Kinkade's fans will tell you about his paintings is that they are much more than just *paintings*—overlooking, of course, the irony that they are also much less than paintings, since they are really just reproductions. Anyway, they will tell you that Kinkade pictures are an emotional experience. People get attached to them in a profound way. While I was at the highlighter event, I asked the gallery consultant—the person who can help you match a Kinkade to your sofa upholstery—how she came to have her job, and she said that she had hung around the gallery so often that all concerned decided she just had to be given a job. Her name was Janice Schafer, and when she talked about Kinkade she was as animated as a jumping bean. "We actually *met* him!" she exclaimed. "It was such an *absolutely amazing* thing! He's even better than the way he is on QVC! A lot of times, the icon doesn't live up to the image, but he did. He really connects to people. He was so friendly when we met him. You never felt you were in the presence of genius, which you were, and you never felt you were in the presence of someone a lot more affluent than you, which he is." Suddenly, Glenda's timer buzzed. Janice peered over to examine "Evening Majesty."

"Oh, I love the way the smoke came out!" she said. "Oh, and look!" she said, pointing to the bottom corner of the picture. "She highlighted the puppy dog, too!" Everyone nodded. Janice went to help a customer choose a picture for his wife's birthday, and Glenda freshened her paints. She is one of thirty master highlighters. Her training involved a seven-day workshop followed by an exam testing her knowledge of the paintings and how to highlight them, and her knowledge of Kinkade himself: his birthday, the names of his children, where he met his wife, details of his childhood—in other words, the sort of intimate tidbits that could be sprinkled into the conversation during the highlighting, and that would make people feel they were getting not merely a reproduction of a painting but a chance to connect with Thomas Kinkade. Glenda said she had been highlighting for almost a year. During the week, she works in a gift shop in California, and two or three weekends a month she travels to a gallery event. Her dream is to travel with Kinkade to Europe and do gallery events there. Currently, there are signature galleries in Canada, England, and Scotland; the company plans to expand throughout Europe and then take on Japan. She said that while she is highlighting, customers tell her about their lives and often about some sadness they feel is lifted when they look at Kinkade's work. "I get a lot of cancer survivors," she said. "I meet a lot of people who have just lost someone. I send the most special stories I hear back to Thom."

Another customer plunked down in the chair next to Glenda. She reset her timer for fifteen minutes. "I'm getting 'Hometown something,' " the customer said. "I already have 'Hometown something else.' What is it? 'Hometown Morning,' 'Hometown Evening,' I don't know."

"You're building a great portfolio," Janice Schafer said. "They're nice investments. And this one's almost sold out. And they do have a history of appreciation. We have some secondary-market pieces here. This one, 'Julianne's Cottage,' was released for a few hundred dollars in 1992, and now it's thirty-seven hundred and thirty dollars."

"Well, I like the one I'm getting," the customer said. "It's like a picture of some tightly knit neighborhood where everything is well and everyone is friendly to each other. It's nice."

"It would be nice with this one, too," Janice said, pointing to another piece hanging across the gallery. She admired it for a moment and then clasped her hands and said, "You know, he's like a national treasure."

Not only the highlighters but the gallery staff, the Media Arts receptionists, even the people who build the frames and stretch the canvases know Kinkade's biography by heart: that he was raised in Placerville, California; that his father left home when Thomas was five; that his mother told him he would be the man of the family. That he was good at everything he tried—math, civics, and especially drawing—and that when he was about fourteen he set up a little concession selling his drawings for two dollars each, and that every time he sold one he would marvel at how he could make money on something that had taken him only fifteen minutes to do. That he went to what he jokingly calls "a nice little conservative Christian school," Berkeley, and left after two years to attend the Art Center College of Design, in Pasadena. That when he was twenty he experienced a Christian awakening, and that it changed his art—it stopped being about his fears and anxieties and became optimistic and inspirational, with themes like home towns and perfect days and natural beauty, and millions of people

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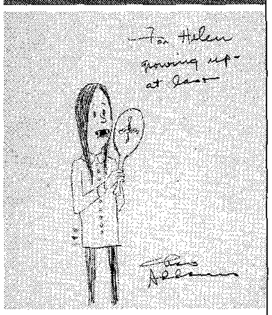
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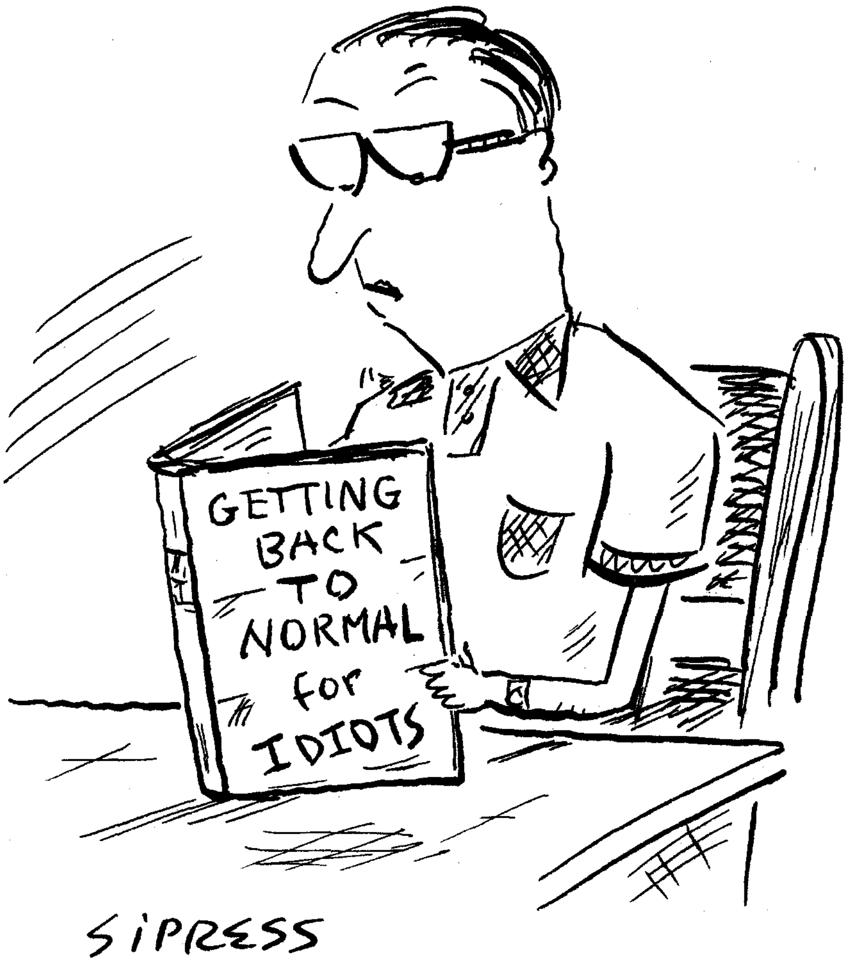
responded. It's as good a story as you could hope for if you want to make a point about perseverance and pulling yourself up by your bootstraps and appreciating life's bounty; even the bad parts of the story are good, because it's easier not to begrudge Kinkade his fortune when you are reminded that he was a poor kid who had to struggle, who rejected the smarty-pants liberal establishment to follow his heart, and who is proud of having earned his way into the ultimate American aristocracy of successful entrepreneurs.

Kinkade's commercial awakening occurred in 1989, when he formed Lightpost Publishing with a business partner, Ken Raasch. His paintings were selling well, but he decided that he wanted "to engulf as many hearts as possible with art," a goal that would be hindered by selling only original work. Instead, Kinkade opened a chain of galleries and began producing high-quality digital reproductions of his paintings on specially treated paper, which sold for a few hundred dollars each. A digital image could also be soaked in water, peeled off the paper, and affixed to a stretched canvas, so that it showed the texture of the canvas the way a real painting would. These canvas transfers could be sold as they were, or they could be accented with paint by a master highlighter or by a special apprentice to Kinkade ("Studio Proofs" and "Renaissance Editions") or by Kinkade himself ("Masters Editions"); the transfers now fetch anywhere from fifteen hundred dollars for the standard numbered editions to thirty-four thousand dollars for the prints that Kinkade highlighted himself. The originals were no longer for sale at any price, and the number of each edition was restricted, and the image was "suspended" once it was sold out.

In 1994, Kinkade was named Artist of the Year by the National Association of Limited Edition Dealers, and the demand for his pictures was growing so fast that he was able to take his company public. *Business Week* named it one of the "hot growth" companies of 1995. A Kinkade picture had become "collectible"—one of the countless items valued not just for their own merits but for their supposed rarity and potential to appreciate because they have been intentionally produced in a restricted quantity. According to a 1999 survey, the collectibles market is worth an estimated ten billion dollars a year. The market includes limited-edition Boyds Bears, which are costumed Teddies; and Adam Binder's Fruit Faeries, which are marble-powder-and-resin creatures with names like Humble Umhalubhala the Apple Faerie; and the "Ebony Visions" sculptures of Thomas Blackshear, who describes his work as Afro-Nouveau; and a series called "Just the Right Shoe," which are miniature right shoes in different styles, made by an artist who calls herself Raine; and all varieties of dolls and unicorn figures and paperweights and Olszewski Miniatures and Cameo Girls vases and Snowbabies and Precious Moments moppets and Steinbach limited-edition nutcrackers, and, of course, Hummel figurines.

There are scores of limited-edition painters in addition to Kinkade, and they account for some seven hundred million dollars of the collectibles market each year. They include every sort of landscape and still-life painter, and wildlife and marine-life painter, and Christian-themed painter, and sports painter (and at least one multidimensional painter, Arnold Friberg, whose subject matter is described on one Web site as ranging from "the Bible to American football"). Kinkade is not the only multimillionaire among the limited-edition artists: Bev Doolittle, whose art is described by dealers as whimsical, mystical, and spiritual, has sold sixty million dollars' worth of prints in the last decade; Wyland ("the world's premier ocean artist") has sold more than fifty million dollars' worth of whale pictures; Terry Redlin, according to *Time* magazine, sells twenty million dollars' worth of Americana images each year. Like Kinkade, Redlin has stopped selling his originals. He now displays them in the Redlin Art Center, in Watertown, South Dakota, which opened in 1997 and drew four hundred thousand visitors in its first six months. According to the museum's Web site, "Certainly no one would disagree that Terry's artwork, which holds such a special place in the homes and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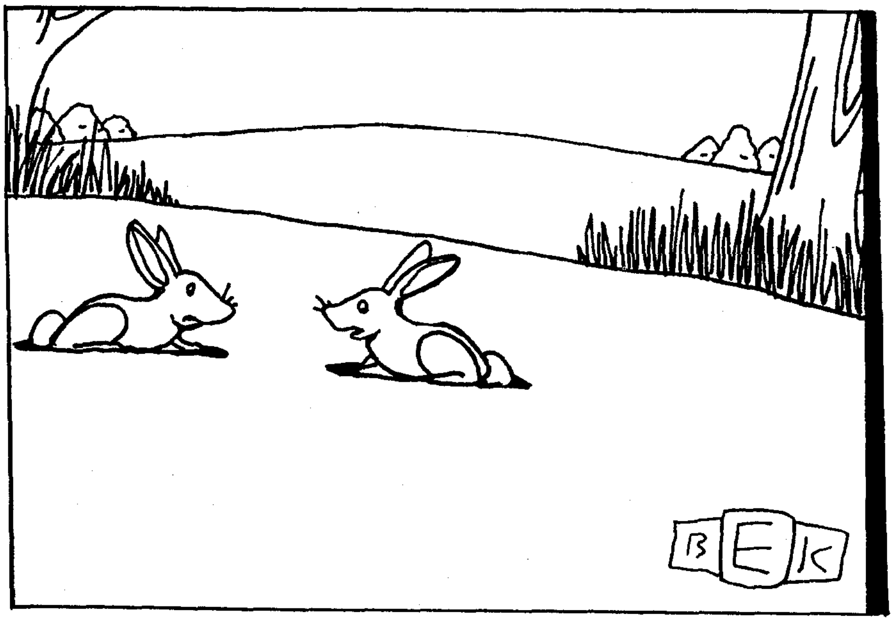


*"I don't know why I know all this useless carrot trivia."*

hearts of so many Americans, should be preserved in a public setting." Redlin's limited editions—"Affordable Decorator Art by Terry Redlin," as one dealer advertises it—are available instead, although only just available. Because they are expensive and might "sell out," the prints seem more precious than ordinary reproductions that are issued in unlimited quantity.

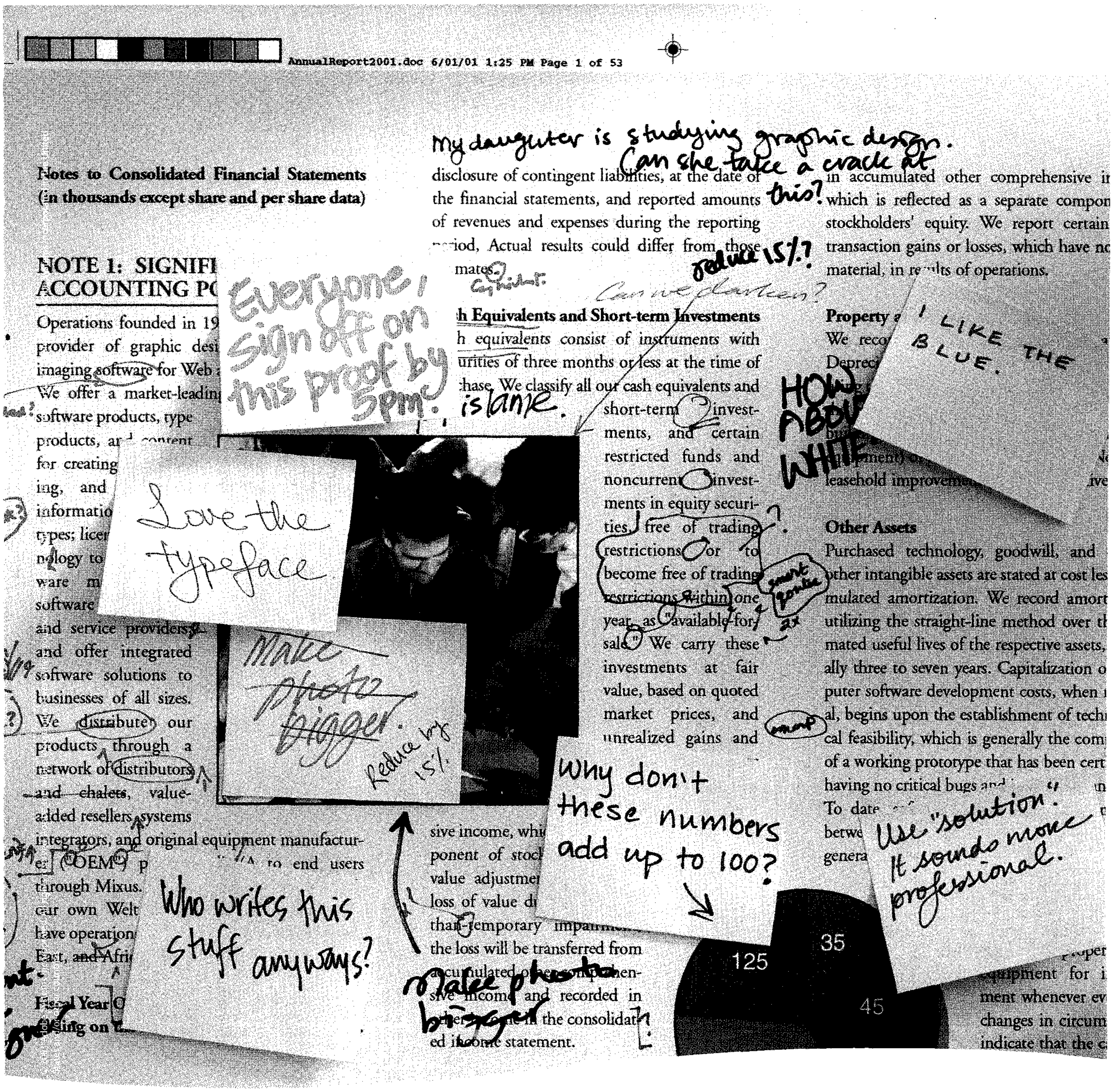
People like to own things they think are valuable, and they are titillated by the prospect that the things they own might be even more valuable than they thought. The high price of limited editions is part of their appeal: it implies that they are choice and exclusive, and that only a certain class of people will be able to afford them—a limited edition of people with taste and discernment. "I created a system of marketing compatible with American art," Kinkade said to me recently. "I believe in 'aspire to' art. I want my work to be available but not common. I want it to be a dignified component of everyday life. It's good to dream about things. It's like dreaming of owning a Rolex—instead, you dream about owning a seventy-five-thousand-dollar print." In fact, a lot of limited-edition art is about dreaming; so many of the paintings portray wistful images of a noble and romantic past that never was, or the anti-intellectual innocence of fairies and animals, or mythical heroes who can never fail and never fade.

Last May, I visited the Media Arts Group headquarters, in a plain brown building in a commercial district near the San Jose airport. Inside, the office had the décor that characterizes all the Thomas Kinkade Signature Galleries: the furniture was plump and chintz-covered, and the walls were a soothing forest green, and a gas flame in the fireplace lapped at a ceramic log, so that whether you were in a mall in central New Jersey or an industrial park in Northern California, you would feel you had entered Thomas Kinkade's world, where it is always a dusky autumn evening in a small but prosperous English town. The day I visited was actually hot, dry, and blindingly bright, the height of spring in the middle of Silicon Valley, and dust from airport construction gave the air a blurry glow. I had come at a lively moment for Media Arts: the company had recently launched a new chain of stores called the Masters of Light Galleries, featuring three artists whose work had been selected from the more than two thousand who applied. The Masters of Light Galleries are part of a plan to diversify Media Arts Group, because stock analysts have worried about the company's reliance on one charismatic figure and about the possibility that Kinkade's popularity has crested and will inevitably ebb, his paintings going the way of so many collectibles before them. "Analysts are fascinated by the company," Craig Fleming, the Media Arts C.E.O., explained. (Fleming has since left Media Arts.) "But they were never excited about the company based on just Thom. Now, with the diversification, they're starting to do due diligence and pay attention to the stock."

Fleming is not an art guy. He was a sales guy who came to Media Arts after twenty-five years of working for nutritional-product companies, home-party businesses, and the Kirby vacuum-cleaning company. He said that when he first got to Media Arts he would go around asking "What's our No. 1 product?" and would then supply the answer himself: "Our No. 1 product is the Thomas Kinkade business opportunity!" In 1998, shortly after he took over, the stock price pitched downward, suffering from the industry's weakness, the company's overexpansion, and Wall Street's coolness toward small-cap companies. Fleming oversaw the sale of most company-owned galleries; all but two Thomas Kinkade galleries are now owned by franchisees. According to a recent quarterly report, the company also developed "a new retail promotional event involving appearances by Thomas Kinkade at selected Galleries which substantially reduced the decline in same store sales, increased product pull-through, lowered retail inventory, improved accounts receivable and strengthened our cash position." In other words, wherever Kinkade appears, customers buy pictures.

"Thom will go to a gallery, and twenty-five hundred people will show up," Fleming said. "He speaks for about thirty minutes, and afterward they come up to him and talk. It's very emotional, some of them are crying and saying, 'Here's how you have affected me.' " He paused and then gestured toward a large Kinkade hanging in his office. "We believe that the walls of the home are the new frontier for branding. Thom always says that there are forty walls in the average home. Our job is to fill them."

Last month, Taylor Woodrow Homes and Media Arts Group opened The Village, a Thomas Kinkade Community, a gated development in Vallejo, California. According to promotional material, it is a "magical community" featuring "mean-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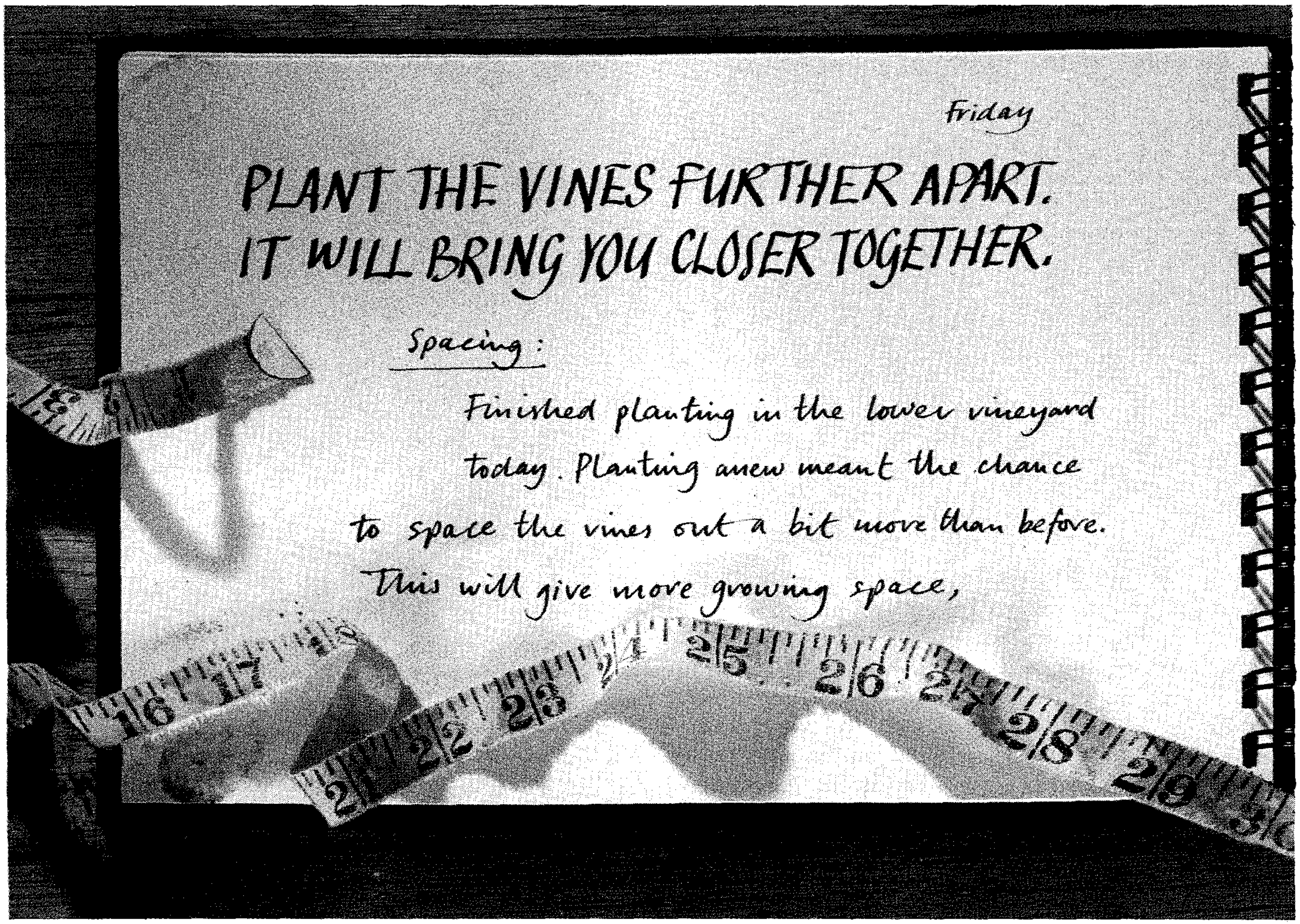
dering sidewalks, benches and water features, which are designed to enrich homeowners' lives with endless visual surprises and delights." There are four house models available, and they are named after Kinkade's four daughters—Chandler, Merritt, Everett, and Winsor—and will be priced from four hundred thousand dollars up.

Thomas Kinkade lives in a large handsome house in a magical suburban community the name of which I am not at liberty to disclose. It is easy to understand his wish for privacy: ten million people own some product featuring his name, and most editions are signed with ink containing DNA from his hair or blood, to prevent fakes. He likes to say he has a retro—"but not Amish"—life style. His children are homeschooled by his wife, Nanette, and they don't watch television, but he owns "a hell of a lot of stuff, a nice car and so forth." He works in an old stone cottage on the grounds of his house. The cottage is filled with his favorite paintings: an original by his idol, Norman Rockwell; a seascape by Glenn Wessels, who taught him art when he was a teen-ager; a pastel by his father, an amateur artist who, according to Kinkade, never made anything of his life. In the main room of the cottage are easels, shelves of reference books, and a high-tech color-balanced lighting system that provides the constant effect of overcast midday sun. At the time, Kinkade was working on a painting of two horses grazing in the yard of a trim stone cottage. The horses weren't finished yet, and next to the easel he had pinned a photograph of a horse which appeared to have been torn out of a cigarette ad. The room was clean and orderly and didn't smell of turpentine or brush cleaner.

"I have this certain ability to have in my mind an image that means something to real people," he said, sitting on a sofa across the room from the easels. "The No. 1 quote critics give me is 'Thom, your work is irrelevant.' Now, that's a fascinating, fascinating comment. Yes, irrelevant to the little subculture, this *microculture*, of modern art. But here's the point: My art is relevant because it's relevant to ten million people. That makes me the most relevant artist in this culture, not the least. Because I'm relevant to real people." He sat up and started to laugh. "I remember that quote, man! It was a great quote! It was 'The Louvre is full of dead pictures by dead artists.' And you know, that's the dead art we don't want anything to do with!" He laughed again and slapped his thighs. "We're the art of life, man! We're bringing the life back to art!"

The door of his studio opened and a slight blond girl walked in. "Daddy, how do you spell 'schedule'?"

"That's an important question," Kinkade said. "S-C-H-E-D-U-L-E, honey." The girl drifted out of the room. "The fact is we have a grassroots movement emerging in my art and in the country, and there's ten million people out there that if I give the word will go out and picket any museum I want them to," he went on. "I won't give the word, but they're dying to have an art of dignity within our


Friday
PLANT THE VINES FURTHER APART.
IT WILL BRING YOU CLOSER TOGETHER.
Spacing:
Finished planting in the lower vineyard today. Planting anew meant the chance to space the vines out a bit more than before. This will give more growing space,
16 17 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29

culture, an art of relevance to them. Look at someone like Robert Rauschenberg. What's his Q rating? How many people have his art? A hundred? Where is the million-seller art? What about the craftsmanship of expression?"

I asked him why he even cared how the art establishment viewed him, since it hadn't had any effect on his work.

"It's irritating," he said. He cocked his head and grinned. "I'm thinking of starting this program of loaning a few of my paintings to some of these critics and let them live with them for a year or two and see what they think then. Because art really grows as you live with it. See, I have faith in the heart of the average person. People find hope and comfort in my paintings. I think showing people the ugliness of the world doesn't help it. I think pointing the way to light is deeply contagious and satisfying. I would want to argue that I'm not an antagonist to modernists. I just believe in picture-making for people. I'm a firebrand. I will sit down and debate the grand tradition with anyone. I am really the most controversial artist in the world."

I asked him what he would have done with his life if he hadn't become a painter. "What would I have done?" he repeated, gazing across the room. "I would have probably become a motivational speaker."

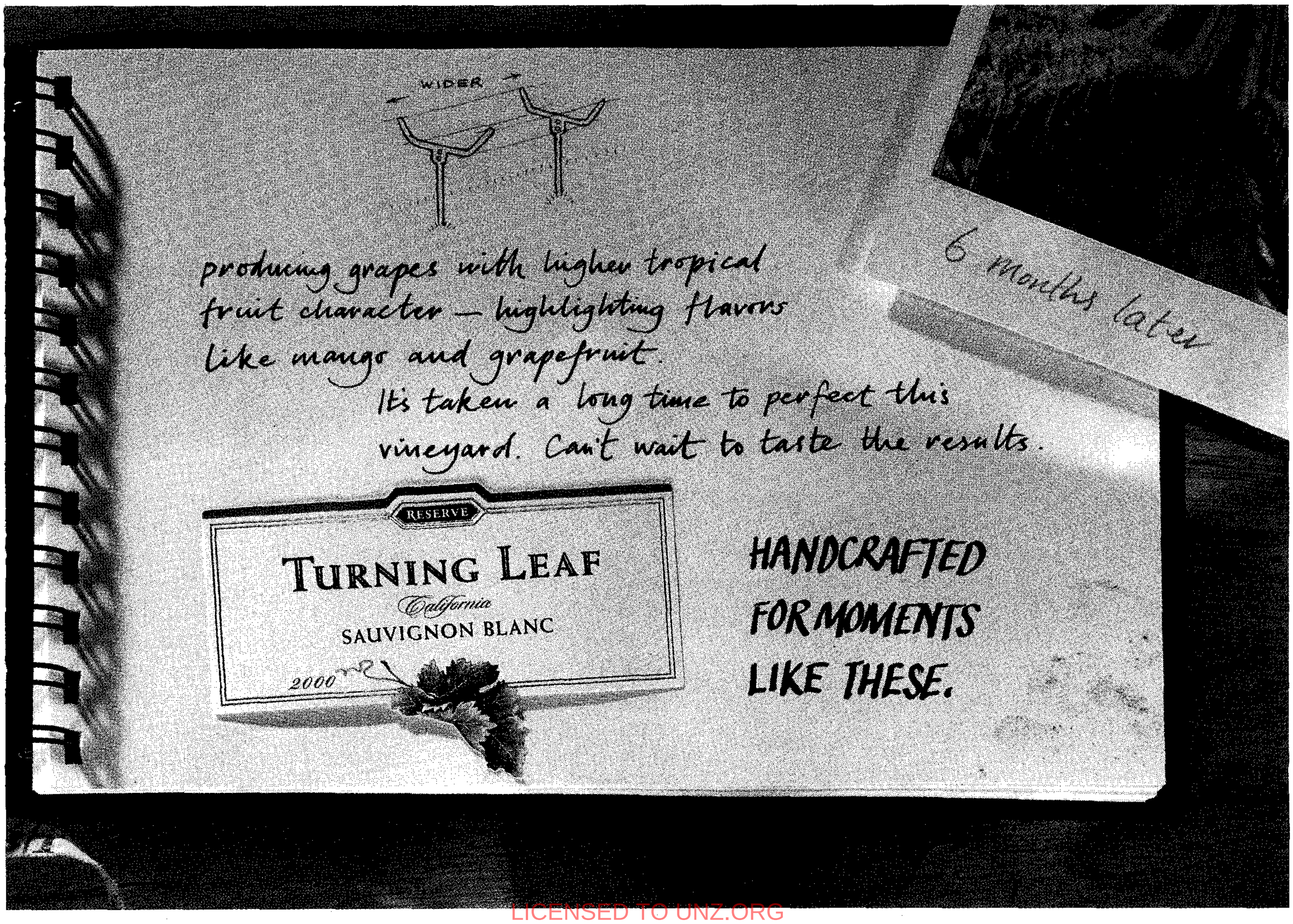
When I was in the gallery in Bridgewater, I wandered into the stockroom. I had toured the manufacturing area of Media Arts in California and had watched a crew of Hispanic workers peel images off wet paper and smooth them onto canvases and then slide them onto racks like pies set out to cool. Now, in the Bridgewater stockroom, I came across a stack of boxes fresh from the factory, with the names of the pictures scribbled on the side: one "Light in the Storm," one "Clearing Storms," two "Conquering the Storms," and one "Sea of Tranquility."

By then, it was midday. Several more paintings had been highlighted and taken away by their owners; Glenda was now sitting with a man and a woman, meek and awkward, their new painting, "Clocktower Cottage," on the highlighting stand.

"Is this your first Kinkade?" Glenda asked. They nodded. "Well, congratulations. Let me tell you a little about what is here. This is about the changes of time. You see, everything changes. The sky changes, and the clouds change, and life changes." They leaned in so that they could follow Glenda's finger as she pointed to details in the picture. "Do you see this?" she asked, resting her finger on the clocktower. "Here the clock says five-o-two, which is Thom and Nanette's wedding date. And here are the initials 'NK'—that's for his wife, that's how he honors her. It's his love language for her."

They were transfixed now. Glenda took a brush and dipped it in the green paint, and then with quick, short strokes dappled the underside of a tree. It was just a touch, but the tree suddenly stood out from the other trees, and it seemed newly bright and full.

"Wow!" the man said. He glanced at his wife and then back at the picture. "I hadn't even noticed that before." ♦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producing grapes with higher tropical fruit character — highlighting flavors like mango and grapefruit.
It's taken a long time to perfect this vineyard. Can't wait to taste the results.
6 months later
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TURNING LEAF
California
SAUVIGNON BLANC
2000
HANDCRAFTED FOR MOMENTS LIKE THESE.

AMERICAN ENCOUNTER BY HÉCTOR TOBAR

# BOOK LEARNING

In 1962, my father immigrated with my mother to the United States from Gualán, a Guatemalan village of five thousand or so people, where men wore machetes dangling from their belts and women washed their laundry in the nearby Motagua River. He began his new life working as a busboy at a Hollywood cafeteria, but he soon got a job as a valet at the Beverly Hilton Hotel; from there, he made his way up the ranks. By the nineteen-seventies, he was the king of the hotel—its all-powerful front-office manager. Billionaires turned to him for help when they wanted to book a room for their mistresses. A Saudi prince requiring a palatial suite had to seek my father's assistance. He knew the most eccentric whims of such celebrities as Walt Disney, Tiny Tim, and Frank Sinatra (an exemplary tipper).

When I was an awkward thirteen-year-old, my father gave me a paperback that distilled the secret of his success in the United States into a few simple principles. "Everything you need to know is in here," he told me. The book was Dale Carnegie's "How to Win Friends and Influence People," the quintessential American self-help manual, which was first published in 1936. For a year or so, I carried it around, memorizing its odd parables about salesmen, prime ministers, and presidents. One section in particular, "Fundamental Techniques in Handling People," helped me to understand my father's mastery of the congenial rapport of the Beverly Hilton, with its palm-shaded swimming pools, deep carpets, and high-ceilinged lobby (which, to my eyes, was primarily a marble arena for women draped in fur and men in tuxedos). But the book was filled with practical imperatives: "Remember that a person's name is to that person the sweetest and most important sound in any language." Or: "Don't criticize, condemn or complain."

Today, I can see, with the clarity of an additional decade or two, what Dale Carnegie was really doing. Whether or not he knew it, he was teaching Americans how to be more Latin—how to conduct themselves with the grace and *toque humano* that comes naturally to Guatemalan provincials. My father didn't need Carnegie's reminder to "smile" (Principle No. 2 of "Six Ways to Make People Like You") or to "make the other person feel important—and do it sincerely" (Principle No. 6). He had learned those lessons in his hometown. In Guatemala, when you step into someone's home, he greets you with an embrace, feeds you (even if he doesn't have much to eat himself), and peppers the conversation with polite titles such as *don* or *licenciado* or *capitán*. A good *guatemalteco* is always late for his next appointment, because he feels too obliged to his hosts to say goodbye, and because in his Latin heart he knows that time spent in good company is more rewarding than punctuality. "How to Win Friends and Influence People" was merely a codification of what my father already knew.

I remember tagging along with him one Saturday, when I was about eleven years old. He cut a dashing figure in those days, resplendent in a dark suit with shiny tie clips and cufflinks—a Mayan Ricky Ricardo. I trailed in the wake of his cologne as he embraced the shoe-shine men, flirted with the round, shy Mexican maids, shook hands with the bellhops and asked them about their cars, their mothers, their girlfriends. A linebacker from the Los Angeles Rams wandered past. (The team always stayed at the hotel on the night before a home game.) "Mr. Robertson, is everything O.K. in your room?" my father asked—never mind that he despised football, which he saw as the epitome of American coarseness.

I grew older without mastering the Carnegie creed. I was more taken with another book that my father had given me, Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle," which he had read while earning his high-school diploma at an adult-education school. The dark shadings of Sinclair's turn-of-the-century Chicago were more in tune with my melancholy disposition, I suppose.

The other day, I took my father to a book fair in Los Angeles, where I read from my first novel, a sort of "Jungle" reset in a Los Angeles underworld of homeless immigrants. In the authors' greenroom, my father spotted a swarthy man standing over the croissants at the complimentary buffet. "*Mire*," my father said in Spanish. "It's Deepak Chopra! Let's go say hello." He walked quickly toward Chopra, with a self-confidence reaffirmed, no doubt, by "The Seven Spiritual Laws of Success." They talked as if they were fast friends: "Deepak, this is my son. He's a writer too. . ." Dale Carnegie and Latin charm had long ago taken my father as far as he could go in corporate America. When we drove home, he explained the importance of Chopra's call to "acceptance" while we waited for traffic to thin out on the Santa Monica Freeway. "Everything you need to know," he told me, "is in that book." ♦

LORENZO MATTOTTI

TO GO DEEP INTO THE NORTH SLOPE WHERE THE OIL IS, YOU NEED A LOT OF HEAVY EQUIPMENT AND, OF COURSE, A ROAD TO RUN IT ON. SO WE USE THE WATER AND ICE ALREADY THERE TO BUILD ONE. BUT LONG BEFORE THAT, WE USE INFRARED TECHNOLOGY NORMALLY USED TO MONITOR PIPELINES TO LOOK FOR POLAR BEAR DENS. AND WHEN WE DO FIND THEM, WE GO ELSEWHERE, LEAVING MOTHERS AND CUBS SNUG IN THEIR BEDS. IN FOUR MONTHS, THE CUBS VENTURE OUT. THE ICE ROAD MELTS. IT'S SPRING IN ALASKA AGAIN. AND IT'S LIKE WE'VE NEVER BEEN THERE AT ALL. | phillips66.com

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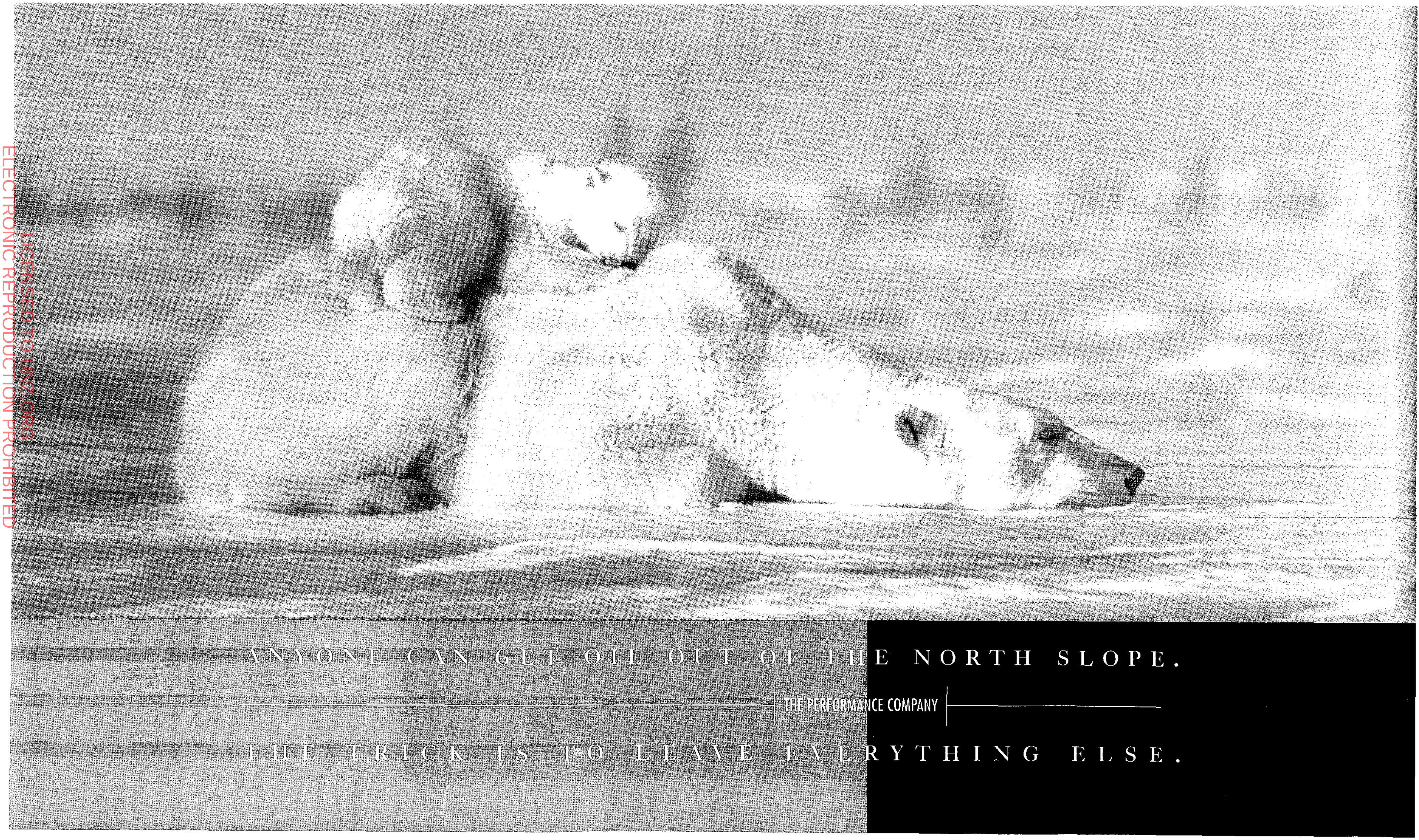
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# winter breaks

BY PAUL BURNHAM FINNEY

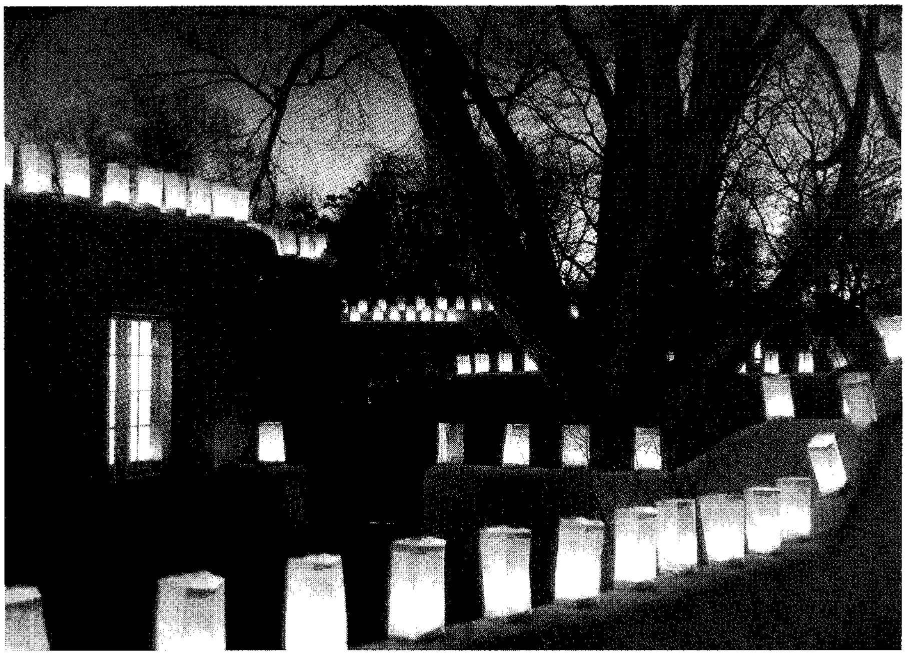
If there's any compensating balance to the rocky world economy, it's the fact that now you can travel in the relative lap of luxury for relatively little. Fall and winter rates look more enticing than they have at any time in the past decade.

"The slowing economy is making travel a consumer's market," says William S. Norman, president and CEO of the Travel Industry Association of America (TIA). "Especially when you fly. Not only are rock-bottom airfares available on major carriers, but some airlines are eliminating the exasperating Saturday-night layover as a requirement for discounted tickets." TIA vice-president Dexter Koehl adds: "You can also now find $300 hotel rooms that go for $189 or less."

In the face of recent events, we seem to have pulled together not only as Americans, but as citizens of the world, with a staunch determination not to be deterred from our prior activities, including the right of free and unencumbered travel. "Like the instinct for joy after sorrow and movement after rest, travel is part of our genetic code—and altogether irrepressible in our souls," says *Travel + Leisure* editor-in-chief Nancy Novogrod in an upcoming editorial.

With travel an important component of "getting back to normal," sojourns close to home can serve to renew our sense of patriotism and bonds with family and friends, while journeys to more far-off climes can be restorative. So where's a great getaway for a winter break that's both different and a deal?

Rediscover a favorite city, bask in warming climes, relax après ski, and delight in the new, the friendly, and the unfamiliar.



© Danny Lehman/CORBIS

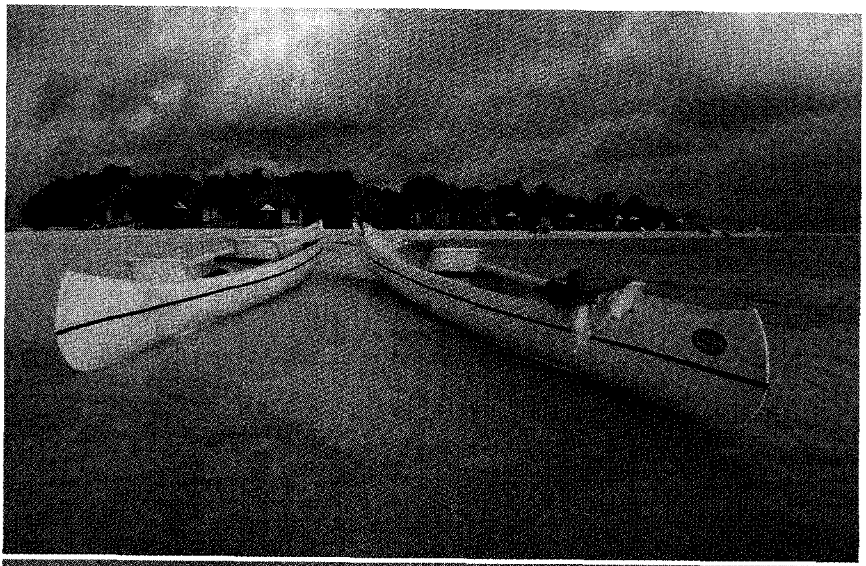
**LIGHTING THE WAY**

Traditional luminaria or *farolitos* decorate houses, streets, and churches throughout Santa Fe during Christmastime.

# FROM THE MALDIVES TO MEXICO

Along the Pacific Rim—and good through November—the upscale Banyan Tree Hotels & Resorts is slicing the prices of its villas in half in Thailand and Indonesia, cutting rates by thirty per cent in the Maldives, and offering a fifteen per cent discount on à la carte spa treatments and other special purchases at most of its properties.

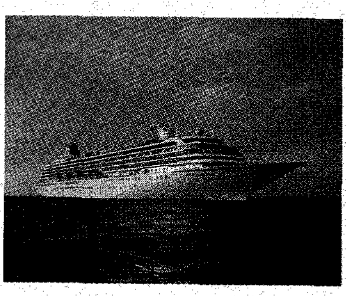
Crystal Cruises, named the "best large-ship cruise line" in last year's survey of *Condé Nast Traveler* readers, is offering nine alluring winter packages (four more in the fall of 2002) aboard the Crystal Harmony and the Crystal Symphony with savings of up to fifty per cent. The itineraries (most are nine to seventeen days) will take you on journeys that pass through the Panama Canal and cruise around the Caribbean (January 5th sailing from Fort Lauderdale), or around the tip of South America (February 25th from Buenos Aires). The Crystal Symphony's Fort Lauderdale to Los Angeles cruise (December 6th) will make a call in Costa Rica on December 14th for an optimal view of the solar eclipse. A visiting astronomer and special viewing equipment will be aboard. For those longing for a more extended respite, Crystal Cruises offers "Grand Pacific Circle," a hundred day cruise that visits ports on four continents.



courtesy of Banyan Tree Hotels & Resorts

**SERENITY AND SECLUSION AT HALF THE PRICE**
Sybaritic Banyan Tree Hotels & Resorts is slashing prices by fifty per cent at its resorts in Thailand and Indonesia.

If beaching, snorkeling, diving, or just lazing about in the Caribbean sun (perhaps with a spare copy of Nancy Milford's "Savage Beauty" in hand) is your idea of a winter break, fly to Cancún and then drive forty-five minutes south to Puerto Morelos, a fishing village on the so-called Mayan Riviera. An inviting place to stay is the secluded, colorful Ceiba del Mar Hotel & Spa, framed by the Yucatán jungle and the Caribbean. "Our remote location invites guests to disconnect from their lives," says owner and architect Luis Segura. When you've begun to tire of rocking in a hammock, book a therapeutic, pre-Hispanic, Temazcal herbal treatment in the spa that will bathe you in steam from hot volcanic rocks.



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## DOCKING DOWNTOWN

If you've cruised Europe's coastline from Amsterdam to Lisbon to Barcelona, or barged the canals of Burgundy and Provence, what's left on the continent's tangle of waterways? River cruises that last from days to weeks. Uniworld cruises take you from the North Sea to the Black Sea, tracing the waterways of the Rhine, Main, and Danube on a three-week journey that lets you explore Vienna, Budapest, Belgrade, Bucharest, and Sofia.

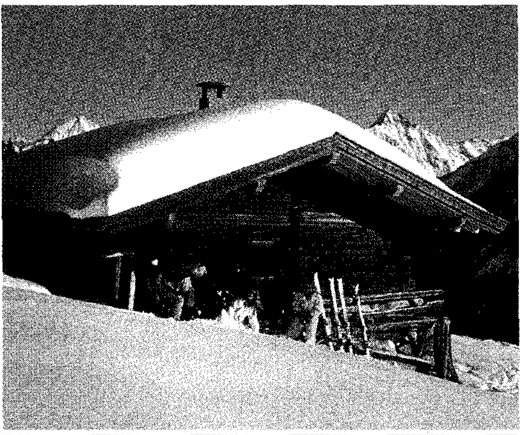
"In the past few years we've seen an exponential growth in river cruises," says Mike Feinstein, the owner of Uniworld, who has several dozen mostly 140-passenger ships plying European waterways. "For centuries Europeans used their rivers for commerce. They'd hop on board and go to the next town the way we now drive or go by rail. Our riverboats let you really see the countryside and they can dock right in the center of town—I mean, virtually in sight of the Eiffel Tower on our Seine tour," he promises.

"Meals and shore excursions—touring the historic Buda Castle district in Budapest, the Rheingau wine region in Germany, or the magnificent Austrian Melk Abbey perched above the Danube—are included," Feinstein adds. "But you can do your own thing too. The staterooms, all with views, are pretty deluxe." But what about the European penchant for smoking? "We don't sell to Europeans. They have different tastes from us in food, and they're chain smokers. Our dining rooms are no 'smoking.' Americans just won't put up with it," says Feinstein.

## HITTING THE SLOPES

For seasoned skiers and snowboarders with travel fever, there has always been a rivalry between Aspen or Vail and Austria's renowned slopes at St. Anton, Innsbruck (the site of two Olympic Games) or the ever popular Kitzbühel for intermediates who après-ski in the chic resort with a glass of *gluhwein* (hot-mulled wine and spices). The Austrian National Tourist Office figures that all things considered, the Austrian Alps are significantly cheaper than the Rockies for most Americans.

During Advent, the four weeks before Christmas, Austria is one place where the cities and countryside sparkle with lights and decorations that rival those in the U.S. From one end of the mountainous country to the other, there are markets displaying handmade toys, dolls, marionettes, spice bouquets, ceramics, and crèches. The Spittelberg Christmas Market, set in the cobblestoned bohemian district of Vienna, features custom jewelry, handicrafts, and delicious home-baked cookies. The pre-Christmas art markets in front of the magnificent Schonbrunn Palace and St. Charles Borromeo Church (Karlskirche) are two other holiday draws for Vienna visitors.



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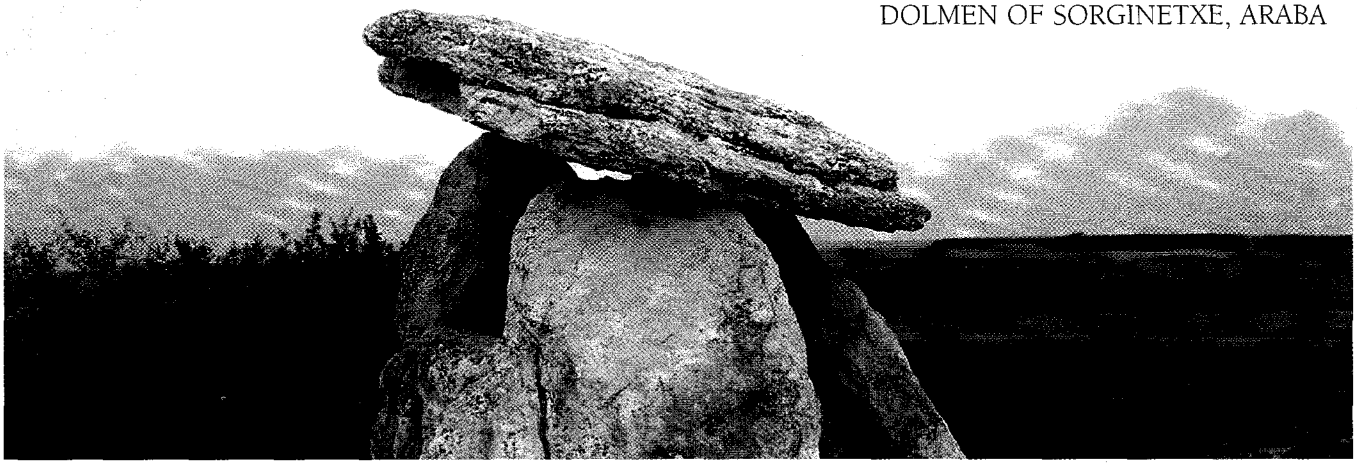
**WHERE SKIING IS A RELIGION**

It may now be more affordable to ski the Austrian Alps than the Rockies.

**BRAVO Basque Country!**

# Basque



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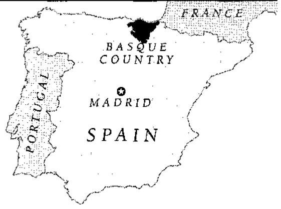

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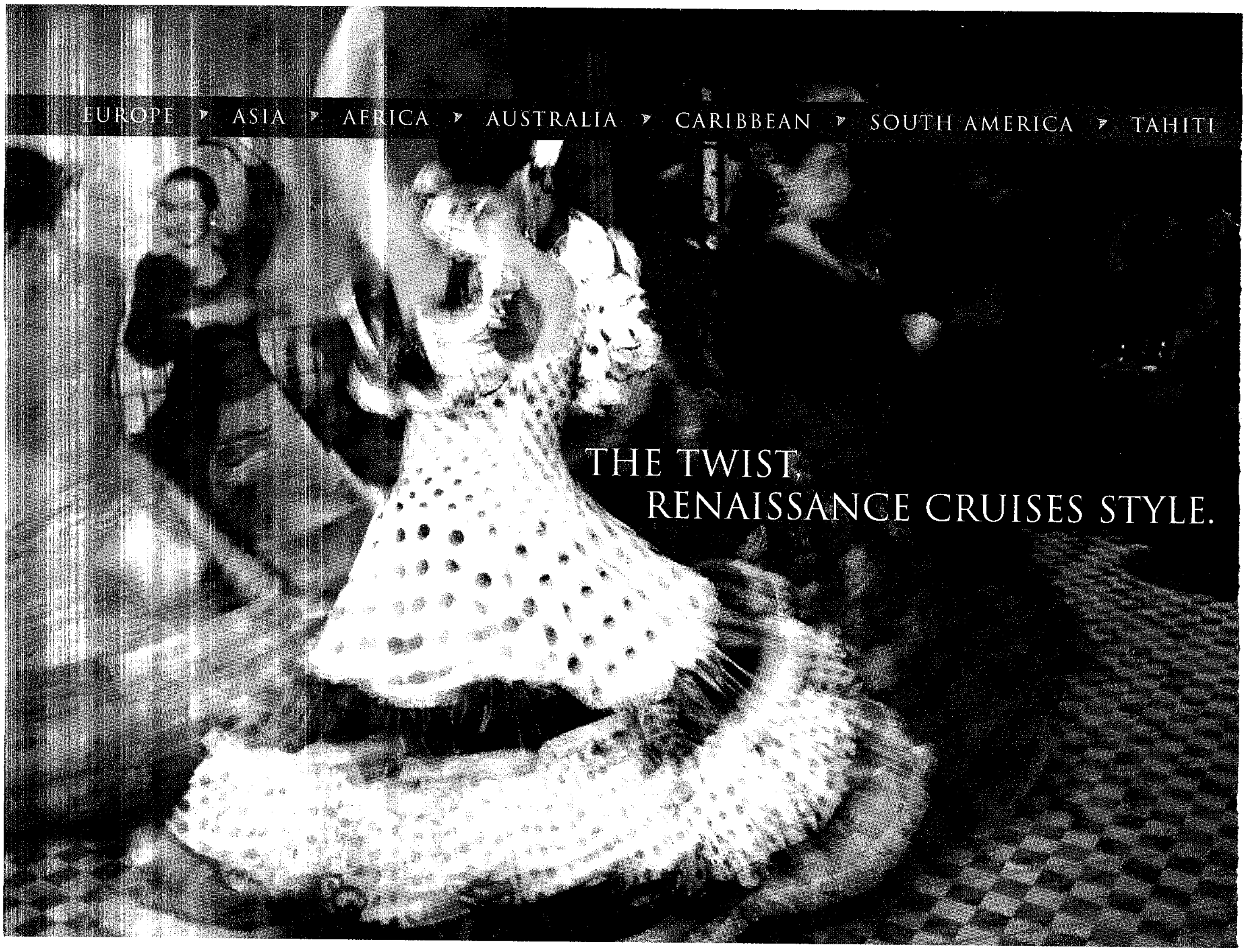
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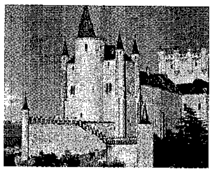

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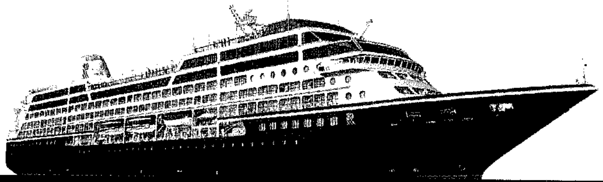

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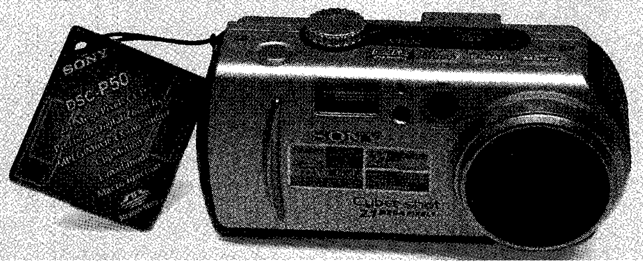
## IMPERIAL WALTZING

The highlight of Vienna's winter season is the Imperial Ball, a whirl of waltzing in formal attire that is held every New Year's Eve in the Hofburg Palace. Obtain a coveted ticket (available through well-connected travel agents) and you can be one of the lucky participants in a singular Viennese rite of passage that will celebrate the arrival of 2002.

This modern-day recreation of the monarchy's palace ball was staged for the first time in 1970, and the magnificent tradition continues in full swing. More than thirty thousand carnations will be flown in from Madeira, Portugal to adorn the palace's marble staircase and all of the ballrooms, among them, the Ceremonial Hall, the Knight's Hall, the Secret Privy Chamber, and the Radetzky Apartments. On arrival at 8 P.M., guests, champagne in hand, witness the changing of the Imperial Guard. Ladies receive a small gift presented by footmen in silk livery. To the strains of Strauss waltzes, played by no less than ten orchestras in seven ballrooms, guests enjoy an exquisite gala dinner, and waltz between courses. Present during the opulent evening, and greeting guests, are imperially dressed stand-ins for Empress Elizabeth and Emperor Franz Josef, who wish everyone "Happy New Year" after the bell from St. Stephen's Cathedral rings at midnight.

In the wee hours, guests enjoy the Viennese Operetta gala in the Grand Festival Hall, a cabaret featuring singers and dancers from the Vienna State Opera and the Volksoper. After that it's dancing and revelry until the last waltz at 5 A.M.

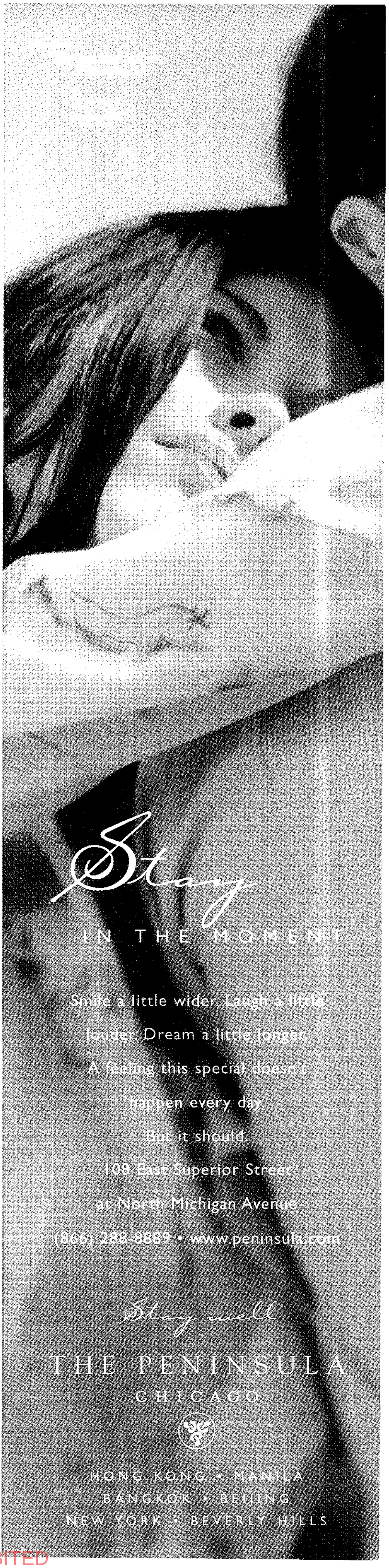
## PICTURE THIS.



For a chance to win a **SONY DSC-P50 Cyber-Shot Digital Camera** (value: $599.95), enter the "Itinerary: Holiday Travel" **Great Giveaways Sweepstakes** by mailing in the attached reader-response card (see check-off) in this supplement by **January 15, 2002.**

**Rules for the "Itinerary: Holiday Travel" Great Giveaways Sweepstakes:**

**1.** NO PURCHASE NECESSARY.
**2.** All contestants must be 18 years of age or older and legal U.S. Residents as of the date of entry.
**3.** Contestants may submit one (1) entry per household. All entries must be received by January 15, 2002. All submitted entries become the property of *The Condé Nast Publications, Inc.* and will not be acknowledged or returned.
**4.** Contestants may enter the sweepstakes by completing and submitting the business reply card in the "Itinerary: Holiday Travel" special section of the October 15, 2001 issue of *The New Yorker.* Entries that are lost, late, damaged, misdirected, garbled, or incomplete, for any reason, will not be eligible. Mechanically reproduced entries are not eligible.
**5.** One grand-prize winner will be selected at random from entries received by January 18, 2002. All decisions of the judges are final. Grand Prize is a Sony DSC-P50 Cyber-Shot Digital Camera. Total approximate retail value of grand prize package is $600. Income and other taxes, if any, are the sole responsibility of the winners. Winners will receive a written notification on or about January 18 2002.
**6.** Subject to all federal, state, and local laws and regulations. Void outside of the U.S., In Puerto Rico, and where prohibited.
**7.** The odds of winning depend on the number of entries received. Prize is not transferable. No substitutions for prize except by sponsor in case of unavailability in which case a prize of equal or greater value will be substituted.
**8.** Employees of *The Condé Nast Publications, Inc.* and their immediate families are not eligible to enter.
**9.** Acceptance of prize constitutes consent to use winner's name and likeness for editorial, advertising, and publicity purposes without further compensation, except where prohibited. The winner may be required to sign an Affidavit of Eligibility and may be required to sign a Liability/Publicity release within ten days of date of notification or an alternate winner may be chosen.
**10.** For the name of the winner, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the "Itinerary: Holiday Travel" Great Giveaways Sweepstakes Winner, The New Yorker Merchandising Department, 4 Times Square, 21st floor, New York, NY 10036 after January 18, 2002.



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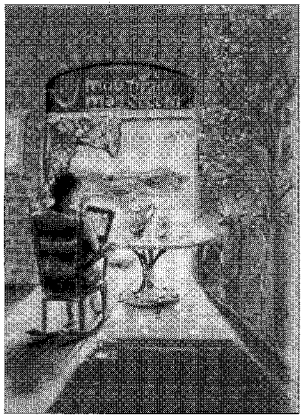

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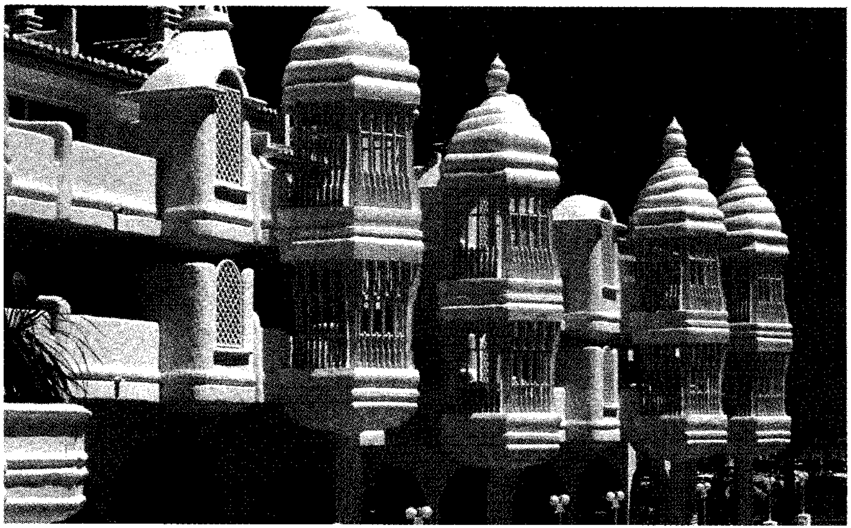
Salzburg, a music scene in perpetual motion, stages the city's sixth annual jazz festival (November 2–11) with performances by the Hank Jones Trio, the New York Voices, the Count Basie Orchestra, and other groups. Jazz films featuring Charles Mingus in "Triumph of the Underdog," Louis Prima in "The Wildest," and Art Pepper in "Notes from a Jazz Survivor" will be screened. Salzburg will honor its favorite son, Mozart, with a week called "Prima la voce" (January 25–February 3), featuring the Concertus Musicus Vienna, the Camerata Salzburg, the Kremerata Baltica, the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and the Vienna Philharmonic.

## SKETCHES OF SPAIN

With its Mediterranean climate, southern Spain retains its alluring softness in the winter months. The approximately thirty courses along the "Golf Coast," better known as the Costa del Sol, are quite challenging, their hazards coupled with marvelous Mediterranean panoramas. When Valderrama was chosen to host the Ryder Cup in 1997, the Costa del Sol won recognition as the finest winter golfing destination in Europe.

The brisker climate is practically an invitation to sample one of Spain's half-dozen top spas, as intriguing for their settings as they are for their massages, therapies, and beauty tweaks. At the Incosol Hotel and Spa, ensconced in the posh Marbella golf resort community, you can get a taste of Andalusian culture. A leathery-skinned chanteuse may be belting out a Cole Porter medley in a cabaret whose guests might include La Chunga, the aging flamenco dancer so beloved by Hemingway, Miró, and Picasso. A Beautiful People hideaway decades ago when it was run by Franco's son-in-law, the recently revived spa pulls in celebs and commoners alike with its medical treatments (dozens of physicians are on hand or on call) for obesity, sleep disorders, and other afflictions. And its new Renaissance program promises to revitalize your physique.



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CASTLES IN SPAIN
The sunwashed Costa del Sol abounds with spas, golf courses, and fanciful architecture.

On breaks between therapies you can visit nearby white-washed towns like Ronda, perched on a 330-foot cliff that the Moors once defended against the crusaders. For longer drives, you can circle around the tip of Spain past Gibraltar to the walled medieval city of Cádiz on the Atlantic Ocean.

Vary your visit with a trip to the tranquil sanctuary of the Hotel La Bobadilla, in the foothills of the Sierra Nevadas not far from the famous trio of cities: Granada, Córdoba, and Seville. The countryside is what guitar virtuoso Andrés Segovia called a "place of dreams." Washington Irving celebrated the locale in his writings. The Moorish-style hotel has a romantic ambience of courtyards, fountains, arches, and antiques. La Finca, its restaurant, serves gourmet fare and has an extensive wine cellar. Tom Cruise and Brad Pitt are among the celebrated guests who have enjoyed its two heated spa and outdoor pools, taking dips before a scrub or massage in one of the treatment rooms.

## CHRISTMAS CRUISES

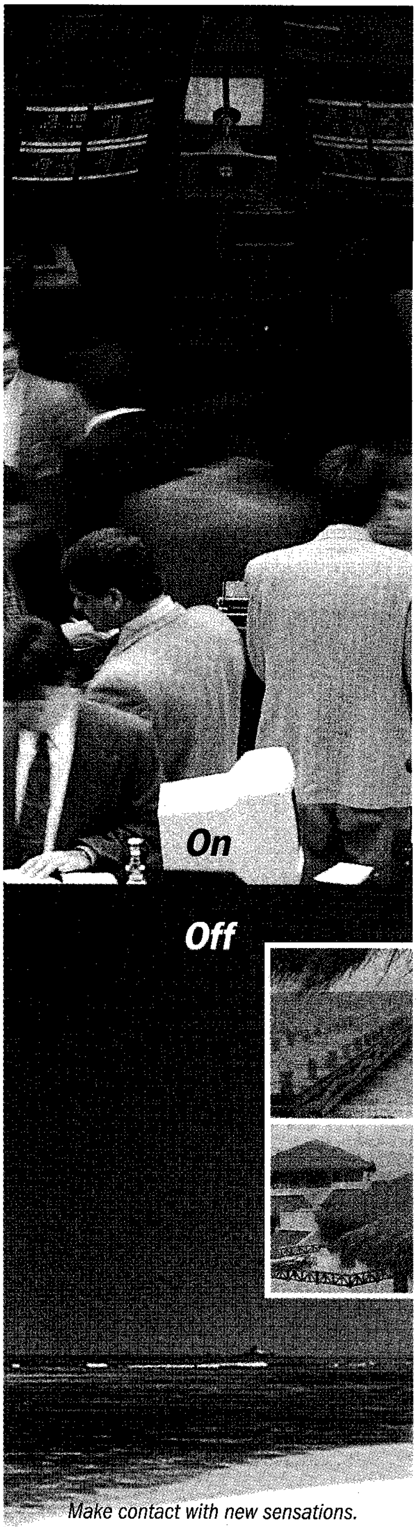
"The holidays can be more about crowds, traffic, and chaos than the magic of the Christmas season," says Crystal Cruises spokesperson Adam Leavitt. But when the white-gloved, boutique Crystal Symphony leaves Los Angeles on December 21st for a fourteen-day warm-weather cruise along the Mexican Riviera, it will add magic as well as big band swing to its New Year's gala. A veritable floating Christmas tree, the ship will be aglitter with more than a hundred-thousand dollars worth of handcrafted ornaments, ornate sleighs, Old English toy soldiers, and a dozen twinkling trees competing for attention with Symphony's classic accoutrements of Frette linens, Wedgwood bone china, and Riedel crystal.

Before long, spring wanderlust will kick in. Curious to see the western Pacific Rim and cities in China? For the first time in three years, the Crystal Harmony will roam the Asian coastline from Seoul, South Korea, to Hong Kong on a series of two-week cruises with visits to Kobe (near Kyoto), Hiroshima, Taipei, Shanghai, and other great ports. A peripatetic treat on these trips is a complimentary three-night pre- or post-cruise land package in a city such as Beijing that showcases the Forbidden City, the Summer Palace, and the Great Wall. The trip concludes with a farewell private dinner at the Great Hall of the People on Tiananmen Square. Typical of other perks are scholarly lectures on Chinese antique textiles and social traditions, or Japanese kimonos and tea ceremonies aboard the Asian Art & Literature-themed cruise (April 17th).

## CITY CIRCUIT

For shorter vacation breaks there's no need to travel to the other side of the world to witness the grandeur of broad boulevards, historic sights, and memorable museums. There's a trove of American cities to visit and explore, and shortly, all will be abuzz with holiday bustle.

If you stay at the Second City's new, deluxe Peninsula Chicago overlooking the Magnificent Mile of premier shops along North Michigan Avenue, you won't be as far away from China as you think. The Asian connection is strong, considering that one of the hotel's world-famous siblings, known as "The



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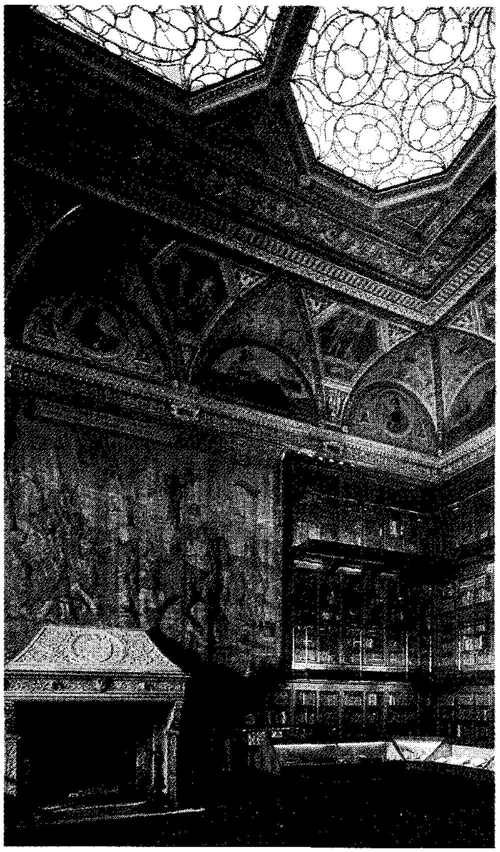
Pen," presides over Hong Kong. The Chicago property's fourth-floor Shanghai Terrace is modeled after a 1930s Shanghai supper club with spicy Chinese cuisine to match. And among the therapies available at the hotel's duplex penthouse spa (with great views of the city and Lake Michigan) are Asian-influenced body treatments. *Ti Tai* (body contour) and *Jie Zun* (purify) blend massage, herbal wrap, and warm-water rinses from a Vichy shower.

In Washington, D.C., historic and charming Georgetown is a posh springboard for a careful inspection of the capital and its environs. The mix of sights on hand goes well beyond a tour of the Capitol or the Smithsonian's complex of galleries. The starkly simple Vietnam Veterans Memorial and the unsettling Holocaust Memorial Museum are must-sees too, as are the smorgasbord of ethnic restaurants and art shops in the Adams-Morgan district.



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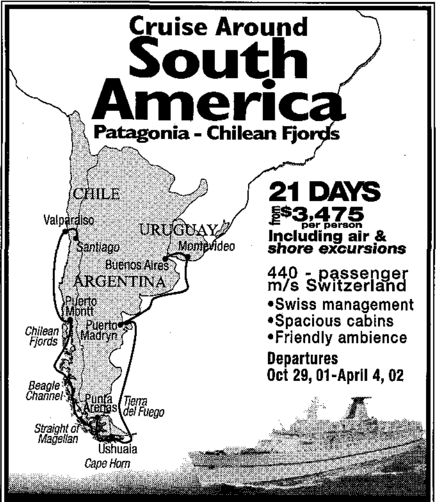
**WELL-KEPT SECRET**
New York's Morgan Library, former home of J.P. Morgan, will exhibit the original manuscript of Dickens' "A Christmas Carol."

You might even want to plan a trip up the line to Philadelphia, exploring Wilmington along the way. Venerable Rittenhouse Square is a fifteen-minute walk from the historic district, where you can visit Independence Hall, Congress Hall, the Liberty Bell, and Franklin Court. A stop at the acclaimed, reservations-only Barnes Foundation, a collection of art masterpieces, housed in a mansion on the Main Line (a tony suburb seven miles outside of Philly), may be in order: A controversy is swirling about moving it to larger, more mass-market quarters.

Boston, despite its tourist gloss, has street after street that reflect the "Cradle of the American Revolution." Inspecting Louisburg Square on Beacon Hill is alone worth a trip. These days the "Big Dig" is preoccupying Boston. One of the world's largest, most expensive engineering projects, it's designed to put the overhead central artery and Interstate 1-90 underground. So intriguing has the project become that Harvard puts tours of the more than fourteen-billion-dollar venture high on its list of diversions for alumni reunions. And, only in Boston would you also find "Duck Tours" using World War II amphibious vehicles that "swim" tourist-laden in the Charles River and then pop up in such unlikely places as fashionable Newbury Street.

New York has taken on a whole new personality, and the signs of camaraderie and just plain old "good will" exuding from its formerly taciturn residents are ubiquitous. Beyond the Rockefeller Center tree-lighting ceremony (November 28th at



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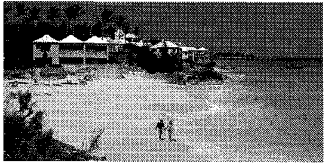

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7 P.M.), there are plenty of enticing holiday extras. You can browse the Holiday Fair (November 19–December 24) in Grand Central Terminal's Vanderbilt Hall decked out with the unusual wares of seventy-two vendors. The New York Philharmonic and the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra are joining forces to perform selections of Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite" (December 13–18) at Lincoln Center. If you plan to attend the traditional reading of "A Christmas Carol" at The Morgan Library (December 2; 2 P.M.), get there early enough to view the original Charles Dickens' manuscript, a rare treasure.

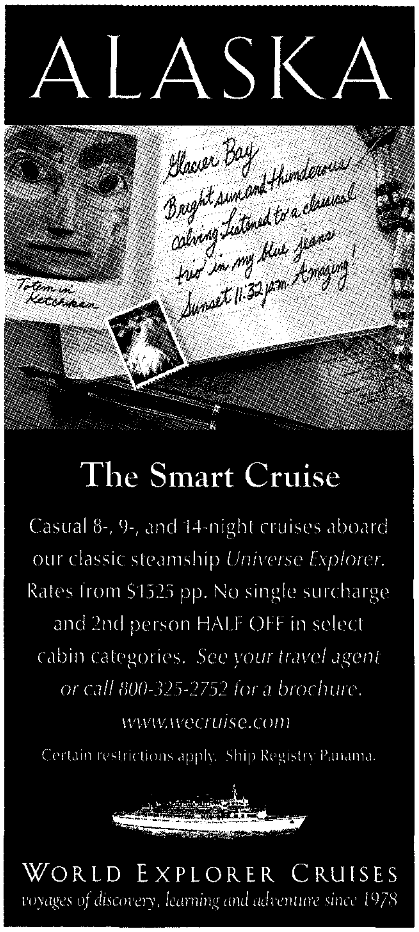
After the holidays, though tickets to Mel Brooks's hilarious comedy, "The Producers," will still be hard won, there are plenty of more accessible diversions. The "Cultural Insider's Hour" (January–March, www.nycvisit.com) is a unique program that takes you behind the scenes at no less than sixty diverse institutions—among them Lincoln Center, Harlem's Apollo Theatre, MoMA, American Craft Museum, and Lower East Side Tenement Museum. The Metropolitan Museum of Art's busy schedule includes "Splendid Isolation: Art of Easter Island" (December 11–August 4, 2002), "Earthly Bodies: Irving Penn's Nudes 1949-50" (January 15–April 21, 2002), "Surrealism: Desire Unbound" (February 6–May 12, 2002), and "Extreme Beauty: The Body Transformed" (December 6–March, 2002), an exhibit set to explore the shifting concepts of the physical ideal.

Restaurateurs at New York's high-priced temples of gastronomy are getting in sync with the economic downturn by offering lunch and dinner deals. During "Autumn Restaurant Week" (October 15–19) and "Winter Restaurant Week" (January 28–February 1, 2002), the budget-conscious can avail themselves of three-course prix-fixe lunches for $20.02 at more than a hundred pricey restaurants that in the past have included Nobu, La Caravelle, Gramercy Tavern, and the Union Square Cafe. Another program rich with enticements is the newly named city-wide winter promotion, "Paint the Town Red, White & Blue" (November 5–February, 2002, www.nycvisit.com or 800-NYC-Visit) which slashes hotel prices, provides ten to forty per cent discounts on Broadway shows, and offers fifteen per cent discounts (or ten-dollar gift certificates) at many stores.

With all of the price breaks coming up in the months ahead, the timing is particularly auspicious for a trip to New York. And many may simply wish to show their solidarity and support for America's beleaguered crown jewel of a city by taking Mayor Giuliani's advice. "Come to New York and spend money, " he said cheerfully at a recent news conference. "The life of the city goes on."

## NEWS BRIEFS

At holiday time, New York City is inevitably inundated with visitors who have booked months in advance. Crossways Travel's web site, **nychoteldiscounts.com**, books discount accommodations at fine, full-service hotels even during the city's busiest seasons. . . . **Cox & Kings** is offering an off-the-beaten-path holiday odyssey to the medinas and mosques of Morocco. The thirteen-day journey begins and ends in Casablanca. . . . Whether you're bound for a bash at Foxy's, a local bar on British Virgin Island's Jost Van Dyke that hosts a touted New Year's celebration, or just yearning for a quiet auld lang syne,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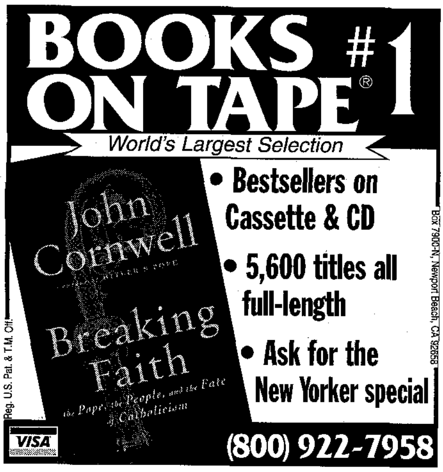

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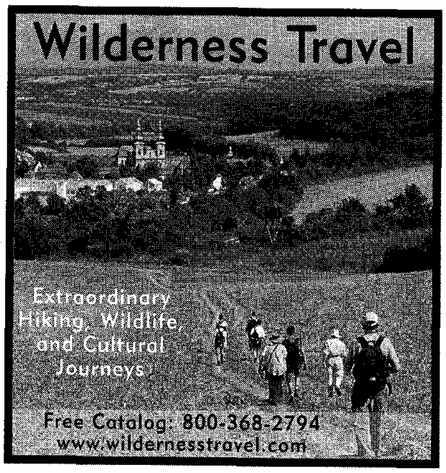
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**Port Yacht Charters** offers late-December Caribbean cruises. . . . Settle into warm, cozy **Number Sixteen**, a hotel near London's expansive Kensington Gardens. It's also close to two landmark department stores, Harrods and Harvey Nichols. . . . Throughout December, **INCA** offers gala Peru and Galápagos Islands excursions (seventeen to twenty-one days) that includes three days at Machu Picchu and seven days cruising the Galápagos. . . . **World Explorer Cruises** offers an eighteen-day (December 12–30) warm-weather Christmas cruise through the Panama Canal with ports of call in the Bahamas, Mexico, and Central America. . . . **Senior Women's Travel** begins its seven-day New Year's tour in Paris (December 29) and the excursion features a New Year's celebration on the Riviera. . . . A New Year's rail adventure (December 27–January 3) through Mexico's Copper Canyon aboard the Sierra Madre Express has been scheduled by **Premier Selections**. . . . Mention this column and receive a fifty per cent discount on the new swim-with-a-dolphin program when booking five or more nights (December 20–January 4) at BVI's **Prospect Reef Resort & Spa** on Tortola. . . . Year-round fiestas characterize Spain's Basque country. The excursions of **Cobblestone Small Group Tours** coincide with local holidays that range from celebrating a town chef to honoring a patron saint. . . . Scale Mt. Kilimanjaro, Africa's loftiest peak, then safari through Tanzania's Serengeti National Park on **Wilderness Travel's** nineteen-day treks (departing December 14 and 21). . . . **EuroCruises'** Christmas and New Year's voyages to the Red Sea (December 21 and December 28) originate with an overnight in Helsinki. Afterwards, travellers are flown to Sharm al-Sheikh, Egypt for a cruise on the Kristina Regina. . . . It's prime time for both desert travel and festivals on **TunisUSA's** Antiquities to Exotica tour of Tunisia, available only during the holidays (December 22–January 1). . . . Puerto Vallarta hotel **La Jolla de Mismaloya** celebrates New Year's Eve Mexican style with a beach fiesta featuring fireworks and dancing. . . . Need a respite from holiday stress? Retreat to **The Copperhood Inn & Spa**, tucked away in the Catskill Mountains, only two hours by car from the city's bustle. . . . Cruise into 2002 with **TravLtips'** "best buy," a transatlantic voyage aboard the M/V Melody, which embarks from Genoa, Italy (December 26) and sails to Fort Lauderdale (January 13). . . . Fine handicrafts for holiday gift giving can be purchased through **MountainMade.com**, which serves as an online gallery for the work of Appalachian artisans. . . . Headed for a hammock during the holidays? Select an unabridged audiobook from **Books On Tape**®, such as "Middle Age: A Romance" by Joyce Carol Oates or Jeffrey D. Wert's "Gettysburg, Day Three." . . . Spring ahead: Easter is family time at Bermuda's **Pink Beach Club** where children and their parents revel in kite flying and and Easter egg quests. . . . **The California Native** takes clients to Mexico's Copper Canyon during Easter, where the Tarahumara Indians from local churches stage religious parades. . . . If reports from last year are remotely accurate, the Mediterranean voyage of Theatre Guild's **Theatre at Sea** cruise (May 27–June 10) aboard Cunard's the Caronia will be a joyous festival celebration. Actors Peter Falk, Jerry Orbach, and Gena Rowlands are among those set to perform.

*–Dan Ouellette*

LIFE AND LETTERS

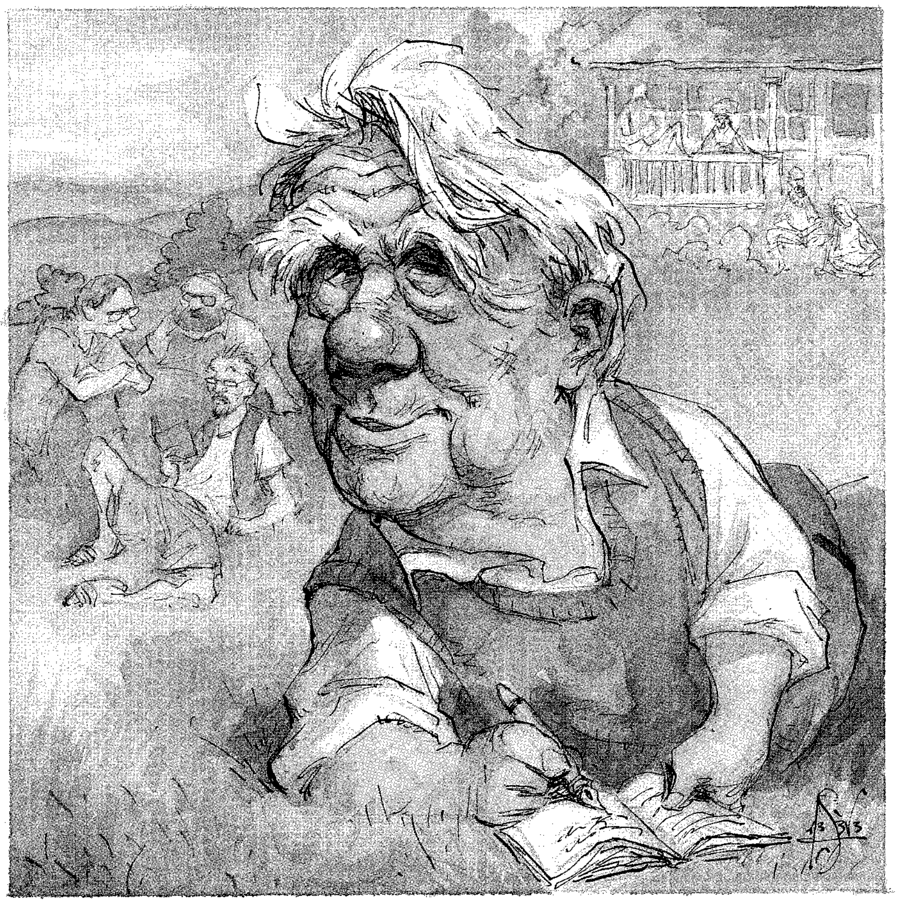
# HOW TO BE A WRITER

*What goes on at America's most competitive literary conference?*

BY REBECCA MEAD

There are very few places in America where it can be claimed definitively that poets kick ass, and one of them is the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, which takes place over eleven days every August in the Green Mountains of Vermont. At Bread Loaf, which is the oldest and most prestigious writers' conference in the country, poets are not the effete, marginal figures of popular imagination. This was amply demonstrated at this year's poets-versus-fiction-writers football game, a regular fixture in which those who traffic in metre and rhyme go head to head on the Bread Loaf meadow with crafters of experimental, semi-autobiographical narratives. Granted, the poets had the advantage of including among their number Matt Miller, an aspiring writer of lyric verse who happened to have been a defensive starter at Yale five years ago. They also enjoyed a fine showing from their quarterback, a gangly twenty-nine-year-old named Spencer Short, whose recently published début collection, "Tremolo," brings to mind both T. S. Eliot and *McSweeney's* ("One need only stand in the aisle / marked Produce to understand how the wan light / obscuring the bruised fruit makes all / of our decisions more difficult"). The poets scored a touchdown, then were briefly matched one-all by the fiction writers. Poetry then pulled ahead with five consecutive touchdowns, and won, 36–6. "We totally owned the game" was the verdict delivered later that evening by one of the poets, an earnest young man named Chad Reynolds, who teaches English to eighth graders in Cincinnati, and has not yet decided whether to publish under Chad, Charles, or C. L. Reynolds. The literary-fiction writers were crushed. It's humiliating enough to be beaten; but how much more humiliating to be beaten by the only genre that generates even lower book sales than yours.

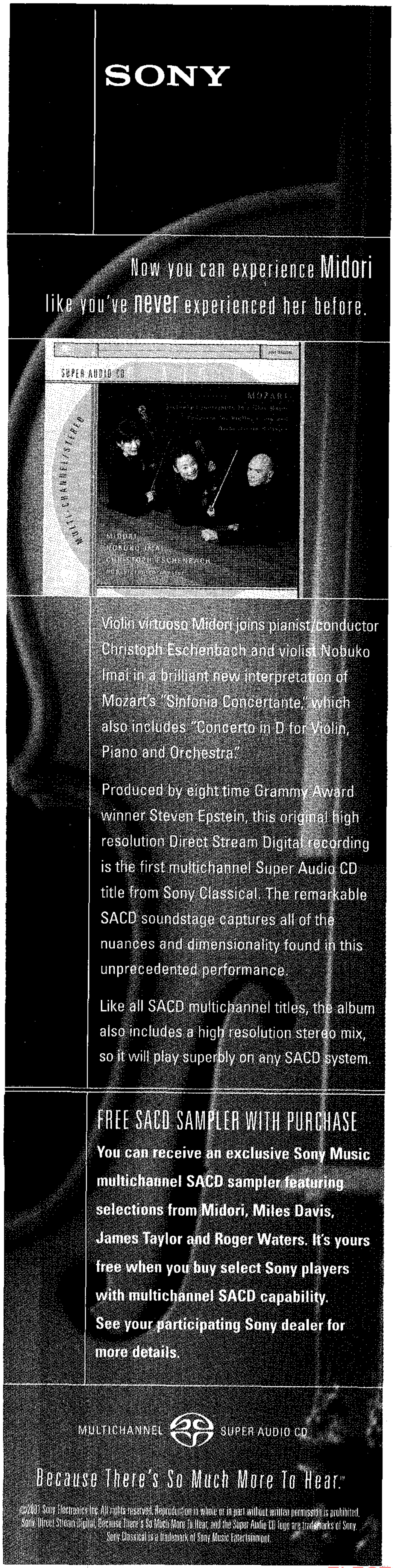
Bread Loaf, which was founded in 1926 and is administered by Middlebury College, has an alumni list that reads like a syllabus for an Introduction to American Literature course: former faculty include Eudora Welty, Carson McCullers, Ralph Ellison, Saul Bellow, Norman Mailer, Anne Sexton, John Irving, Mark Strand, Toni Morrison, and, most famously, Robert Frost, who attended a total of twenty-nine Bread Loafs, and lived nearby in an intriguing ménage with the conference's then director, Ted Morrison, and his wife, Kay. For the two hundred and fifty writers who attend each year, being a Bread Loafer means being associated with the grand tradition of American letters. It also means being surrounded for eleven days by other people who believe that the tradition of American letters matters, a concept that these days can seem as quaint as the Adirondack chairs strategically positioned under trees all over the campus.



*Bread Loaf's alumni list includes Robert Frost, who attended twenty-nine times.*

PETER DE SÈVE

Bread Loaf is not a writers' retreat, like Yaddo or MacDowell, where fellows are provided with quiet and space and box lunches and thereby have no excuse to do anything other than write for eight hours a day. Bread Loaf is more of a writers' onslaught, with a full schedule of lectures, classes, and readings from nine in the morning until horribly late at night, punctuated by occasional breaks for social events: cocktails on the lawn; picnics at Frost's cabin; after-dinner coffee and cake served in the barn. (The conference draws its name from a forested, loafish-shaped mountain nearby.) Bread Loaf is both a mini-course and a fantasy camp for would-be Nobelists: the lawyers who write short stories on Sunday afternoons, the middle-aged historical novelists with grown children and supportive husbands. Bread Loaf also provides



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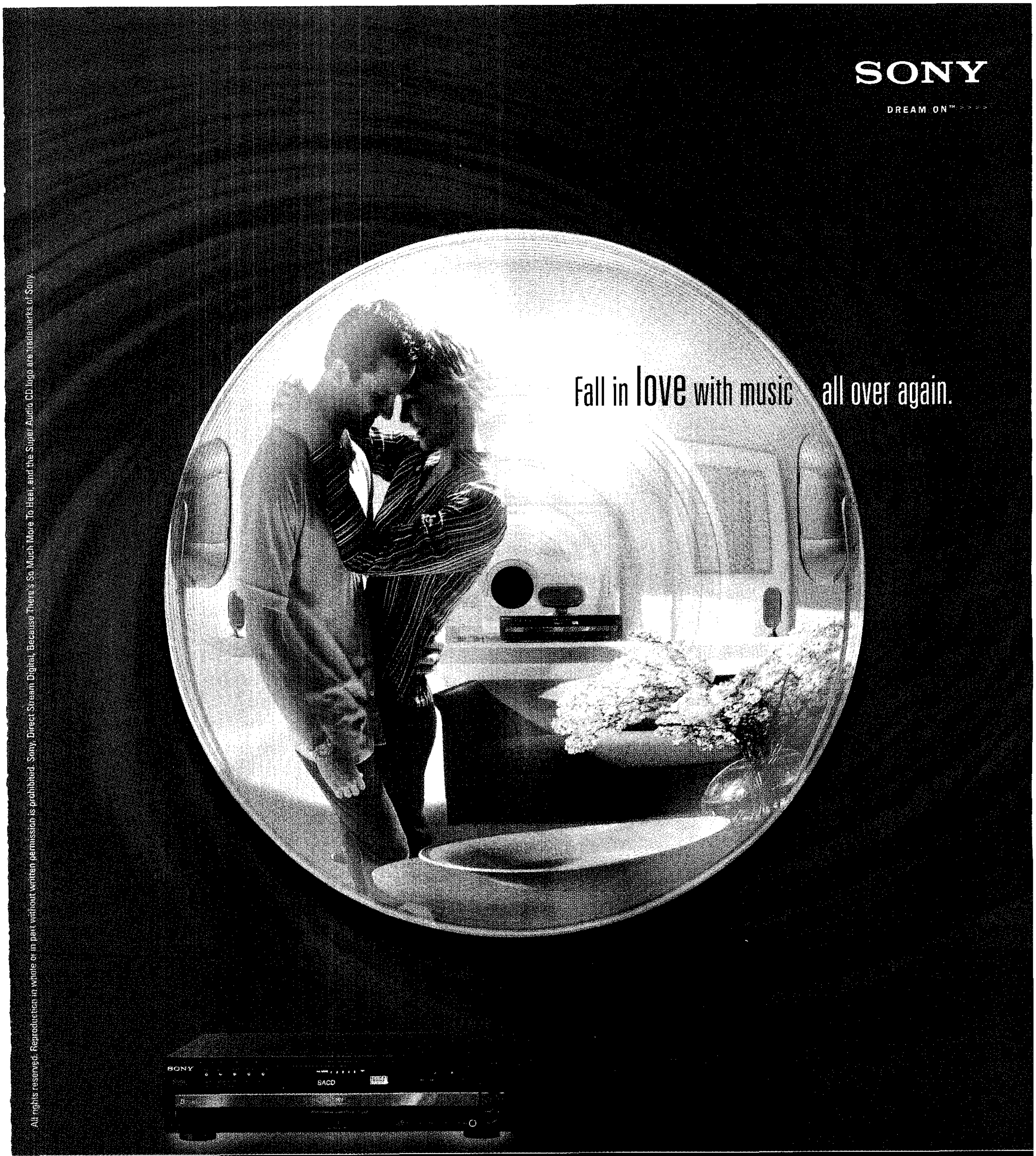
an opportunity for a bunch of post-collegiate would-be professional writers to relax among their own kind and to have their work read by someone other than competitive classmates or parents who say things like "I loved that poem where you talked about the time when you were thirteen and we took you to a therapist." Bread Loaf is the kind of place where over dinner there are rapturous discussions of walks taken through the woods, and where an ordinary conversation is likely to begin with, "I really enjoyed your work, but I have some enjambment issues I'd like to discuss."

The writers' conference is a peculiarly American institution, combining an ethic of self-reliance and self-improvement with the sunny conviction that all things worth having can be bought or taught. Writers' conferences, like the M.F.A. programs and other writing courses that have proliferated in American universities since the middle of the twentieth century—there are now upward of two hundred and fifty of them—are predicated on the principle that the ability to write does not depend solely upon God-given talent but can be acquired. The price of a Bread Loaf education is eighteen hundred dollars for tuition and room and board, though about a third of the students receive scholarships. (These include twenty-five highly coveted "waiterships," in which promising young writers earn their keep by serving three hearty meals a day to the paying guests.) The most celebrated writers' program in the country, the Iowa Writers' Workshop, established the industry's ruling metaphor, which is that writing is something like woodworking: you put on your apron, roll up your sleeves, and practice your craft. Iowa has also helped popularize an unfortunate neologism, "workshop" as a transitive verb, the use of which is endemic to a place like Bread Loaf (for example, the sentence "My writers' group workshopped the hell out of this poem, but I still have to resolve some enjambment issues").

The debate over whether writers' programs are a blessing or a curse for American literature is as old as the writers' programs themselves; what is certain is that they provide employment to a whole class of writers whose work, whatever its aesthetic, moral, or other virtues, does not necessarily have much weight when it comes to that other ruling metaphor of cultural life, the marketplace. If you're a writer of serious literary fiction, you'd better have either an inheritance or a teaching position at a university. If you're a poet, it helps to have both. Most of the teachers at Bread Loaf have day jobs at universities, and, in spite of Bread Loaf's illustrious history, today's faculty tends not to consist of household names, unless you belong to an unusually literate household: among the higher-profile writers this year were the novelists Antonya Nelson and Lynn Freed and the poets Arthur Sze and Ellen Bryant Voigt, none of whom have ever read at a Presidential inaugural.

Still, Bread Loaf remains the most competitive of writers' conferences: four hundred people apply for the twenty-five waiter spots, and other scholarships are also oversubscribed. If you're willing to pay, though, you stand a better than fifty-per-cent chance of getting in. (Fee-paying Bread Loafers are known as contributors.) The conference largely consists of M.F.A.-program teachers leading classes stacked with M.F.A.-program students whose dearest desire is to get a job teaching in an M.F.A. program and ultimately return to Bread Loaf as a teaching fellow or a faculty member. From the outside, the whole business looks weirdly self-replicating, like a psychoanalytic institute whose members spend most of their time training new psychoanalysts.

None of this, of course, is the kind of thing to which participants give much thought as they traverse Bread Loaf's lawns, or congregate on the porch of the Victorian Bread Loaf Inn, which was willed to Middlebury College in 1915 by Joseph Battell, an heirless Vermonter with literary aspirations. Battell's magnum opus, "Ellen, or the Whisperings of an Old Pine," consisted of a Socratic dialogue between a young girl and a pine tree. (Michael Collier, who has been Bread Loaf's director since 1995, read aloud from "Ellen" in the Bread Loaf Little Theatre on the conference's opening night, to much tittering from the assembled unpublished writers.) The kind of things Bread Loafers do give thought to are: How can I find an agent? Where can I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find a drink? My wife doesn't need to know, does she?

The triple compulsions of Bread Loaf have, traditionally, been getting published, getting drunk, and getting laid; and, though each is honored more in the breach than in the observance, the reputation lingers. The conference is informally known as Bed Loaf—it comes as something of a disappointment to discover that, in coining a nickname, the finest literary talents of the twentieth century couldn't come up with anything better than a low pun—and for many years it was as notorious for its debauchery as for its higher-minded pursuits. The official history of Bread Loaf, "Whose Woods These Are," by David Haward Bain, gives accounts of many celebrated Bread Loaf couplings, including that of Louis Untermeyer and his fourth wife, Bryna Ivens, who met at the conference in the nineteen-forties. Attendees of conferences dating to the early nineties will, when pressed, tell of finding conferees rutting in hedgerows, and sometimes will even confess to engaging in some rutting themselves. Similarly, Bread Loaf used to be famous for the quantities of alcohol ingested: the faculty would take off for Bloody Marys before lunch and Martinis before dinner, and some could be found still boozing at dawn in the faculty lounge, Treman Cottage, if they had not already taken off for the hedgerows.

Bread Loaf, like all of America, is a primmer place now. State law prohibits drinking anywhere on campus except in private rooms and at organized events such as cocktail parties or dances. This means that for Bread Loafers without what are grandly called "Treman privileges" there's nowhere to get a beer. A.A. meetings were, however, held in the Bread Loaf Barn at eight-thirty each morning this year. Sex, too, is less in evidence. Included in the introductory material that was sent to participants in this year's conference was a document delineating the policy on sexual harassment, which casts lechery in terms of the First Amendment. ("A speech act may go beyond being the expression of an opinion or attitude, and may constitute an act of intimidation or sexual harassment in the judgment of a reasonably tolerant person.") These days, the sexual preoccupation of most Bread Loafers appears to be figuring out whether anyone else is getting any, rather than getting any themselves. There are, though, intense bonding experiences between roommates, such as the two women in their thirties who, one night at a bonfire party, announced that they had discovered, while changing into their pajamas, that their breasts were exactly the same shape.

The Bread Loaf faculty in the seventies and eighties was, by all accounts, something of a boys' club: John Irving and John Gardner and Tim O'Brien were regulars, with a feminine element provided by such guest teachers as Erica Jong, who arrived at the 1981 conference wearing mauve harem pants and riding in a Mercedes. Gardner, in particular, set the Bread Loaf tone by drinking heavily, holding forth brilliantly for hours to a circle of admirers at Treman, and bedding the odd enthusiast. Gardner's first wife once hired a plane to drop leaflets over the campus declaring that the author of "On Moral Fiction" was a neglectful father who was late with alimony payments, the kind of large gesture absent from today's conference.

The Bread Loaf of old was intensely hierarchical, but the faculty insists that it is much less so today: the instructors no longer dine together at an elevated table with their backs to the plebs; a daily series of contributors' readings is held in the Blue Parlor of the Bread Loaf Inn, where the unpublished get their chance to stand at a lectern and declaim. However, the contributors feel the weight of the hierarchy as much as ever, mainly because they are at the bottom of it; they can often parse the class differences between waiters and scholars and fellows, as if Bread Loaf were Victorian Britain.

In recent years, Bread Loaf has strained to include more non-white, non-straight, non-male participants. Among this year's students were a poetry-writing drag king who looked as if she could be Sean Penn's younger brother and who has an act in which she plays a John Travolta impersonator named Johnny T.; and a flamboyant Afrocentrist who descended to the conference each day in increasingly dramatic outfits, an array of ankle-grazing jackets and sweeping stoles which culminated, on her final evening, with a white satin halter-necked ball gown. It was she who organized a "Voices from the African Diaspora" event, introducing a number of the conference's black participants with a sung incantation to their ancestors. As the conference progressed, other themed readings proliferated: an Asian-American reading, a Latin-American reading, and a gay-and-lesbian reading. (A controversy erupted when it was announced that fee-paying contributors could participate in only one reading, so if you'd

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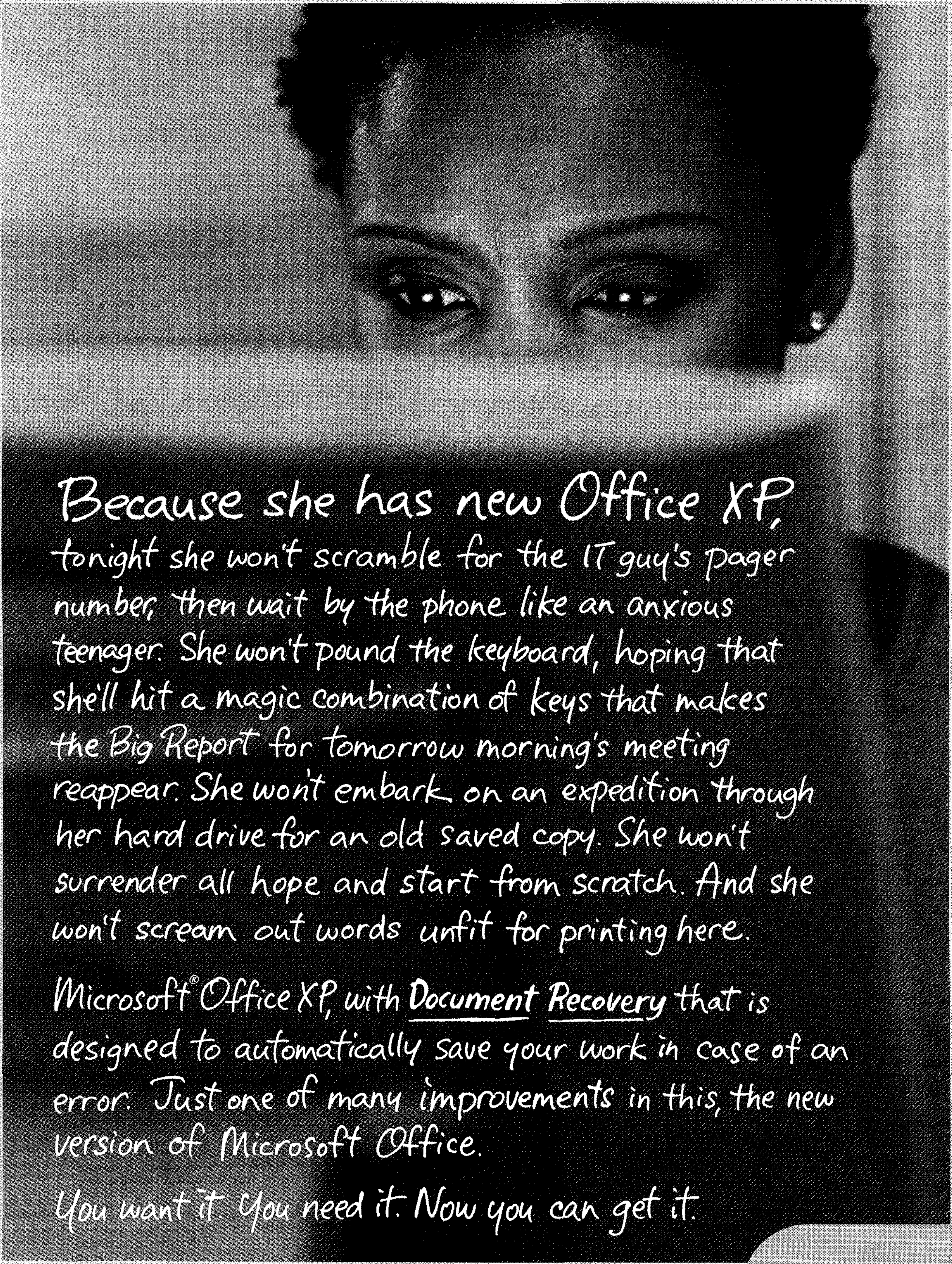

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already been gay you couldn't also be Latino, but that ruling was quickly revoked.)

The atmosphere started to change at Bread Loaf in 1994, when Robert Pack, the conference's director since 1973, was ousted by the Middlebury Bread Loaf board, whose members felt that Pack's permanent faculty had grown stale. Pack delivered his opening lecture on the first night, then walked out of the Little Theatre and straight to a car that his wife had idling at the curb; the Packs drove off, never to return. A memorial stone on a lawn commemorating Pack's tenure bears an unfortunate resemblance to a gravestone.

Today's Bread Loafers seem less concerned with celebrating the debauches of the past than with transforming their own histories, debauched or otherwise, into literature. Among the members of one nonfiction workshop was a woman who was writing a memoir of her alcoholism and a man who was writing about his addiction to pornography. (The class also included a devout young woman whose memoir recounted her experience of almost becoming a nun. The alcohol memoirist and the porno memoirist agreed that it was beautifully written but needed more sex.) That workshop was led by Jim Paul, a faculty member who first came to Bread Loaf in 1980, and who mournfully theorized one afternoon that, at Bread Loaf and beyond, the artistic model of behavior was being supplanted by the professional model. Paul nonetheless allowed that he had an excellent bottle of tequila stashed in his room.

The professional model dominates the conference workshops, which combine the detached efficiency of a committee meeting with the emotional exposure of a group-therapy session. Some Bread Loafers take criticism better than others, and certain faculty members compared notes on whether they had any criers in their groups. This year's most serene participant seemed to be one of the waiters, a thirty-two-year-old poet named G. C. Waldrep, who studied at Harvard and Duke before undergoing a conversion and joining an Amish community six years ago. (Waldrep arrived at Bread Loaf by Greyhound bus, which is, he explained, how the Amish travel when they go beyond horse-and-buggy range.) "The part of me from which the poems come is not touched by criticism," Waldrep said of his workshop experience. His enviable calm was, perhaps, enhanced by the fact that he took a pass on the extracurricular activities—drinking, staying up all night—in which most of the waiters indulged.

Many Bread Loafers spoke of the compulsion to write as a kind of calling, though one that they hoped to channel in a direction that might appeal to a publisher. A number of agents and editors are invited to Bread Loaf to give seminars on the publishing business; the question they are most commonly asked is "Will you read my manuscript?" Each year, a small number of participants do get discovered this way, though they tend to be plucked from the select ranks of waiters and scholars rather than from the fee-paying crowd. But there is hope even for them. One evening, Sandra Benítez introduced her own reading by describing how she had published her first novel at the age of fifty-two, having come to Bread Loaf as a paying contributor eighteen years earlier only to be told that the book she was working on was garbage. "I went home to my husband, to my writing group, and I went off to bed for two weeks in my little flannel pajamas and moose-head slippers," she said. "The awful thing is that he was right. I knew it would never be published. So I gave it a proper burial. I bought a filing box and lit a candle, and I said a prayer and I thanked the book for teaching me what it is to write a novel. And I put the box under my bed, where I sleep over it still." Several members of the audience were in tears at this story, although perhaps not many of them would have had the resourcefulness to do what Benítez did after that reversal, which was to take her mother's Puerto Rican maiden name—she had been writing as Sandy Ables—and start writing on Latin-American themes instead of about the Missouri town in which she'd grown up.

An alternative case history was provided by Norton Girault, an eighty-three-year-old Bread Loaf veteran who has been attending the conference since 1974, and who says that a high

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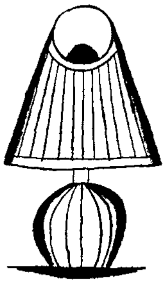
point of his writing career was being introduced to John Gardner's agent. (The agent declined to take him on.) For the majority of Bread Loafers, the ascent up the literary ladder is slow and difficult, and publication is a far-off goal; a more immediate preoccupation is reaching the level where they get a personal rejection letter rather than a form one. Such handwritten letters are scrutinized for embedded meanings as if they were the Dead Sea Scrolls, and are recalled with absolute precision. One young woman, who had given up her job as an advertising copywriter to concentrate on fiction, announced to a group in a seminar, "I sent something to *The Atlantic Monthly*, and I got a personal note back from a senior editor, saying, 'We found your piece to be very well written, but slight and predictable. Please try us again.' " There were gasps of empathy all around.

By the conference's end, a degree of shaking out had occurred: the hot writers were being circled by agents. This year, the buzz was all about one of the waiters, a female M.F.A. student whose hip and funny short stories seemed to have a "Girls' Guide"-ish marketability. Some members of the faculty seemed drained by the eleven days. "This place is the shocking culmination of all that is foolish and ill-conceived in the writing programs," said Vivian Gornick, who led a nonfiction workshop. "The boosterism, the childishness, the prolonged collegiate atmosphere. It's like a fucking parody." Gornick will not be returning to Bread Loaf.

On the very last day of the conference, Michael Collier, sitting out in the meadow, said that Bread Loaf was still a work in progress—he'd like to reduce the hierarchy further, and also establish a place where the contributors can socialize after hours without having to slink off to their rooms or try to crash Treman. Collier added that the fact that Bread Loaf rarely leads to publication for the writers who attend is not an argument against the conference's validity. "I would hate to think this is all a kind of program of supporting delusions, and I don't think we're just making people comfortable about what they're doing," he said. "What I believe is that you can make people better writers. You can't make them writers, but you can teach a kind of appreciation of literature, which is important for every culture. It's like the scene at the end of 'Fahrenheit 451,' where they are all reciting the books they have memorized in order to keep themselves alive. In some ways, we are preserving that aspect of literary culture."

And those writers who had not yet been discovered were preparing to return to their desks with marked-up manuscripts, a comfortingly diminished sense of their own comparative weirdness, and a restored conviction that, as the novelist and essayist David Shields explained one evening, a major criterion for success as a writer was how badly you wanted it. That, and the incomparable experience of having inhaled the same air, imbibed the same cocktails, and undergone the same absurd recreations—including the traditional Bread Loaf hayride, during which a wagonload of drunken, shrieking poets and novelists are hauled around a bumpy meadow by a local farmer driving a tractor—as Robert Frost and friends once did. On the last night, there was a farewell dance in the Bread Loaf barn. Norton Girault was there, as he had been for the past twenty-seven years, cutting a surprisingly light-footed dash to "Dancing Queen" and "We Are Family." Paisley Rekdal, the poet and memoirist, was shimmying away in a glittering skirt. The drag-king poet, in a borrowed cowboy hat, did some of her best Johnny T. moves. G. C. Waldrep, the Amish poet, had to take a pass on the event, but the roommates with the same-shaped breasts showed up; and so did the alcohol memoirist and the porno memoirist; and Michael Collier was there, barefoot in the midst of a crowd of sweaty, unhinged waiter-scholars. Some of the conference-goers had faultless timing, while others flailed like flightless birds; but in the Bread Loaf barn there was nobody who couldn't dance. ♦



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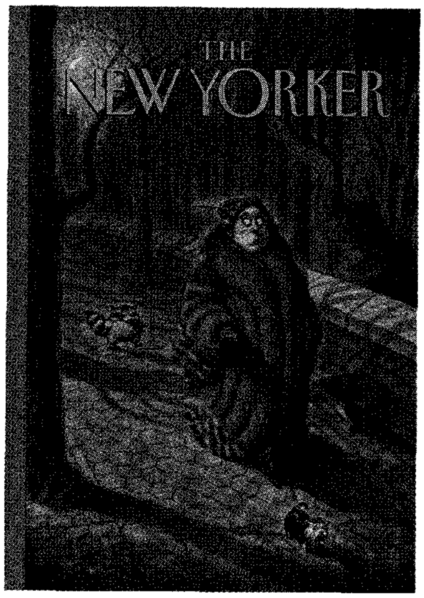

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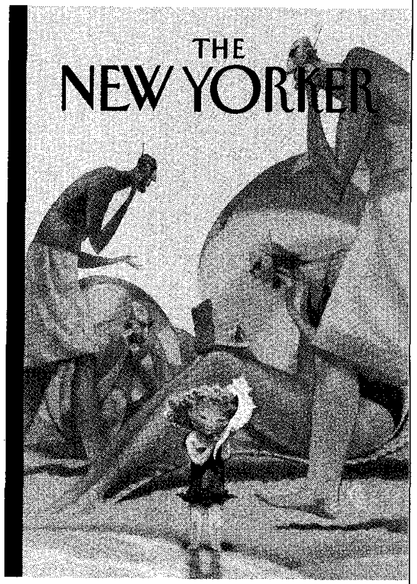

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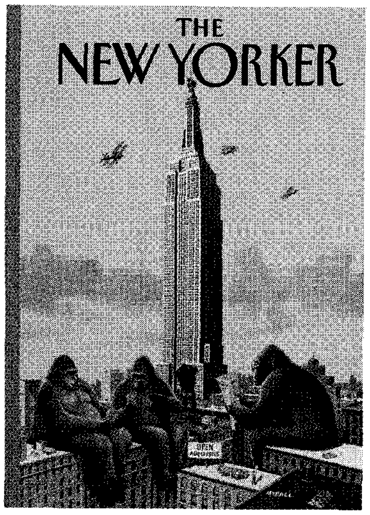

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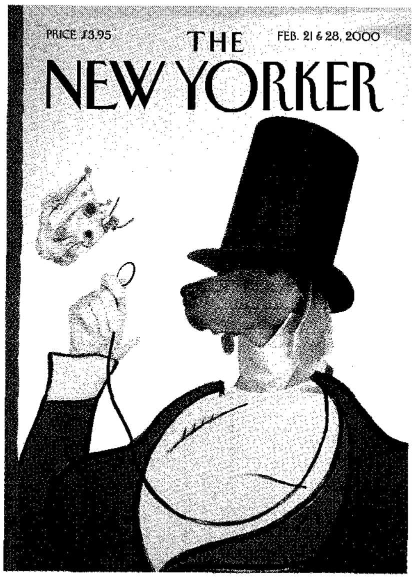

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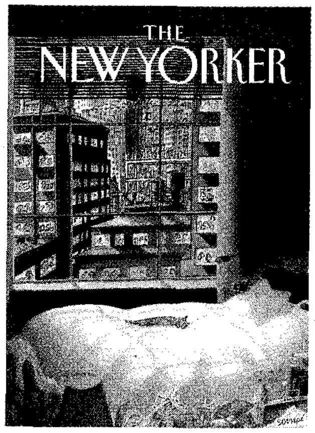

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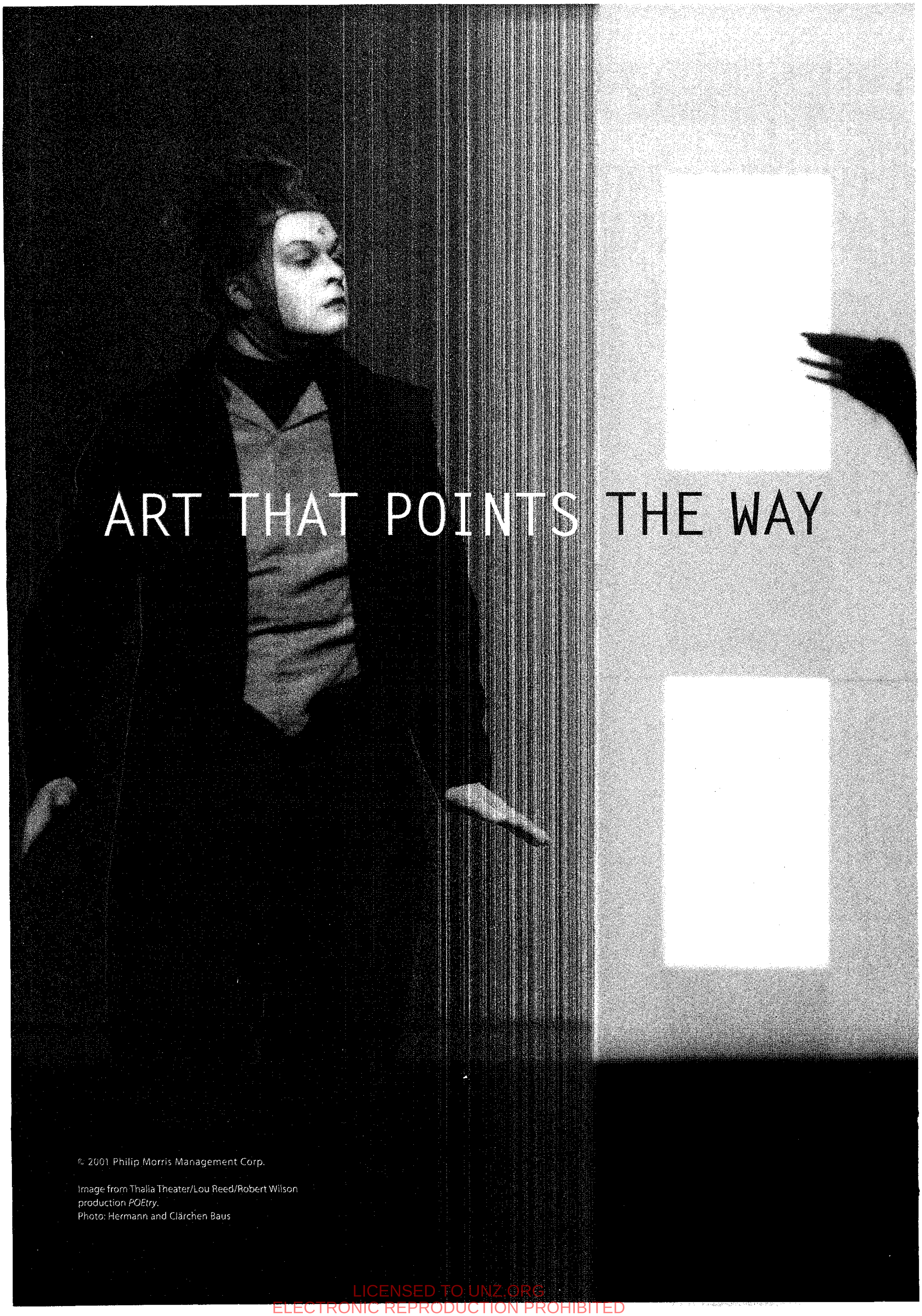
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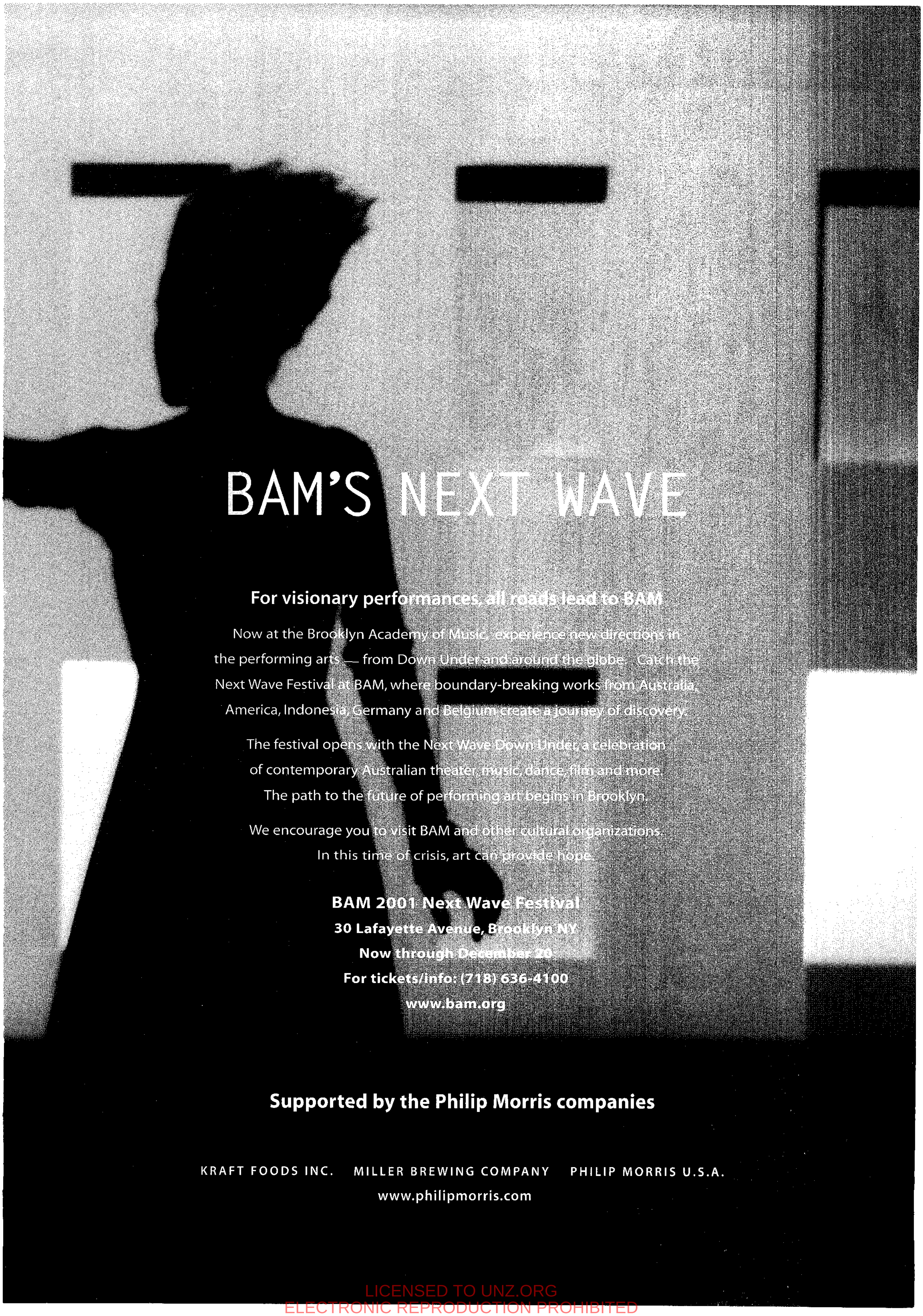

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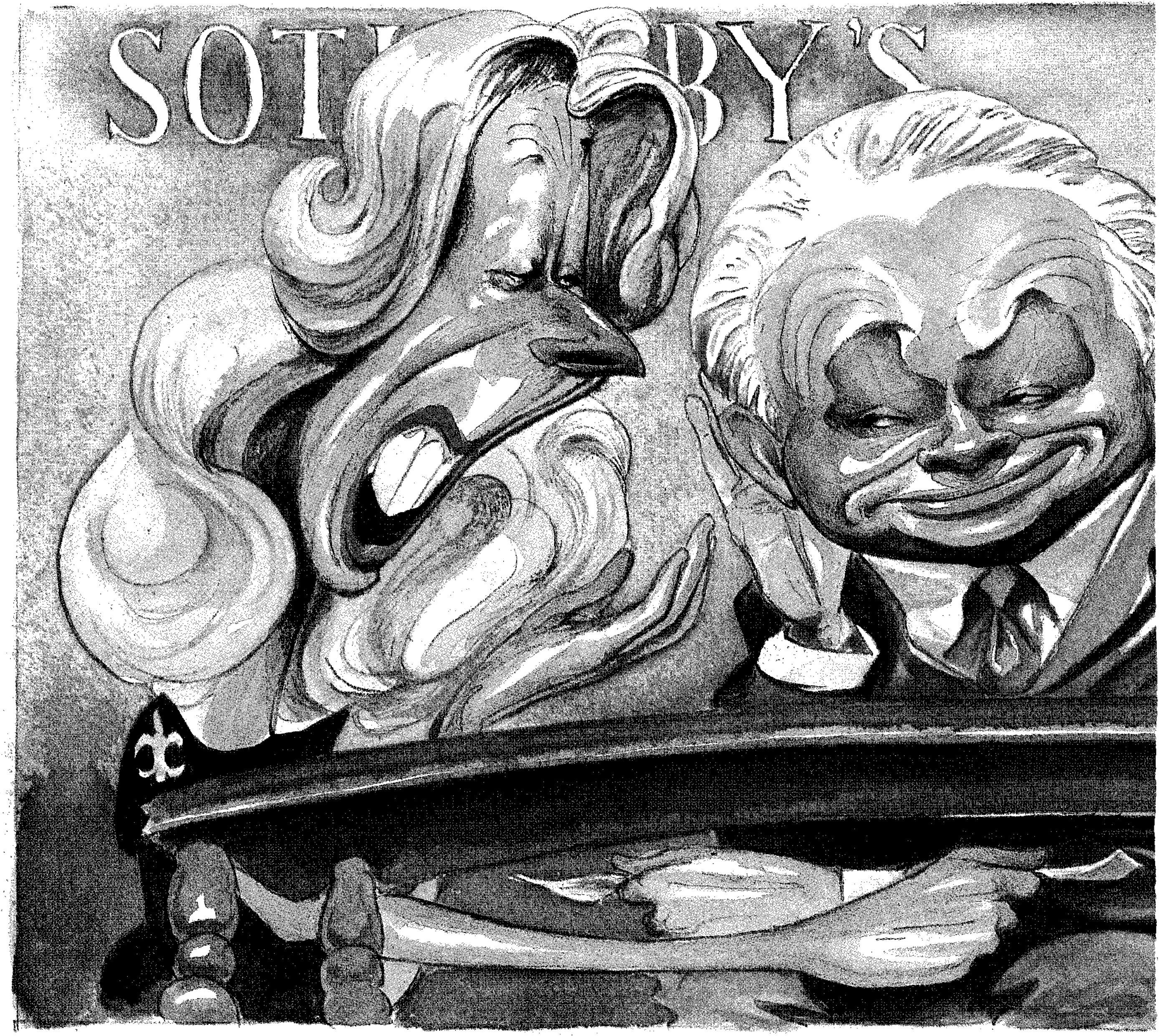


STEVE BRODNER

## ANNALS OF LAW

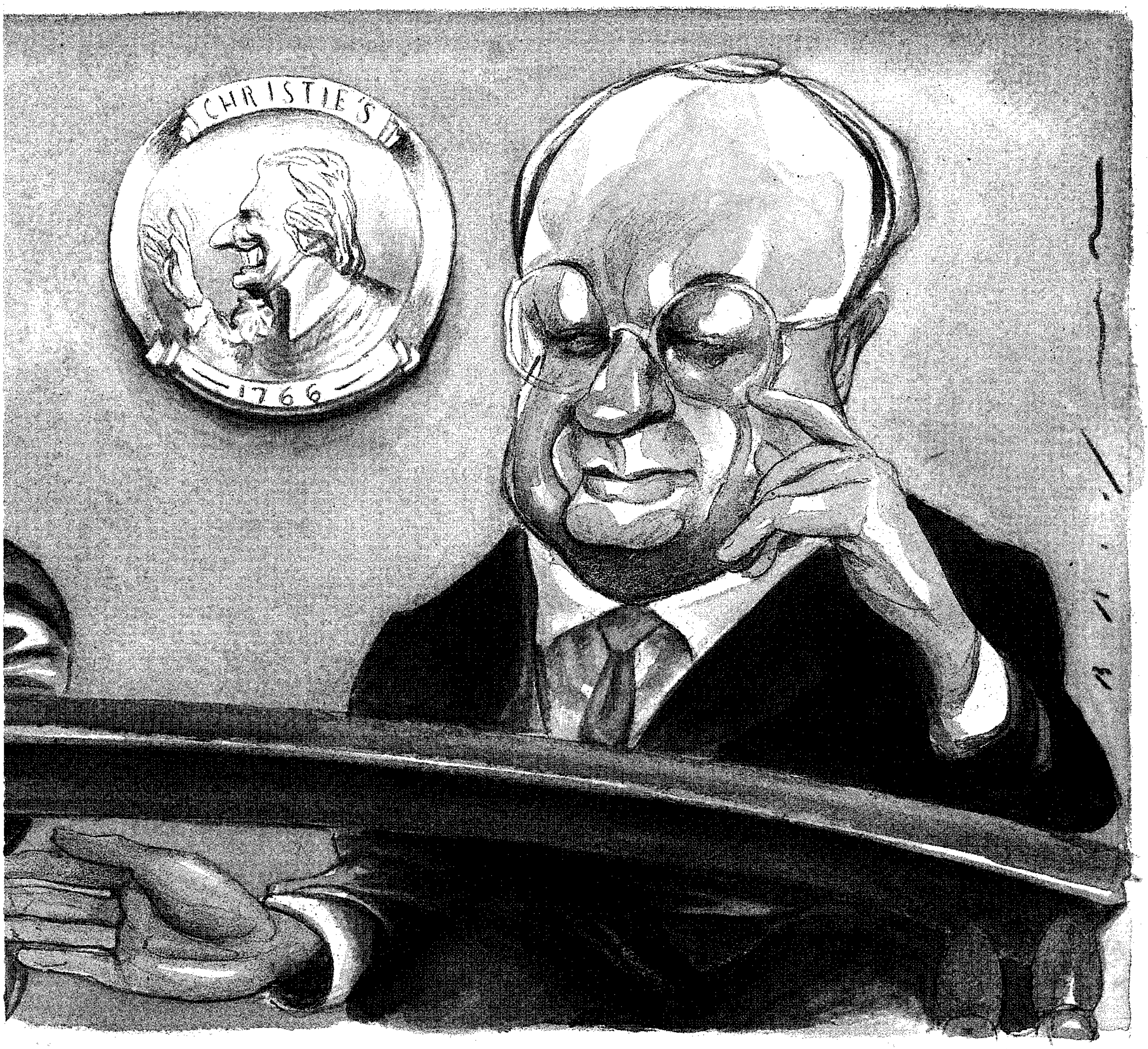
# BIDDING WAR

*How an antitrust investigation into Christie's and Sotheby's became a race to see who could betray whom.*

### BY JAMES B. STEWART

On January 11th of last year, the president and chief executive of Sotheby's, Diana D. (Dede) Brooks, and its chairman, A. Alfred Taubman, held a glamorous party to celebrate the renovation of the firm's Manhattan headquarters, on York Avenue, and the launch of an Internet auction site. "We believe Sotheby's is uniquely positioned for the twenty-first century," Brooks said, as a thousand guests admired works for sale by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Maurice Prendergast, and George Caitlin.

Taubman, a self-made real-estate and shopping-mall multimillionaire from Detroit, had acquired the international auction house in 1983, reportedly because of its social cachet. He and his wife, Judy, a former Miss Israel, quickly found themselves welcome in Manhattan, Palm Beach, and London society. But, as it turned out, Taubman resented Sotheby's aristocratic pretensions; in a speech he made shortly after the acquisition, he said that in all his years of art buying he had never been treated with such snobbishness as he had been



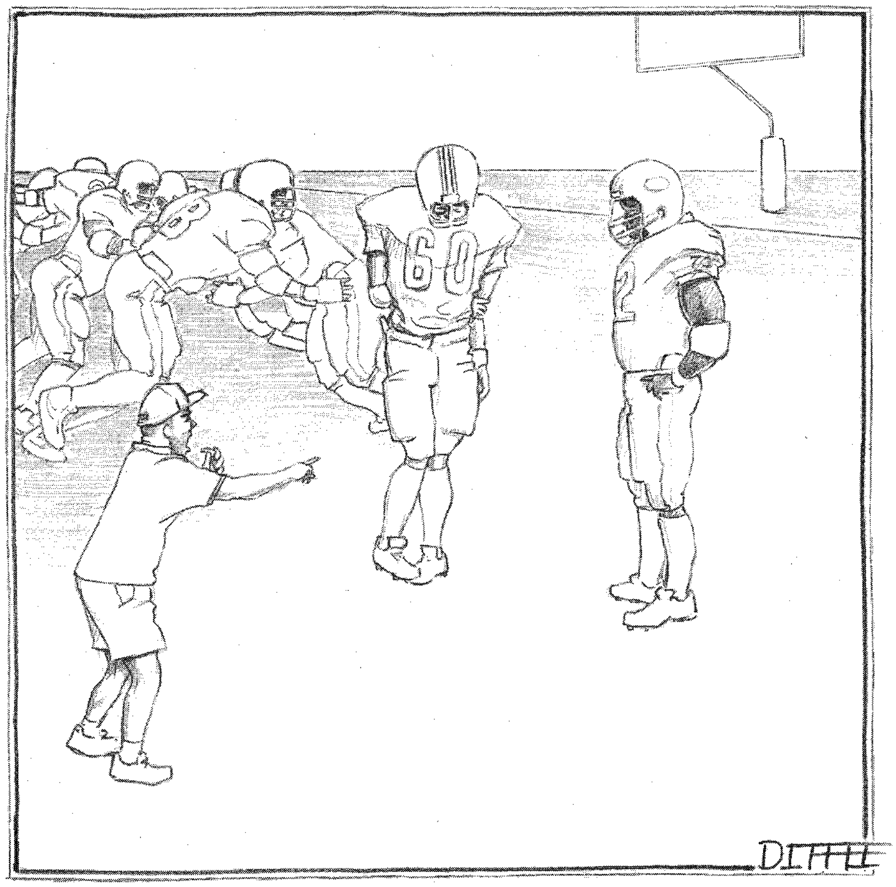
at Sotheby's and at its chief rival, Christie's—everything from the cool appraisal of the white-gloved doorman to the suspicious "May we help you?" of the English-accented receptionist. Taubman's experience was hardly unusual. As one Sotheby's executive put it recently, "There were plenty of people here who could make you feel unwelcome."

Taubman set about changing that. In 1994, he replaced his chief executive, the patrician Michael Ainslie, with Diana Brooks. A graduate of Miss Porter's School and Yale, and a former Citibank lending officer, Brooks, who was in her forties, served on the board of directors of Morgan Stanley Dean Witter, Yale University, Deerfield Academy, and the Winterthur museum, in Delaware. Sotheby's employees were initially wary of her hard-charging manner and limited background in art, but most were soon won over by her energy and enthusiasm, and she became the best-known and most visible chief executive in the company's history. She oversaw the sale of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis's estate, in 1996, in which a tape measure sold for forty-eight thousand dollars. She was featured in newsweeklies, and appeared frequently on morning television shows, extolling Sotheby's to a wider audience. She worked so closely with Taubman that some called it a father-daughter relationship.

Brooks and Taubman, working with the architects Kohn Pederson Fox Associates, had collaborated on the design of the new headquarters, a ten-story building sheathed in glass that was meant to embody the greater sense of openness that they had brought to the auction house. It had a rooftop sculpture garden accessible to the public, and, like many of Taubman's malls, an atrium. Christopher Tennyson, who works with Taubman in Detroit, said recently, "The whole effort was to bring more competition, more sunshine and visibility into the business."

But less than two weeks after the

*Sotheby's Diana Brooks and, right, Alfred Taubman may face jail; their alleged co-conspirator Christopher Davidge, of Christie's, won't.*



*"Jenkins and Caldwell, take a lap—and that goes for anyone else I catch swing dancing."*

celebration Taubman received subpoenas from a federal grand jury investigating a criminal price-fixing conspiracy between Sotheby's and Christie's. Then, on January 29th, a headline appeared on the front page of the *Financial Times* of London which said, "CHRISTIE'S ADMITS FIXING COMMISSIONS: AUCTION HOUSE TELLS THE U.S. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT THAT IT MADE DEAL WITH SOTHEBY'S." An accompanying article, featuring a photograph of Brooks, noted that Christie's not only had confessed to the scheme but had received conditional amnesty for itself and its employees from the Justice Department. The company would not be prosecuted.

A few weeks later, Brooks took a leave of absence and went into seclusion at her house in Greenwich, Connecticut; she resigned eight months afterward, abruptly ending a career as one of the country's most admired executives. Taubman resigned as Sotheby's chairman and didn't stand for reëlection to the board the following May, though he remains Sotheby's controlling shareholder. On May 2nd of this year, Taubman, who is seventy-six, was indicted, along with the retired former chairman of Christie's, Sir Anthony Tennant (who was not covered by Christie's amnesty), for antitrust conspiracy. "These individuals mastered the art of price fixing," the Justice Department declared in announcing the indictment. Tennant denied the charges, but said he would remain in Britain, outside the reach of United States courts. Taubman, too, insisted on his innocence, and he is scheduled to go to trial next month. The government's main witness against him will be his former protégée, Diana Brooks.

The Sherman Antitrust Act was passed in 1890, when populist outrage over the trusts and monopolists of the Gilded Age was at its height. An agreement to fix prices at a level that would not prevail in a competitive market means not only that consumers are overcharged but that vast profits flow to a few people at the top, and that productivity is dampened. The penalties for price-fixing are severe; whereas a securities-law felon faces a maximum criminal fine of a million dollars, an antitrust conspirator faces a criminal fine that is twice the total amount of what he obtained in the course of the crime. (In Taubman's case, conviction could mean not only a three-year prison term but also a fine of hundreds of millions of dollars.) Yet what surely galled Taubman and others at Sotheby's most was the fact that, as long as Christie's lived up to its agreement with the Justice Department, their chief competitor and its employees would face no criminal charges and no criminal penalties.

From Sotheby's point of view, Christie's wasn't just gaining an advantage over its chief rival; it was promising to destroy it. In addition to damaging press stories about the scandal and the extraordinary financial pressures of the criminal case, civil lawsuits were beginning to accumulate. The civil suits, unlike the criminal case, affected Christie's as well as Sotheby's. The art buyers and sellers who had commissioned one of the auction houses to handle their transactions were furious about being charged rigged prices, and by April, 2000, three months after the *Financial Times* article appeared, some forty civil suits had been filed against both companies.

Soon after the scandal broke, the government's chief antitrust prosecutor, John Greene, a mild-mannered but tenacious litigator, met with Sotheby's outside counsel, Weil, Gotshal & Manges. One of Sotheby's lawyers, Richard Davis, tried to impress upon Greene the irony that a policy meant to protect competition was likely to turn an auction-house duopoly into a Christie's monopoly, but Greene seemed intent upon a full-bore prosecution. He told the Sotheby's lawyers that the government could seek a fine of hundreds of millions of dollars, and the meeting ended.

The American law-enforcement system, especially the antitrust division, actively encourages the cöoperation of informants like Christie's. Prior to 1993, a price-fixer who wanted amnesty for testifying against a co-conspiring competitor had to take his information to the Justice Department before an investigation was under way. But that year the department began offering amnesty even after an investigation was in progress—to whoever came in the door first and promised that all its employees would confess and coöperate against other conspirators. From a law-enforcement perspective, the program has been a success. Since it began, requests for amnesty, which under the old program had averaged one a year, jumped to more than one a month, and in the last four years the government has reaped fines of $1.7 billion. Many defense lawyers, mindful of the innate American distaste for informers, have argued that such incentives to coöperate are too generous, extravagantly rewarding testimony from people who are criminals and who tailor their testimony to what prosecutors want to hear. But so far none of the cases have generated a public outcry.

Christie's traces its origins to 1766, when James Christie, a friend and patron to Thomas Chippendale, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Thomas Gainsborough, opened a London auction house that combined art, commerce, and social intercourse to an unprecedented degree. Christie's negotiated on behalf of Catherine the Great, whose paintings became the core of the collection of the Hermitage, and presided over the sale of Reynolds's studio. Gainsborough's portrait of James Christie hangs in the Getty museum, in Los Angeles.

In 1998, Christie's was acquired for more than a billion dollars by a French conglomerate owned by the billionaire financier François Pinault. Like Taubman, Pinault built his own fortune, forging a luxury-goods empire that includes Yves Saint Laurent, Gucci, Balenciaga, and the Printemps department-store chain. At the time of the takeover, Pinault stressed that he didn't intend to interfere with the management of the auction house, then headed by Tennant, its chairman, and largely run by its chief executive, Christopher M. Davidge. Davidge, who had started as a porter with the company in 1965 and had worked his way up, secured his position as chief executive in 1993. He dressed fastidiously in bespoke suits, crisp white collars, and flashy ties. He had boyish features and blond hair that looked carefully blow-dried. Behind his back, many of his employees called him the "golden hamster."

Davidge had been steeped since childhood in the mores of the auction world—his grandfather had been the cashier at Christie's, his father had been the company secretary, and his mother had been a secretary to one of the partners in the firm before it went public, in 1973—but he lacked the pedigree required to climb the social ladder. He was ridiculed for telling a *Financial Times* interviewer that his favorite luxury was quilted toilet paper. As the derisive nickname implied, he would never be accepted as the social equal of many of Christie's directors and clients, a circumstance that gave his skillfully obsequious flattery of wealthy and aristocratic patrons an undertone of hostility and resentment. To some of his colleagues, it also accounted for the aggressive assault he made on Sotheby's dominant position as the leading art auctioneer.

Davidge worked closely with the president of Christie's North and South America, Patricia Hambrecht, who had been the firm's general counsel before assuming that position, in 1997. Hambrecht was often described as Christie's answer to Diana Brooks, though the two had little in common besides their occupations. Hambrecht had been educated at Yale and Harvard Law School and had spent most of her career at a Wall Street law firm. She was credited at Christie's for her part in persuading Bill Gates, the chairman of Microsoft, to pay more than thirty million dollars for the Leonardo da Vinci Codex Leicester.

Hambrecht was also known for her style and verve. *Town & Country*, in a 1997 article, described her as "petite, dark-haired and very soignée." A journalist for the London *Times* wrote admiringly, "When I last sat in her office, she removed her shoes, put up her stockinged legs and twiddled her toes under my nose for 45 minutes." She and Davidge had a close personal and professional relationship, which generated gossip in the company. According to the British press, she was named a co-respondent in Davidge's 1998 divorce in London, but both she and Davidge have denied that the ru-

*"You don't have a weak chin, dear. You have a confident overbite."*

mors of an affair had any substance.

In April of 1999, Hambrecht presided over the opening of Christie's new Manhattan galleries, in Rockefeller Center. But later that year Christie's announced that Hambrecht would be taking a leave. A few months earlier, the company had paid more than two million dollars to settle a suit brought against her and the company by Michael Ward Stout, the executor of the estate of the photographer Robert Mapplethorpe. In 1989, Christie's had appraised the estate at two hundred and twenty-eight million dollars. Later, in sworn statements, Hambrecht attempted to explain the generous appraisal by claiming that Stout had misled her. He sued her for defamation. In the discovery process, however, virtually all of Hambrecht's representations, including her sworn statements, were called into question. An assistant vice-president who worked closely with Hambrecht, and had conducted the appraisal, contradicted her in an affidavit that supported Stout's version of events. Christie's lawyers pursued a settlement, and Hambrecht was told to resign.

Sotheby's was founded by Samuel Baker, a London book dealer, in 1744, and held its first auction that year. Its literary roots were later evident in its sale of Napoleon's rare-book collection, in 1823, and its auction of the love letters of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, in 1913. Beginning with Queen Mary, the House of Windsor traditionally relied on Sotheby's for the discreet expansion of the royal collections. Sotheby's and Christie's dominated the world of rare art, books and manuscripts, and antiques, and they evolved into a genteel duopoly, in which Sotheby's traditionally maintained an edge in sales volume and profits.

Both auction houses suffered financially from the recession that followed the Gulf War, in 1991. To raise revenue, Sotheby's announced in November, 1992, that it was increasing the commission it charges buyers, from ten per cent of the first fifty thousand dollars of a purchase to fifteen per cent, effective January 1, 1993. A month later, Christie's announced that it would charge the same rates, beginning in March, 1993. The commissions were added to the winning bid, so that an item with a hammer price of ten thousand dollars actually cost the buyer eleven thousand five hundred.

When Davidge became the chief executive at Christie's, in 1993, the relationship between the two houses changed. Competition became increasingly ruthless, most of it occurring behind the scenes, over the right to sell the most prominent collections and prized masterpieces of the world's wealthiest collectors and major celebrities. Christie's landed the estate of Rudolf Nureyev, Princess Diana's dresses, and Barbra Streisand's art and collectibles, as well as the contemporary-art collection of the costume-jewelry magnate Victor Ganz and his wife, Sally, which in 1997 brought a record $206.5 million. Sotheby's auctioned Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis's estate and the Duke and Duchess of Windsor's personal effects, and sold a Renoir for a record $78.1 million and van Gogh's "Irises" for $53.9 million.

The big sales numbers and highly publicized celebrity auctions, however, masked deteriorating profits. Buyers' commissions remained fixed at fifteen per cent, but the auction houses, in their eagerness to attract new consignments, drastically cut the commission rates paid by sellers, in many cases to nothing. As a further inducement to sellers, they printed lavish catalogues to draw buyers and mounted expensive touring exhibitions to the world's art capitals; they made donations to the sellers' favorite charities; and, in the most extreme step, they extended financial guarantees to the sellers long before any bids were entertained. By the mid-nineties, Christie's sales had surpassed Sotheby's.

Davidge's open hostility to Sotheby's and his tactics to undermine its market share, even at the expense of profits, seemed to render unlikely the possibility of any collusion. Still, it's clear from many Christie's memos from the period that Davidge was aware of antitrust considerations. In one such note to Hambrecht, when she was still the company's chief counsel, he wrote, in a distinctive left-slanting script, "Let me know if it would violate any laws etc. Could it be considered collusion?" Memos from outside counsel contained warnings and analyses of relevant antitrust statutes in both the United States and the European Community.

In the spring of 1995—about the time that Christie's secured the Nureyev-estate sale—the fierce competition for consignments from sellers abruptly ended. That March, Christie's announced that it would charge sellers a fixed, nonnegotiable sliding-scale commission on the sales price. A month later, Sotheby's announced the same policy. Christie's, anticipating potentially hostile press inquiries, prepared hypothetical questions and answers for Davidge. One reads:

> Q: Isn't this the age-old tactic of trying to increase profits through price fixing? Do you have any antitrust concerns?
>
> A: We are instituting a new policy which we believe to be fairer and more straightforward than in the past.

Two years later, Christie's received its first grand-jury subpoenas. The company's lawyers diligently interviewed its top executives, including Hambrecht, Tennant, and Davidge. The executives reassured the lawyers that the firm had nothing to be concerned about. As the company's outside counsel concluded in a confidential report, "There were no admissions of contacts of an inappropriate nature between Christie's and Sotheby's, nor did any documents appear, either in the US or the UK, which contained references suggesting inappropriate contacts." They expected that to be the end of the matter.

Then, in 1999, the Stout defamation case was settled and Hambrecht resigned on August 6th. She did not go quietly. As she had told *Town & Country* in 1997, "As Christie's general counsel for seven years I dealt with absolutely every problem in every department. . . . The legal side is probably the single best place to get an overview of absolutely everything that goes on in this business—warts and all."

In the weeks after her resignation, Hambrecht met again with Christie's lawyers, and this time she revealed that Davidge—who had begun dating a Christie's curator of Asian artifacts, Amrita Jhaveri—had confided

AMERICAN ENCOUNTER BY NURUDDIN FARAH

# LAND BEYOND

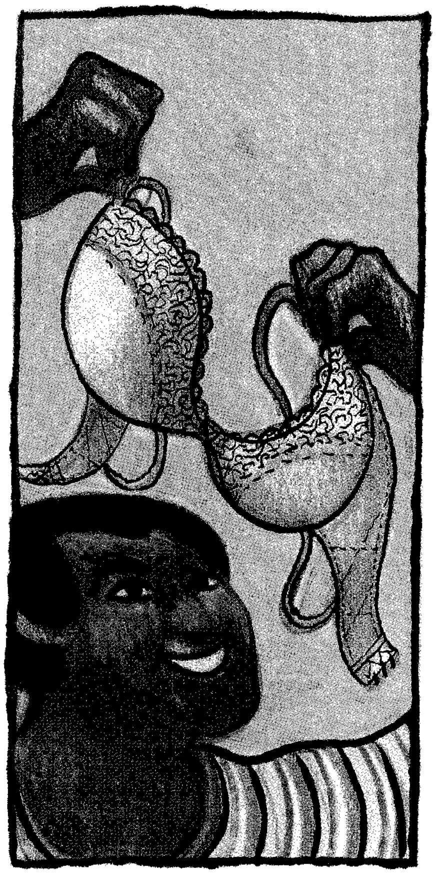
On first hearing America alluded to in an intimate way, I fell under the impression that it was the name of a beautiful girl with whom I was sure I would fall in love the instant I laid my eyes on her. The two youths who kept referring to her with knowing grins had known cities—one of them having visited Mogadishu, the other having been brought up in Addis Ababa. I had known no place bigger than Kallafo, a farming town in the backwater of the Somali-speaking region of Ogaden, in Ethiopia, where my family had moved when I was barely three. Fascinated, I listened to them regale each other with their fantastic find, imagining America to be a tantalizing houri-seductress who would provide me with an entry into the corrupt world of adulthood.

I was about ten then, and life in our part of the world was changing at a rapid pace. We may not have thought of ourselves as newly reconstructed hicks, but we were all aware that we were living in momentous times, that our way of life was being altered by forces we could only dimly comprehend. We were abandoning our eating habits, giving up our milk- and meat-based dishes in exchange for easy-to-prepare meals like rice, spaghetti, and other starch-based foods. Our vocabulary was enriched daily by new words of foreign derivation, loan words from the Italian or Arabic for garments that were till then unknown to us, such as undershirts, socks, and handkerchiefs.

As the youths amused themselves, one of them mentioned *maraikaan*, a coarse and cheap fabric of cotton imported from America and much admired by Somali nomads. When I saw the garment they were referring to, I couldn't at first understand what all the excitement was about. It dawned on me soon enough, however, that they were talking not about a girl called America but about an item of women's clothing, which one of them now held up against the sun, his fingers clutching either end of it.

From where I stood, I had no idea what the item might be used for. Even so, I could see that the material was intricately joined together. The loops of the cup-shaped garment were thickly padded and made of standard-issue cotton, and much of the stitching was doubly strengthened. It had metal hooks at one end and eyes at the other. I asked, "What is it?" But neither boy bothered to answer.

In my memory, I recall the charged expressions on the faces of the youths as they imagined themselves to be in the company of the American woman whose brassiere they now held in their hands. One of them, closing his eyes, imagined himself taking a bucket bath with her and spoke with joy of the water cascading from on high. The other claimed that he slept with the bra under his pillow and was transported every dawn to a land not of milk and frankincense but of white flesh and fragrant hair.



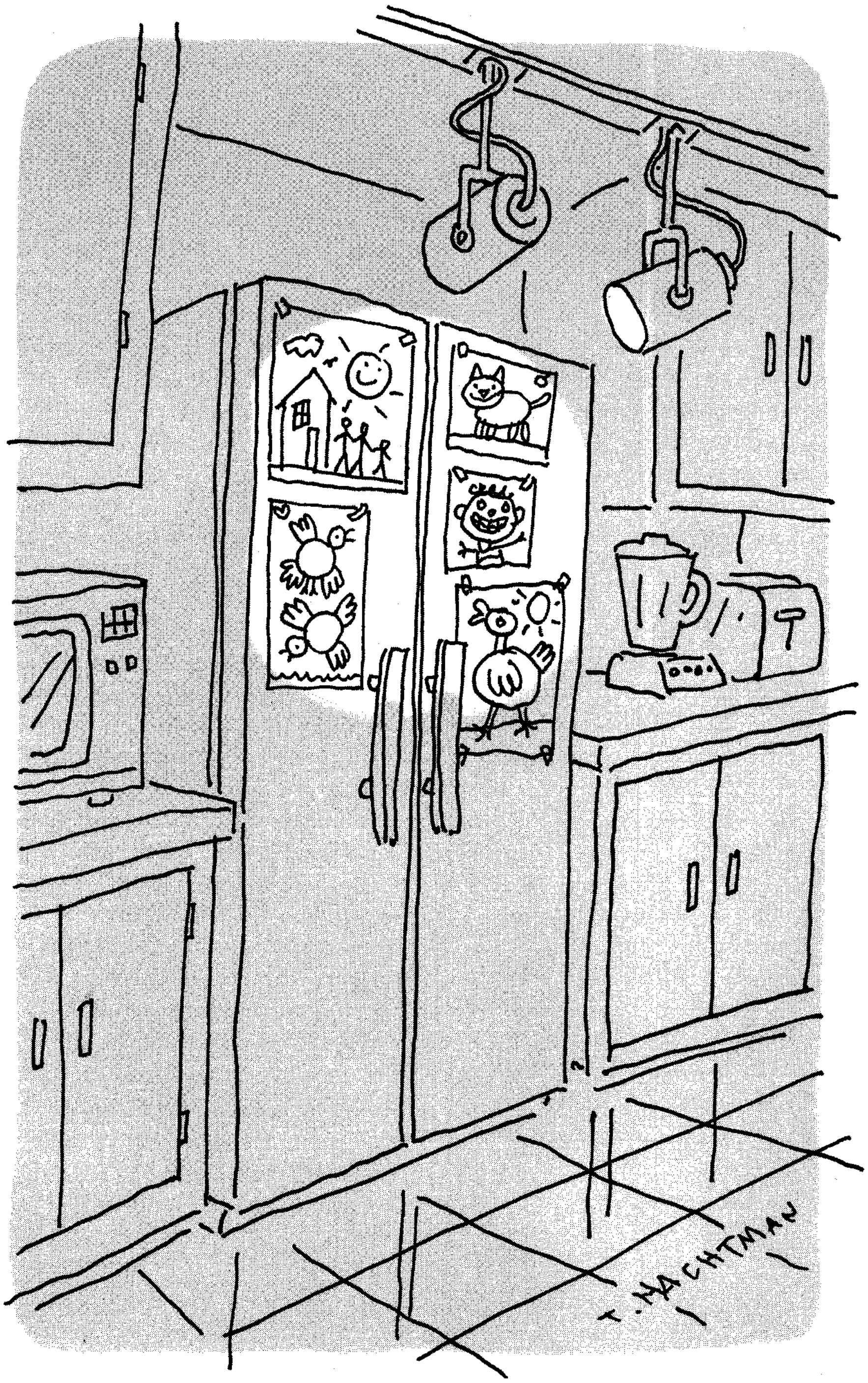
LORENZO MATTOTTI

I viewed the world of the brassiere with ominous foreboding, a double-edged seduction through which our bodily desires were being refashioned, thanks to our acquisition of these accoutrements of American modernity. We were no longer in control of our own bodies. I thought I knew what one of the youths meant when he claimed that holding the brassiere, stolen from the woman's washing line, made him feel as though he were journeying to the beyond of the land beyond, where his life would be transformed. Was it because a brassiere is such a high-tech affair that these boys now assumed a posture of sophistication? They started to think of themselves as leagues apart from everyone else in our town, as if calling the bra theirs placed them at last in a separate mental territory.

In Kallafo, the river was a prominent feature, dividing our part of town from the part where the provincial authority was situated, on Government Hill, close to a church-run school and the American compound, where the woman to whom the brassiere belonged lived with her husband. Curious, I bravely made my way out to the American compound for the first time, taking a boat between our side of the river and hers. There, I learned that she was the wife of the school's director. And before the year was out the two youths were enrolled in the American missionary school as students, and soon after that became converts at the chapel. ♦

in her far more than she had previously acknowledged. What Davidge had told her, Hambrecht said, suggested that an antitrust conspiracy existed, and that it went to the top of the firm. (Hambrecht has not explained her motives for making these disclosures when she did. Like all the Sotheby's and Christie's principals mentioned in this account, she has refused to be interviewed.)

Armed with Hambrecht's allegations, Christie's lawyers questioned Davidge again, on October 20th. He remained unflappable, and "denied that inappropriate contacts with Sotheby's had taken place," as the lawyers later put it. But when they spoke to Davidge's secretary, Irmgard Pickering, she recalled that Davidge had met several times with his counterpart at Sotheby's, Diana Brooks, just before the 1995 announcement of the change in sellers' commissions. She also remembered the punctilious Davidge complaining that "he was more organized in keeping agendas" than Brooks was. Pickering didn't know exactly what the two had discussed at their meetings, but she recalled that Davidge had seemed "confident" that Sotheby's would follow Christie's action on sellers' commissions and match its new policy.



More serious allegations followed soon after, when the lawyers interviewed Lord Hindlip, who in 1996 had succeeded Tennant as Christie's chairman. At the time, Hindlip had brushed them aside, asking, "Do you know who I am?" (He is the sixth Baron Hindlip of Hindlip, an Eton-educated former Coldstream Guard.) But Hindlip now recalled that Davidge had come to him after the sellers' commissions were announced and confided that he had discussed the commission changes with Brooks. Davidge also told Hindlip that he and Brooks had exchanged so-called "grandfather lists"—names of clients who had been promised particular terms in sales that were scheduled to occur after the date of the new commission structure, and would thus be exempt from the new fixed-commission policy. Hindlip appears to have done nothing about these startling disclosures. On the contrary, after the grand jury began investigating, he sought to reassure Davidge. In December, 1997, Davidge told Hindlip that he was worried that his dealings with Sotheby's might cause him to be fired. He asked Hindlip to honor his contract in the event that he was forced to leave because of antitrust problems, and Hindlip obliged. Now Hindlip gave the lawyers a copy of a letter he had saved, handwritten on Christie's letterhead and dated December, 1997:

> Dear Christopher,
> I am writing to reassure you that, in the unlikely event that it should happen you are forced to resign your position because of the antitrust hearings in the U.S., Christie's will fully protect your position as per your contract. . . .

This was the first time that the Christie's lawyers had seen or heard of this letter. It had not been mentioned in connection with their earlier inquiry. When the lawyers tried to arrange another interview with Davidge, they were told that he was unavailable. He had stopped attending major auctions, was "losing interest in his work," as a Christie's lawyer later put it, and had all but disappeared from Christie's London headquarters, on King Street.

As the pressure on Davidge mounted, he hired a criminal lawyer, Joe Linklater, of Baker & Mackenzie, in Chicago. When Linklater arrived in London, he discovered that Davidge had kept numerous files at his apartment, which was next door to Christie's headquarters. One of them had belonged to Sir Anthony Tennant but had been taken over by Davidge when Tennant retired. Another contained Sotheby's "grandfather list" and handwritten agendas prepared by Davidge for a series of meetings with Diana Brooks. As his secretary had revealed, the two had met secretly on several occasions, including one in which Davidge reportedly flew to New York on the Concorde, drove around the airport in a limousine with Brooks, then returned to London the same day. Davidge maintained that he was only carrying out Tennant's orders.

*"I just wanted to confirm the diagnosis you made at the cocktail party."*

• •

The importance of the files, and the danger they represented to Christie's, was immediately evident. Linklater hinted at this to lawyers at Skadden, Arps, Slate, Meagher & Flom, in New York, who were representing Christie's in the United States, but the lawyers insisted that the documents be produced anyway. Meanwhile, Christie's was negotiating a generous severance agreement for Davidge. The company was willing to pay him, in installments, five million pounds in severance, as long as he agreed to state that he had committed no breach of fiduciary duty during his tenure at the company and that Christie's was free to terminate his remaining severance payments if it turned out that he had engaged in any conduct tending to bring himself or the company into "disrepute," including "breaching any requirement or requirement of law." Davidge initially refused; both sides knew such a claim was patently untrue.

On Christmas Eve, 1999, however, Davidge bowed to Christie's demands and signed the agreement, which included a non-disclosure clause. He gave his files to Linklater. In return, he was paid nearly two million pounds, the first installment of his severance. Davidge issued a statement saying that after thirty-four years at Christie's, ten of them as chief executive, "I have now decided to step down."

Linklater sent the documents to Skadden, Arps. Among the most devastating were the correspondence and the agendas of meetings between Davidge and Brooks. The lawyers concluded, "Generally, the documents appear to provide conclusive evidence that there was collusion between Christie's and Sotheby's. However, interpretation is needed."

The Skadden, Arps lawyers were shocked. They knew that the documents were subject to a grand-jury subpoena requiring that they be produced, and, now that they were in the United States, the lawyers had no option but to comply. The new evidence was so sensitive that they phoned John Greene, the prosecutor in charge of the case, that day, and the next day hand delivered the documents to his office and sat there while he read them.

Edward Dolman, who had replaced Davidge as chief executive of Christie's, had instructed the lawyers to do the right thing and worry about the consequences later. In this instance, the consequences were potentially dire: almost certain indictment. Christie's only hope was to seek amnesty, but, given the advanced state of the government's investigation and the obvious culpability of at least one of its own employees, it was hardly an obvious candidate. Under Justice Department guidelines, Christie's had to meet several conditions to qualify for amnesty. It had to convince the government that it did not initiate the collusion and that it needed Davidge as a coöperative witness. Linklater had indicated that Davidge could testify to the most dramatic piece of evidence of all: that the conspiracy had been initiated at the very top—by Tennant and the chairman of Sotheby's, Alfred Taubman.

Davidge, of course, could have short-circuited the process by seeking amnesty only for himself, leaving Christie's to face indictment. Without help from Christie's, the Justice Department would be hard-pressed to gain Davidge's testimony, since he lived in London, beyond the reach of American courts. (Price-fixing is a civil, and not a criminal, offense in Britain, so extradition was unlikely.) But Christie's retained significant leverage over him, thanks to the remaining three million pounds owed on his severance contract.

Christie's simultaneously handed over the incriminating documents to the Justice Department and applied for amnesty, promising that it would try to secure Davidge's coöperation. A flurry of negotiations ensued. In an E-mail dated January 17, 2000, Christie's new chief executive reported that Davidge had agreed to coöperate as long as "nothing he says will be deemed to violate the settlement agreement and that he will be paid in full on his contract." Ten days later, on January 27th, the Justice Department conditionally agreed not to prosecute Christie's.

The government's policy of absolving antitrust criminals who betray their confederates has provided a windfall for lawyers, especially those who specialize in class actions. In January, 2000, a number of these lawyers, who had heard only sketchy reports that Christie's had agreed to coöperate with the government, began to scramble to reach possible plaintiffs—anyone who had bought or sold items through the auction houses since 1993—and sign them up. These lawyers, who often work for enormous contingency fees, are by nature risk takers, uncomfortable with, and sometimes contemptuous of, the staid hierarchy of established law firms. They are willing to hustle for clients in a way that some find unseemly, and often appear more interested in the size of their fee than in the well-being of their clients, who may number in the thousands. In the case of the auction houses, some twenty legal firms joined in what became a class-action suit on behalf of more than a hundred thousand clients.

David Boies, the New York-based litigator who successfully tried the government's antitrust case against Microsoft, and then led Al Gore's failed legal effort to gain the Presidency, is among the few class-action lawyers who bridge the gulf between swashbuckling trial lawyers and establishment law firms. Boies had been a partner at the New York firm of Cravath, Swaine & Moore, which represents many Fortune 500 companies and financial firms. In 1997, he resigned and, with two other lawyers, formed the firm of Boies, Schiller & Flexner. He also recruited a lawyer named Richard Drubel, who had worked in Houston with Stephen Susman, one of the country's best-known class-action lawyers. In early February of last year, a few weeks after the first civil suits were filed against the auction houses, Drubel got a call from a former partner at the Susman firm, asking if he wanted to join in one of its cases.

In class-action suits, the court usually chooses one of the plaintiffs' firms to serve as lead counsel. That role is highly coveted, because the lead counsel reaps most of the legal fee. In the auction houses' suit, five law firms announced that the consensus among the lawyers involved was that they should share the role of lead counsel. Boies, still an outsider in the clubby plaintiffs' bar, was pointedly excluded. The judge who would decide was Lewis A. Kaplan, of the Southern District of New York. Kaplan, a 1994 Clinton appointee, was widely admired for his forthright manner and innovative approaches to complex legal questions.

Judge Kaplan was concerned about the number of class-action settlements in which the prime beneficiaries seem to have been the lawyers. Some of the most notorious examples have come from the auto industry, where plaintiffs in a 1996 settlement involving allegedly dangerous fuel tanks in G.M. pickup trucks received modest rebate coupons on future vehicle purchases while their lawyers received twenty-six million dollars in fees. In many such cases, it's hard to escape the conclusion that defendants were simply buying off the plaintiffs' lawyers at the expense of the plaintiffs. Or, as Judge Kaplan delicately put it, the "tension" between the best interests of the class and the highest attorneys' fees "can lead counsel to neglect the class' interests in pursuit of a higher fee."

A handful of judges in class-action cases had tried to address these issues by using, as it happens, an auction process, in which plaintiffs' lawyers compete for the role of lead counsel by bidding the percentage they would take from the plaintiffs in attorneys' fees in the event that damages were awarded. The lowest percentage wins, which leaves more for the victims. The approach eliminates an incentive to run up hours of make-work simply to increase the attorneys' fees, but it has been criticized for encouraging the winning bidder to avoid the time and expense of a trial by reaching a settlement beforehand—sometimes for far

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SHOWCASE

# WITNESS

Joel Meyerowitz is a photographer best known for his New York street scenes and his landscapes and seascapes of Cape Cod. He is, in the main, a tranquil artist, and perhaps his signature is the sweetness and the colors of the sky over the bay in Provincetown. He is not generally a photographer of politics and suffering. And yet when Meyerowitz, at his cottage on the Cape, heard the news of catastrophe he made his way back to the city and then downtown.

With help from Robert Macdonald, the director of the Museum of the City of New York, Meyerowitz arranged with the Mayor's office to gain free access to the site and take photographs of the ruins and of the improvised society of construction workers, police officers, firefighters, and volunteers who were there around the clock. "A horrible tragedy has taken place, and it needs to be recorded, every inch of it," he said the other day. "We have to remember what these ruins look like, what the people who are working here look like, because eventually it will be cleared away, and something new will be here." Meyerowitz said he was reminded of various archivists, including Charles Marville, the photographer who sought to capture the transformation of nineteenth-century Paris when Haussmann's cannon-lane boulevards were being built and a city of villages disappeared.

"I took this picture—it's the World Financial Center—at about midnight on September 25th," Meyerowitz said. "The idea is to stay right here, to keep watching as the rubble is cleared away and the work of repair is done. Like everyone else, I don't know what will go up here eventually, but I hope that for a little while, at least, it's left open, a green lawn, maybe, so people can make their way back to this part of New York."

*—David Remnick*

ARIEL MEYEROWITZ GALLERY

of the other plaintiffs' lawyers by inviting them to help with the case, but when other firms heard that the winning bid was more than four hundred million dollars, they rejected the invitations out of hand. Drubel's former partner Stephen Susman remarked that "David Boies must be on some kamikaze pro-bono mission."

Not long after, Drubel, accompanied by Philip Korologos, another lawyer at Boies, Schiller, met with lawyers for both auction houses. They were eager to begin discovery to see what Christie's had turned over to the government.

The documents that arrived at Drubel's offices contained the files of Sir Anthony Tennant, Christie's former chairman, which Davidge had inherited, and other handwritten agendas and notes of conversations. Reading them, the lawyers realized that they had stumbled upon a remarkable trove of evidence. Few antitrust conspirators have been so reckless as to memorialize their conversations in writing and then save their notes.

One damning memo, in Tennant's handwriting, is dated April 30th. It begins with a catalogue of competitive measures that "we" have agreed to limit or eliminate, ranging from relatively minor ones, such as making "disparaging comments" about the other house, to major ones, such as refusing to guarantee sale prices to sellers or to offer buyers financing below a given rate.

It also outlines a schedule of sellers' commissions similar to the ones adopted by Sotheby's and Christie's in 1995—possible evidence of overt price-fixing. Tennant's notes suggest only the haziest grasp of antitrust principles. The commissions need not be "identical," but they "could be," the notes say. "With a sliding scale based on value, there should be no legal problems because you cannot price-fix a unique object." What was being fixed, of course, was not the price of an item at auction but the price of Christie's services—its commissions.

The measures detailed in Tennant's documents obviously reflected collusion to restrict competition. But the lawyers were puzzled by the memo's curious use of "we" and "you," and by the notation "This copied verbatim." If

*"If you ask me what's wrong one more time, I'm going to tell you."*

• •

less than might have been realized had the case gone to trial.

Judge Kaplan decided on an even more unorthodox, all-or-nothing approach—one that could be a significant precedent in future class-action cases. He ordered the competing lawyers to bid a number representing the minimum amount of damages they thought they could win for the victims. If the eventual settlement exceeded that amount, the lawyers would earn twenty-five per cent of everything over the amount of the bid. But if the victims were awarded less the lawyers would forgo their fees. In choosing a winner, the judge would consider the amount of the bid—higher was obviously better, as far as the victims were concerned—and the reputation of the lawyers.

Boies, a poker enthusiast, was delighted by the secret bidding process, and he and Drubel began to discuss a bid: the number was based on the potential damages—an estimate that was complicated by the nature of the case. When Christie's had been granted conditional amnesty, Boies and Drubel inferred that both increases in the commission charged to clients—the 1993 buyers' commission and the 1995 sellers' commission—were part of a criminal antitrust conspiracy. Damages were easy to calculate for the buyers' commission: five per cent of sales up to fifty thousand dollars. But the sellers' commission was more difficult, given the sliding scale and the various exemptions. With the help of an economist, Boies and Drubel came up with an estimate of five hundred million dollars in total damages.

They thought that a good bid might be four hundred million, which meant that if the class received the full amount of actual damages the firm would still reap twenty-five million, or twenty-five per cent of the amount above their bid. Assuming that the other lawyers would bid in round numbers, they eventually decided on four hundred and five million dollars. It was a gamble, and Drubel told Boies that he was worried that the bid might be too high.

A few days later, Drubel got a call from Judge Kaplan's clerk. "Congratulations," she said. "You won the bid." The average bid of all the competing lawyers, it turned out, had been only a hundred and thirty million dollars. Boies and Drubel tried to mollify some

Tennant was essentially taking dictation from someone else, the question was, from whom?

The memo also contained references to possible co-conspirators. At one point, the memo reads, "DDB and MA know. Now to be DDB only. Given CMD home number to call this Tues. or Wed." The lawyers assumed that Tennant had privately told Brooks to call Davidge. ("MA" referred to Michael Ainslie, Brooks's predecessor as Sotheby's chief executive, who had resigned in November of 1993. Ainslie's lawyer said that Ainslie "knew absolutely nothing about any of the illegal conduct that has been alleged.") The document contained no explicit reference to Sotheby's chairman, Alfred Taubman, but concluded, "Everything should be monitored and checked back if need be. He and I should withdraw but stay in touch with a view to seeing how things go and intervening from on high if need be."

A second memo in Tennant's handwriting describes a conversation with another unidentified person, possibly Taubman. "Maybe we both shouldn't chase the same big stuff every time," Tennant suggested.

The notes in Davidge's handwriting were generally more cryptic, underscoring Davidge's value as a witness who could explain them. But some seemed to be agendas for discussion with Diana Brooks, with notes indicating the results of the discussions. Apart from price-fixing, the notes suggest that the two houses worked out a cozy arrangement to share the biggest estate sales. One memo indicates they would stop competing for the same business by making donations to a collector's favorite charity, often a family foundation. Sotheby's apparently gave to the Duke Foundation in order to "level the playing field" so that Christie's could, in turn, give to the Loeb Fund in its effort to win the collection of John and Frances Loeb, wealthy collectors who died in 1996. The Loeb sale at Christie's brought $92.7 million, one of the highest totals ever for a single-owner sale. Another memo discusses the sale of Rudolf Nureyev's estate, suggesting that landing the sale was the result of a prearranged understanding between the auction houses. Yet another memo expresses irritation that Sotheby's wasn't honoring all the terms of the agreement. "S&Co attending our parties recently in London. Not sticking to the rules."

Whatever the ambiguities of the documents, they provided compelling evidence of an antitrust conspiracy, and Boies felt certain that he and his colleagues would win their case at trial, at least with respect to overcharging the sellers. But, in preliminary settlement discussions with the lawyers for both auction houses, the Boies team was dismayed to learn that the damages in the case were far less than it had projected. The agreement to hold sellers' commissions to ten per cent hadn't always worked in practice, and when Boies and his colleagues reviewed the actual revenue figures they concluded that they could prove total damages of only three hundred million dollars, roughly two hundred million less than they had projected when they bid for the case. When Boies's team held its first serious settlement talks with lawyers from Sotheby's and Christie's, in late summer, the auction houses indicated that they might consider a total settlement of about a hundred million dollars and no more. Boies dismissed it out of hand. (The lawyers for the auction houses had no way of knowing that, under the bidding process established by Judge Kaplan, Boies and his partners would be paid nothing if that was all they recovered.)

Just as the Justice Department had gained Christie's coöperation by granting the company amnesty, Boies and his associates concluded that they had to drive a wedge between Christie's and Sotheby's, inducing one to coöperate with them against the other. Christie's was the obvious candidate. As a private company controlled by a billionaire, it had deeper pockets, and its conditional amnesty didn't protect it from a civil suit. But it had already resolved its possible criminal liability, which meant that it could provide helpful evidence against Sotheby's without further jeopardizing its own position. It might also be hard to collect a judgment against Christie's, since its headquarters and many of its assets were outside the United States. And it controlled Davidge, the star coöperating witness.

Drubel hit on the idea of offering Christie's what is known as a "Mary Carter agreement," named after a Florida case in which a plaintiff secretly agreed to split any damages with a defendant who testified against another defendant. Plaintiffs' lawyers love the spectacle of one defendant turning on another at trial, and Mary Carter agreements have proved to be so effective before juries that in many jurisdictions such agreements must be disclosed,

*"Gee, Tommy, I'd be lost without your constant peer pressure."*

AMERICAN ENCOUNTER BY ALEKSANDAR HEMON

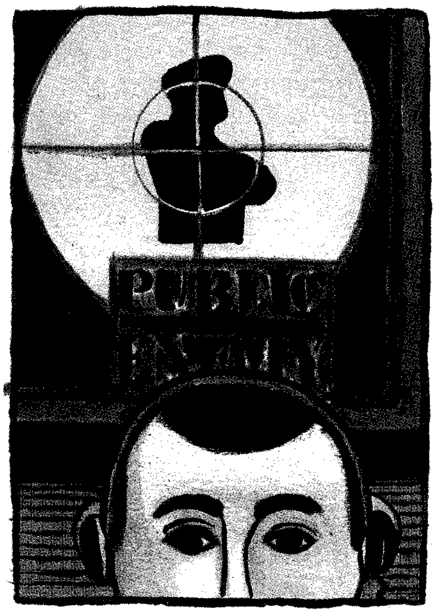
# DOOR TO DOOR

By the time I graduated from my high school in Sarajevo, in 1983, my favorite movie of all time was "Apocalypse Now," and I was convinced that Robert Altman was a genius. I loved the Talking Heads and Television, and CBGB was to me what the Vatican is to a devout Catholic. I fantasized about starting a band whose first album cover would be designed by Andy Warhol. I imitated Holden Caulfield's diction (in translation), and I manipulated my unwitting father into buying me a Charles Bukowski book for my seventeenth birthday.

By 1990, when I graduated from college, my sister and I could perform chunks of dialogue from "His Girl Friday." I'd get angry at people who didn't recognize the genius of Brian De Palma. I could recite Public Enemy's angry invectives, and was up to my ears in the New York noise scene, particularly Sonic Youth and the Swans. I read the American short-story anthologies that were available in translation, and it was not uncommon for me to spend a boozy night extolling the brilliance of Raymond Carver. I wrote an essay on Bret Easton Ellis and corporate capitalism, and, though I hadn't read Barth's essay, held firmly to the belief that I was living in the age of the literature of exhaustion.

I came to the United States for the first time in the winter of 1992, as a participant in a cultural-exchange program, and I travelled all over the country, showing off my familiarity with the local culture to befuddled professors, writers, and filmmakers, many of whom had no idea where Sarajevo was. By the time I reached Chicago, at the end of my trip, the war in Bosnia had begun, my honeymoon with America was over, and I had to find a job. I was not going back home.

Nothing in my experience had taught me how to get a job in the United States. It took me a few weeks to learn that (a) rambling on about the short story to restaurant managers and temp-agency employees does not get you hired; and (b) when they say, "We'll call you," they don't really mean it. Eventually, I found work as a canvasser for Greenpeace. I knew of the organization, but I had never heard of canvassing—it was an activity that had not existed in the former Yugoslavia. I was worried about the idea of knocking on people's doors and asking for money. I imagined decent Americans swinging baseball bats at my knees to express their dismay at being bothered in this way by a foreigner. By the end of the first day, I was ready to write my own contribution to the literature of exhaustion.



But, in the end, I canvassed for Greenpeace for two and a half years. I traversed the suburbs of Chicago, learning to assess a household's annual income by the look of its lawn and the makes of the family vehicles. I steeled myself to questions about Bosnia and Yugoslavia, and their nonexistent relation to the nonexistent Czechoslovakia; I managed to grin through lectures on the spirituality of "Star Trek," and to confirm, calmly, that, yes, I had been exposed to television back home. I talked to a Christian fundamentalist in Wheaton who kept interrupting my discourse to call out "Amen" and finally confided that his daughter had left home for some "weird" California cult. I smiled at a young man in La Grange who implored me to understand how broke he was because he had just bought a Porsche. In Blue Island, I drank lemonade at the home of a soft-spoken Catholic priest and his young, gorgeous boyfriend, who was bored and tipsy. I sought shelter with people in Glencoe, who had a beautiful Alphonse Mucha print on the wall, after their neighbor had shown me his gun—and his willingness to use it. In a far-western suburb, I discussed helmet laws with a herd of potbellied, balding bikers, some of them Vietnam veterans who believed they had fought for the freedom to spill their brains on the highways of America. I saw my African-American colleagues repeatedly stopped by the police in the very white North Shore.

After a while, my view of American culture changed. I began to understand the meaning of the Talking Heads' songs, the anarchic pretentiousness of Altman's movies, the vapidity of the De Palma œuvre, the rage of Public Enemy, and the magnitude of America's defeat in Vietnam. I saw Campbell's soup being eaten straight from the can on a porch in Elk Grove Village. I peered into the morose houses of Carver's people. I got an idea why literature might have been exhausted.

Toward the end of my canvassing career, a woman in Schaumburg opened her door with a welcoming smile, which quickly transmogrified into a suspicious smirk. "I thought you were someone else," she said, disappointed. "I *am* someone else," I said. And I was. ♦

LORENZO MATTOTTI

since they might affect a witness's credibility. Boies and Drubel would offer Christie's a chance to settle for a fixed sum, with the opportunity to reduce the amount by helping them in the case against Sotheby's and Taubman.

By early September, they were close to an agreement in which Christie's would theoretically pay two hundred and thirty million dollars—but that amount would be reduced to the extent that Christie's coöperation resulted in additional damages from Sotheby's. A draft of terms was ready to be signed, though negotiations continued on just how much Christie's would be rewarded for its coöperation.

Meanwhile, Drubel and a team of lawyers and paralegals took over a conference room and began poring through hundreds of boxes of documents from Christie's. They didn't have high expectations. All the talk in the case had been about the Davidge documents, which they'd already seen, and they assumed that Christie's lawyers at Skadden, Arps, in an effort to demonstrate their coöperation, would have alerted them to anything else that might be significant. Indeed, the material seemed irrelevant: press releases, correspondence on other matters—the routine if voluminous paperwork associated with any large, far-flung business.

Then, late one evening, a team member said, "I think I've got something." Drubel hurried over and saw that stashed in a folder in a box of accounting records was a handwritten memo from Stephen S. Lash, then vice-chairman of Christie's North and South America. Lash and his wife, Wendy, an heiress to the Lehman fortune, were fixtures in Manhattan society and art circles.

The memo, dated January 21, 1995, but addressed to no one in particular, seemed a curious attempt by Lash to record his own suspicions of an antitrust conspiracy as he struggled with what to do about them. Claiming that he had already taken his suspicions to a Christie's director, he wrote, "I couldn't confirm categorically that I knew but only that I detected some 'smoke' suggesting 'fire.' . . . I can recall A.T. [Anthony Tennant] constantly referring to the need to have a quiet word with the competition in a way that appeared dead serious and committed."

In a lengthy January, 1996, memo describing a conversation with a Christie's board member, Daniel P. Davison, Lash wrote that he had strong reason to think that Davidge was continuing discussions with Diana Brooks over terms. Other memos and copies of letters suggest that both Lash and Davison made some efforts to raise antitrust issues with Tennant and Davidge, but that they proved ineffectual.

Lash's notes also named two other prominent Christie's executives who seem to have known of the scheme: Patricia Hambrecht, Christie's American president, who implicated Davidge when she was asked to resign, and Christie's well-known chief auctioneer, Christopher M. Burge. In one memo, Lash wrote that he had told Hambrecht, "I can't stand what's going on," and she had replied, "Neither can I." He added, "There was no ambiguity as to what we were discussing."

Boies's team was amazed that anyone would put such suspicions in writing. But the documents, apart from their immense value as evidence, raised some troubling questions. Why hadn't Christie's told the lawyers of their existence? Did Christie's actually think the documents could be buried in one of the boxes and not be found? Christie's maintains that its lawyers had never tried to hide the Lash documents; they had produced them as soon as they discovered them, and it wasn't their obligation to highlight them. But the discovery of the documents irrevocably changed the way the plaintiffs' lawyers thought of Christie's. The auction house suddenly seemed much less coöperative that it had purported to be.

The plaintiffs' lawyers weren't the only ones to have discovered the Lash documents. At Davis, Polk & Wardwell, the firm representing Taubman, an associate found copies of them, buried among other records, in one of the boxes of documents produced by Christie's. She took them to Scott Muller, who was in charge of Taubman's defense. Muller called Sotheby's lawyers; all were part of a joint defense agreement allowing them to share information that would otherwise be protected by attorney-client privilege.

Sotheby's and Taubman were in an increasingly precarious position. The Lash documents, together with the original Davidge papers, were devastating evidence, especially against Brooks, since they contain so many references to her. (Taubman is never mentioned by name.) Muller assumed from conversations with Brooks's lawyers that she was in talks with John Greene, the lead prosecutor. It was obvious that she had no defense. Indeed, from January 28th, when she was first confronted with the allegations, Brooks never denied the wrongdoing, and, friends say, she accepts full responsibility for it. She had hoped no one else at Sotheby's would be implicated; she had taken great care not to discuss it with anyone apart from Taubman, she said. She hadn't volunteered anything to prosecutors, even in seeking lenient treatment for herself. But her lawyers told her to answer prosecutors' questions truthfully, and in doing so she implicated Taubman. "She bears no malice toward Taubman," one friend told me, and only blames herself.

Despite the potential value of such testimony, Brooks was offered nothing but the possibility of leniency at sentencing—amnesty can be offered only to the first to confess. Under federal sentencing guidelines, she faced a maximum prison term of three years.

Sotheby's was in an even worse position, liable as a corporation for the actions of Brooks and Taubman. One of the more Draconian aspects of the antitrust laws is that each co-conspirator is jointly and severally liable for the entire amount of damages, trebled, and may not seek to recoup any of the damages from a co-conspirator. Even in the view of the evidence most favorable to the auction houses—that there was a sellers' conspiracy but not a buyers' commission agreement—the actual damages might be as high as a hundred million dollars. Trebled, that would be three hundred million, a sum that could plunge Sotheby's into bankruptcy.

Muller strongly suspected, and other lawyers in the case had confirmed, that Boies was secretly negotiating with Christie's to further isolate Sotheby's and its chairman. From

Sotheby's point of view, this maneuver could not be allowed to succeed. Muller had recently worked with Boies on another antitrust case, and he knew how Boies liked to operate. He also feared that Christie's would take advantage of its better bargaining power to strike a deal that would essentially eliminate its chief competitor. It was bad enough that Christie's had escaped the criminal charges that Sotheby's and Taubman now faced—Sotheby's had no way of knowing how many clients it had already lost because of that—but failing to settle could "mortally wound" Sotheby's, as Muller put it. As the majority shareholder in Sotheby's, Taubman stood to lose his entire stake if Sotheby's went into bankruptcy.

So Muller called Boies. He tried not to sound desperate. "Let's resolve this," he said. "You've got to talk to Sotheby's." Boies indicated he might be interested in a deal in which Christie's, Sotheby's, and Taubman each paid one-third. "That's ridiculous," Muller insisted, arguing that, as a simple matter of logic and fairness, Sotheby's and its chairman could be no more than one-half responsible for a conspiracy between two auction houses. He also argued that Boies was "going after the wrong party," pointing out that it would be easier to try a civil case against a defendant like Christie's, which had already admitted wrongdoing, than against Taubman and Sotheby's, which were still denying guilt.

Boies agreed to meet with Ira Millstein, Richard Davis, and Steven Reiss, who represented Sotheby's at Weil, Gotshal. At the age of seventy-four, Millstein commands great respect among other lawyers, and both he and Davis had worked closely with Boies. It was a critical meeting for Sotheby's, whose lawyers had to derail any settlement with Christie's but had very little evidence of their own to use as leverage. In contrast to the numerous documents that surfaced at Christie's, it appeared that no one at Sotheby's had been so foolish (or wise, as it turned out) as to memorialize a criminal conspiracy in writing.

For these reasons, Millstein and Davis attempted to convince Boies that it wasn't in the interest of his plaintiffs, many of whom were regular buyers and sellers of art, to drive Christie's only major competitor out of business; that Christie's failure to point to the Lash document undermined the company's credibility; and that there were enough documents implicating people at Christie's that Boies didn't need the coöperation of people like Davidge and others at the firm to make his case. To back up their claims, the Sotheby's lawyers gave Boies some copies of documents pertaining to the critical issue of the 1993 increase in the buyers' commissions. One, for example, from late 1991, was a Sotheby's memo containing confidential terms of a proposed buyers' commission increase and what Sotheby's response was likely to be. With it was a cover sheet indicating that someone at Sotheby's had faxed it to Christie's: "FC will be in the NY jewelry dept until 4 p.m. Give him a copy." FC appears to be a reference to François Curiel, the head of Christie's jewelry department.

In a subsequent meeting, the plaintiffs' lawyers asked who might have known or discussed the matter of the buyers' commission. Sotheby's lawyers offered the names of Curiel and his counterpart at Sotheby's, John Block, and described them as "communicators." It was the first time the plaintiffs'

## VIA NEGATIVA

If a man wants to be sure of his road, he must
close his eyes and walk in the dark.
—*St. John of the Cross*

In southwest Virginia, just this side of Abingdon,
The mountains begin to shoulder up,
The dogwoods go red and leaf-darkened,
And leftover roadside wildflowers neon among the greens—
Early October, and Appalachia dyes her hair.
What is it about the Southern mountains
that vacuums me out,
That seems to hold me on an invisible flame until I rise up and veer
Weightless and unrepentant?
The great valley pours into Tennessee, the ridges like epaulettes
To the north, landscape in pinks-and-greens
off to the south.

How pretty to think that gods abound,
and everything stays forgotten,
That words are dust, and everyone's lip that uttered them is dust,
Our line of discomfort inalterable, sunstruck,
From not-ness into not-ness,
Our prayers—like raiment, like char scraps—rising without us
Into an everlasting,
which goes on without us,
Blue into blue into blue—
Our prayers, like wet-wrung pieces of glass,
Surf-spun, unedged and indestructible and shining,
Our lives a scratch on the sky,
painless, beyond recall.

I never remember going out at night, full moon,
Stalking the yard in California the way I do here,
First frost
starting to sort its crystals out, moon shadows
Tepid and underslung on the lawn.
I don't remember—although I should—the emptiness

That cold brings, and stillness brings.
I never remember remembering the odd way
Evergreens have in night light
of looming and floating,
The way the spirit, leaving your mouth, looms, too, and floats
In front of you like breath,
leading the way as it disappears in the darkness.

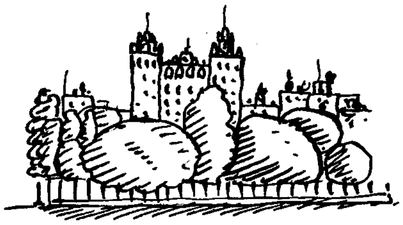
Long journey, short road, the saying goes,
Meaning our lives,
meaning the afterlife of our nights and days
During our sleepwalk through them.
The verbal hunger, the narrowness
Between the thing itself and the naming of the thing
Coils like a tapeworm inside us
and waits to be filled.
Our lives continue on course, and reject all meaning,
Each of us needing his martyrdom,
each of us needing that hard love.
We sink to our knees like Sunday, we rise and we sink again.
There is no pardon for this.

Bottomless water, heart's glass.
Each year the autumn comes that was not supposed to be
Back in the garden without language,
Each year, dead leaves like words
falling about our shoulders,
Each year, same words, same flash and gold guise.
So be it. The Angel of the Serpent That Never Arrives
Never arrives, the gates stay shut
under a shine and a timelessness.
On Locust Avenue the fall's fire
Collapses across the lawn,
The trees bear up their ruin,
and everything nudges our lives toward the coming ash.

—*Charles Wright*

lawyers had heard Block's name in connection with a possible conspiracy. Boies was so impressed by Sotheby's willingness to help, at a time when his doubts about Christie's were growing, that he decided to reconsider his deal with Christie's. Korologos called Shepard Goldfein, at Skadden, Arps, Christie's lawyers, and said that "things had changed," and the previous settlement agreement under discussion was now off the table. Instead, he was offering Christie's the chance to settle for a flat cash payment. Goldfein was apoplectic, rejecting the payment and arguing that Korologos and Boies were "walking out" on a deal. "How could we, when not all the terms had been agreed to?" Korologos responded. Boies later got on the phone and was blunt: there was no deal.

Soon after, Korologos was examining some timelines of Sotheby's and Christie's executives that had been pieced together from travel records. He was startled to see that Block, from Sotheby's, and Curiel, from Christie's, had been in Florida on the same date, in the spring of 1992—evidence that the increase in the buyers' premium could have been planned. Later, it was determined that Brooks had been there as well.



The Christie's lawyers pointed out that a Florida judge in an estate case had ordered both Curiel and Block to appear that day, an innocent explanation for their presence there. But the lawyers, too, probably knew that it was risky to let such evidence reach a jury. To do so would be betting the whole company.

At the same time, the Sotheby's lawyers were holding delicate negotiations with Taubman's counsel. They stressed that the numbers Boies had been talking about could bankrupt Sotheby's. And if Taubman didn't join in the settlement he faced the prospect of a drawn-out civil trial on top of any criminal proceeding—one in which he might be personally held liable for the full amount of damages. Taubman was rich enough that he could, if he chose, pay the full amount out of his own pocket. With Brooks's negotiations proceeding, it seemed inevitable that she would coöperate with the government, making a defense at trial untenable. The case had to be settled, on both the civil and criminal fronts, if Sotheby's was to continue in business.

In September, Boies went back and forth between the two houses, trying to ratchet up the numbers, using the willingness of one to settle for a higher number as leverage against the other. Sotheby's board met and rejected one proposal; Boies warned that the number would go only higher. He offered to settle with Christie's for four hundred and sixty-five million dollars. When Christie's balked, he made it an even more unpleasant offer—five hundred and twelve million dollars.

He promised not to raise the figure again until the lawyers got back to him with a final answer. But the implication was clear: the longer they waited, the costlier the settlement would be.

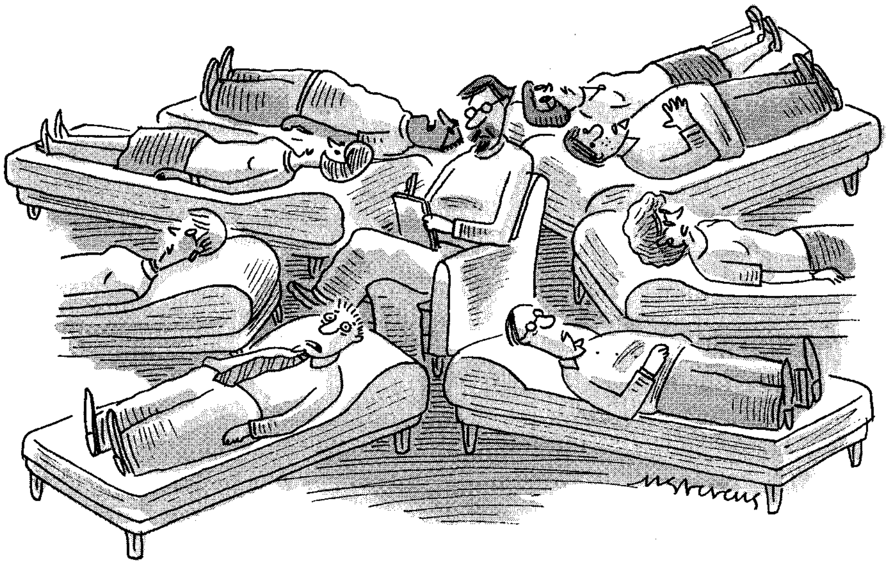
But the proposed settlement would be meaningless to Sotheby's if it could not resolve the criminal charges as well. Greene, the chief prosecutor, had threatened the company with a huge fine, and it couldn't function for long with that level of potential liability on top of the civil settlement. Nor could Sotheby's compete against Christie's, which was boasting to clients that it had resolved its problem while Sotheby's still faced criminal charges. As part of a large, private conglomerate, Christie's had the financial resources to weather an enormous payment, while Sotheby's, as a publicly traded company, faced a slumping stock price and curtailed access to public debt markets.

As plea discussions worked their way up the chain of command in the Justice Department, Sotheby's arguments that it made no sense to cripple one of only two competitors seemed to take hold. Sotheby's agreed to plead guilty to conspiring with Christie's to fix sellers' commissions. It agreed to pay a fine of forty-five million dollars, but, in an unusual recognition of Sotheby's precarious financial condition, the government agreed to let it pay the sum over five years, with no interest charges. With a deal with the government in hand, Sotheby's capitulated to Boies's latest demand, agreeing to pay two hundred and fifty-six million dollars.

On September 24th, both auction houses announced that they had settled the civil suit. Sotheby's also announced that it had reached an agreement to resolve the criminal investigation by pleading guilty. The auction houses would each pay two hundred and fifty-six million dollars. Of that amount, Taubman agreed to give Sotheby's a hundred and fifty-six million personally, which meant that Sotheby's would be responsible for just a hundred million of the total. Even that threatened to strain Sotheby's resources, and in the end Boies did not want to push it into bankruptcy. So he agreed that a hundred million of the total, to be paid by both houses, could be in the form of discount coupons offered to future sellers at the auction houses. (The face value of the coupons was subsequently increased to a hundred and twenty-five million.)

To the amazement of his colleagues in the plaintiffs' bar, Boies and his partners had exceeded their bid to Judge Kaplan by more than a hundred million dollars. Their reward for their work in the case was twenty-five per cent of anything over four hundred and five million—$26.7 million. Still, that represented just five per cent of the recovery—far less than the one-third lawyers often demand in contingency cases.

Of the two auction houses, Sotheby's seems to have borne the brunt of the scandal, but it has been stressing that everyone there tainted by the scandal has been asked to leave. John Block, Curiel's counterpart in the jewelry department and his alleged contact at Sotheby's, is now the chief executive for North America at Phillips de Pury & Luxembourg, which is trying to break into the auction-house duopoly with an aggressive push for major consignments. No one has been charged with fixing the buyers' commissions in 1993; the government said its evidence was inconclusive.



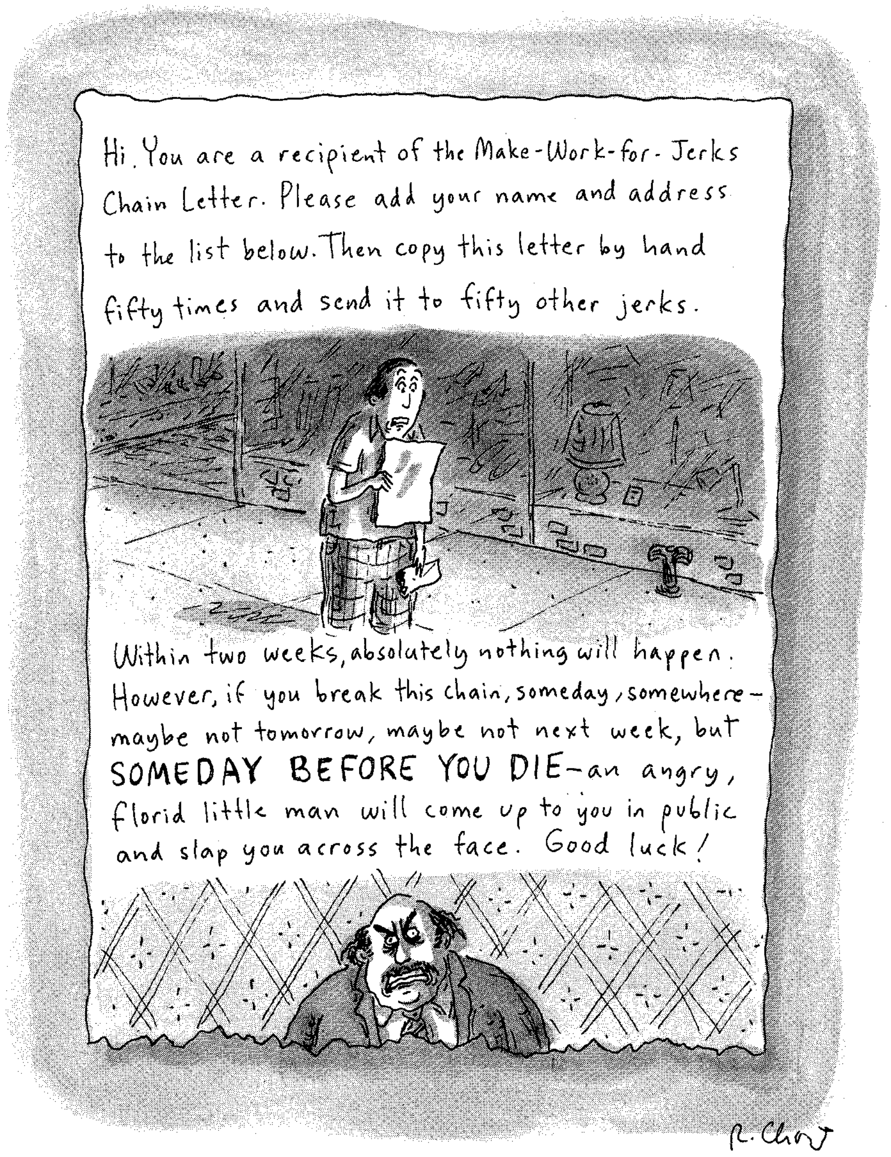
Diana Brooks, as the Sotheby's lawyers feared, pleaded guilty to one felony count of price-fixing on October 5, 2000, and promised to coöperate fully in the government's investigation. She had acted, she said in a prepared statement, "at the direction of a superior at Sotheby's." Brooks had hoped that her plea and the obvious reference to Taubman would help persuade him to plead guilty as well, bringing the criminal case to a close, and allowing her to be sentenced and begin putting the scandal behind her. But Taubman arranged a lie-detector test that he says proved his innocence, and "at no time has he ever considered pleading guilty," his colleague Christopher Tennyson insisted.

Brooks's crime carries a maximum sentence of three years in prison under federal sentencing guidelines, but her agreement to coöperate means that the judge will be free to evaluate her testimony and reduce her sentence, so it is possible that she will not have to serve any time in prison. While awaiting sentencing, she has been tutoring schoolchildren in Harlem. The nearest federal prison that houses women is at Danbury, Connecticut. A friend of hers told me, "She is not scared about the fact of jail. She's concerned about what life will be like in jail."

Alfred Taubman entered a plea of not guilty. Muller, his lawyer, has asserted Taubman's innocence. Opening arguments are scheduled for November 5th, and the trial promises to be one of the most closely watched antitrust trials in history. Boies, for one, believes that Taubman has a reasonable chance of being acquitted, in part because of his age, and also because the documentary evidence Boies reviewed suggests that Brooks, Tennant, and Davidge were more culpable. Taubman's main line of defense is expected to be that although he did not discourage Brooks from meeting with Davidge, he never authorized her to engage in an antitrust conspiracy. Further, he is expected to insist that, though he may have met Tennant and spoken with him, he warned the Christie's chairman that he could not discuss anything that would violate United States antitrust laws.

At trial, Taubman's main problems will be Brooks's and Davidge's expected testimony against him and Tennant's April 30th memo setting out the terms of an antitrust conspiracy. Although Taubman isn't mentioned by name, Davidge is expected to describe the memo as reflecting a conversation between Tennant and Taubman. As one lawyer put it, "If a jury believes Brooks and Davidge, Taubman has a problem." Given the importance of their credibility, the cross-examination by Taubman's lawyers is expected to be withering.

Apart from Taubman's guilt or innocence, one of the issues that may be resolved at trial is whether Christie's was in fact entitled to amnesty based on its representation that it didn't initiate the conspiracy and terminated it once it knew of its existence. Considerable evidence already suggests that top executives at Christie's—Hambrecht, Lash, Burge, Hindlip, Curiel—knew something about the scheme and did not stop it. Yet the Justice Department, in its eagerness to attract more informants, seems unlikely to take any action against Christie's. Under current policies, the government will be satisfied as long as Christie's didn't "coerce" Sotheby's into the conspiracy, even if Christie's was equally responsible for starting it. And the government will impute knowledge of the conspiracy to Christie's only if its directors or its inside or outside general counsel knew about it.


Hi. You are a recipient of the Make-Work-for-Jerks Chain Letter. Please add your name and address to the list below. Then copy this letter by hand fifty times and send it to fifty other jerks.
Within two weeks, absolutely nothing will happen. However, if you break this chain, someday, somewhere—maybe not tomorrow, maybe not next week, but SOMEDAY BEFORE YOU DIE—an angry, florid little man will come up to you in public and slap you across the face. Good luck!

Despite the evidence that numerous high-ranking executives at Christie's knew or should have known of the illegal activity, many of them not only are still working at the auction house; they have been promoted. Lord Hindlip, whose conversations with Davidge should, at the very least, have aroused suspicions, remains chairman. François Curiel, head of the jewelry department, who is alleged to have communicated with his counterpart at Sotheby's, is now the chairman of Christie's Europe. Stephen Lash, the diarist who recorded his misgivings, was promoted to chairman of Christie's North and South America. Christopher Burge remains Christie's chief auctioneer and was named honorary chairman of Christie's North America.

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Sir Anthony Tennant, who had retired as Christie's chairman before the scandal broke, was indicted along with Taubman on May 2nd. He failed to appear in court to answer the charges, and said that he will remain in England and refuse to enter the jurisdiction of an American court. Still, his status as an absent but indicted co-defendant will allow the admission of hearsay evidence about his role at Taubman's trial. In a widely circulated letter addressed to friends and former colleagues and clients, Tennant wrote, "I did not discuss price fixing with Taubman or anyone else."

Christopher Davidge received the second installment of his five-million-pound severance payment last December and is due to receive the rest at the end of the year, at which point Christie's will lose most of what leverage it retains over him. Taubman's lawyers have already said that they will attack his testimony by claiming it was bought. Shortly after Davidge resigned from Christie's, he and Amrita Jhaveri were married in a quiet ceremony in India, where Davidge now spends much of his time.

Patricia Hambrecht, who was in on the scheme and then betrayed her colleagues, is now president of the Fifth Avenue jeweller Harry Winston. She remains a member of the New York bar. She was featured on the cover of the September issue of *Quest* magazine wearing a prominent pearl necklace and earrings. The cover headline is "Women at the Top." ♦

PROFILES

# THE PRODUCER

*In Hollywood, is it better to be loved or feared?*

BY LARISSA MACFARQUHAR

> Know how to make use of stupidity. He who poses as a fool is not a fool.
>
> —*Baltasar Gracián.*

Twenty-five years ago, at the dawn of his career in the movie business, Brian Grazer considered what manner of man he should make of himself. "Should I be liked, or not?" he wondered. "Should I comb my hair and wear a suit, or should I wear jeans and be quirky? I saw that powerful people in Hollywood want to talk about themselves and have a ton of opinions, so I thought, Should I be that guy? Or should I be the guy who asks questions all the time? Which guy should I be?"

Long before his lifetime gross passed four billion dollars and he ranked with Jerry Bruckheimer and Scott Rudin as one of the three most important producers in Hollywood; before he bought Gregory Peck's house in the Palisades; before the glorious day when "Apollo 13" was nominated for nine Academy Awards; before "The Grinch," "The Nutty Professor," "Liar Liar," and his first hit, "Splash"; before the baby with his second wife and the two children with his first wife, many, many cars and two hair styles ago, Grazer pondered the way Hollywood worked, and why some people succeeded and some didn't. Another man might have asked, Who am I? and looked inside himself for the answer, but Grazer did not think about his life in such a fatalistic manner. To Grazer, it seemed that all the human possibilities the world contained were available to him—he had only to choose.

He decided on the quirky route. He would not strut about, trying to intimidate; instead, he would charm people with his goofiness and fervor. He wouldn't be the impressive one; he would be the one who was impressed. He would be the hayseed kid who asked ten million questions and gaped at the answers. He would not be feared; he would be loved.

Grazer had the discipline to fashion himself into the creature he had chosen. Listening didn't come naturally to him—he had an extremely short attention span—but he had decided to be a listener, so he listened. He had a compulsive, frenetic personality, but he channelled this into activities that were harmless: he went through a phase when he adjusted the thermostat in his office about fifty times a day; now he drinks so much water that he has to run to the bathroom every five or six minutes. He decided that he should be fit, so he exercised every day. He never ate or drank to excess, because he knew he would regret it later.

His strategy worked. Comedy stars liked him because he was a good laugher—a joke always seemed to be twenty times funnier to Grazer than to anyone else. He wasn't slick, he hadn't gone to a fancy school, and he hadn't done well in the school he had gone to; when he talked, he sounded like a surfer boy from the Valley, which is what he was. But he turned these qualities to his advantage. People didn't know what to make of him. When he first met Ron Howard, with whom he later formed a production company, he was so manic that Howard thought he was a coke addict. In meetings, he seemed to be all over the place, saying the first loopy thing that popped into his head, but in fact much of the time he was following a script that he had worked out beforehand.

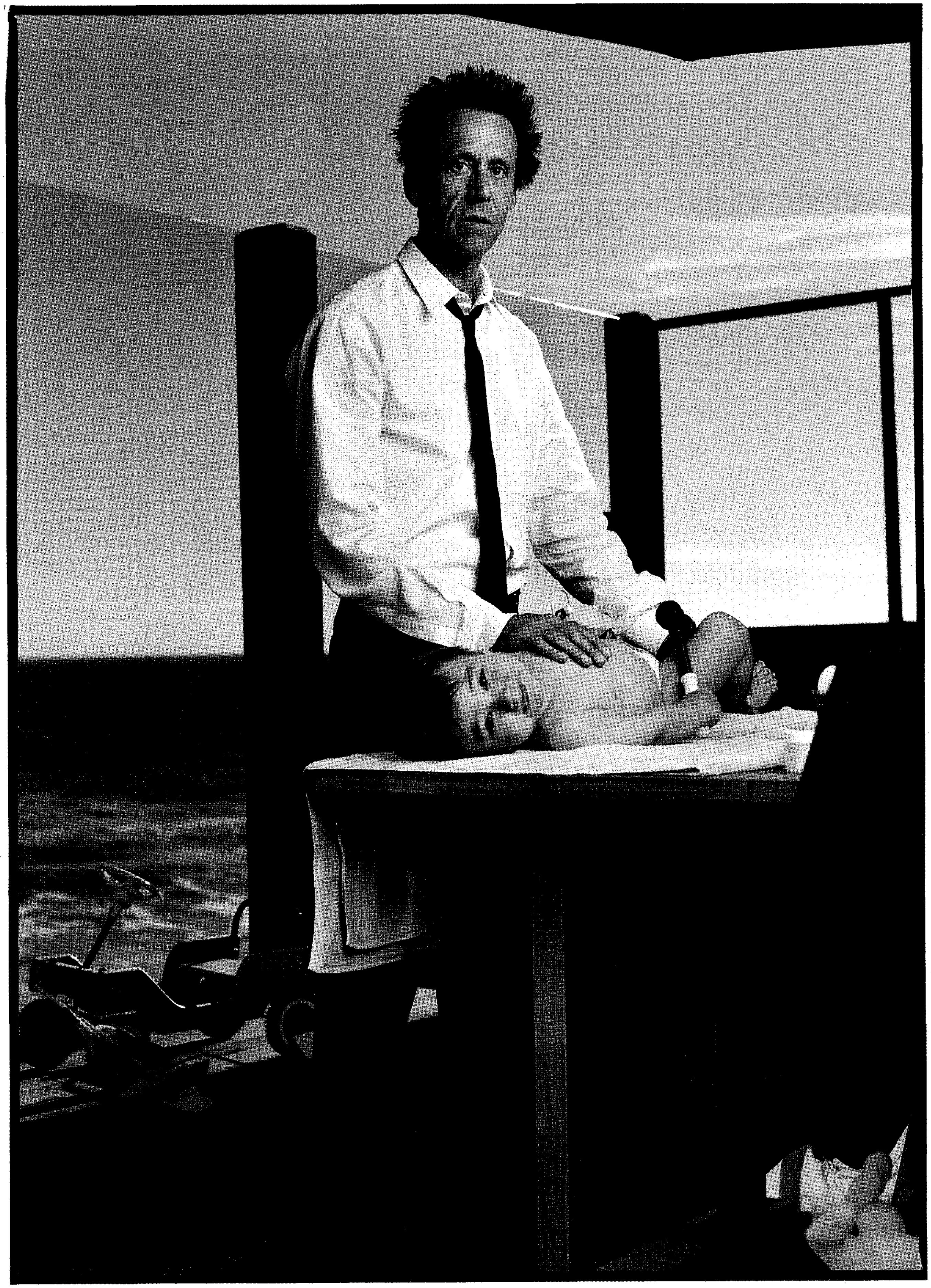
The more successful he became, the more his routine threw people off. He would say so many unexpected things so quickly, and with so many flailing, hyperactive body movements thrown in, that it was difficult to figure out who he was or what he was driving at. He even looked the part. His eyes were wide open, like Felix the Cat's, and he gelled his hair so that it stuck straight up from the top of his head. He was five feet eight, with limbs like rubber bands. He walked in exaggeratedly long, loping strides, as if he were skipping to ring-around-the-rosy, and he carried his stuff around in a green Adidas backpack. From a distance, he looked ten. "People would leave his office and ask, 'Is he for real?' " someone who worked with him says. "They didn't know if he was an idiot or an idiot savant or it was all a game or what."

His creation achieved its brilliant apotheosis a few years ago, when he reconceived Brian Grazer as a form of performance art. He started putting photographs of himself, grinning like a pixie, in dime-store frames and taking them to parties. Unobserved, he would leave his little photo among the grandly framed portraits of the host's family and famous friends, for the host to discover, to his startled amusement, usually several weeks later. Earlier this year, he travelled to Cuba with a small group of entertainment executives and Graydon Carter, the editor of *Vanity Fair*, to meet Fidel Castro. "When we were at the Palace of the Revolution," Carter says, "Grazer whispered to me, 'Hey, Graydon, look,' and pulled out one of his pictures. I said, 'You're out of your mind. You're not going to put it in here.' He said, 'I'm gonna try!' "

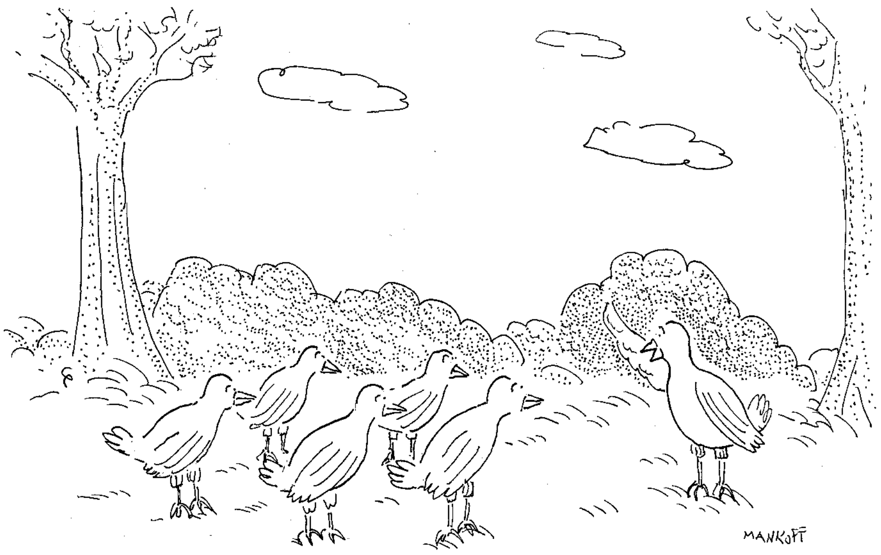
> He is prosperous who adapts his mode of proceeding to the qualities of the times.
>
> —*Niccolò Machiavelli.*

Grazer's office is the interior-design equivalent of his hair and backpack. He didn't want a power office of the leather-and-chrome variety—he felt that no one would pitch him anything funny in a place like that—so he designed his office to look like a playroom: the sofas and chairs are soft and

SABA



*Brian Grazer with his son Thomas. Grazer's movies have grossed more than four billion dollars. Photograph by Martin Schoeller.*



*"C'mon, guys—birds gotta fly."*

red, and there are colorful things everywhere—a cowboy hat on the wall, a cartoonish painting of angels, a still from the episode of "The Simpsons" that featured Grazer as a character. (A few years ago, Grazer's office had a pink-and-green Southwestern-folk-art theme: the legs of his desk were carved to look like cactuses, his coffee table was built from an old train car, and his hatrack was made of horns.) Despite the playroom décor, however, there is no mistaking the type of office it is. It is a giant corner room in a nine-story building on Wilshire Boulevard in Beverly Hills which has art in the garage.

One morning, Adam Herz, a screenwriter, sat on one of Grazer's sofas, dressed as if he were going to a barbecue. He wore a red checked short-sleeved shirt, khaki shorts, and Birkenstock sandals. Writers in Hollywood have to come to business meetings dressed for a barbecue, or people will think they're too comfortable with corporate habits to be truly creative. Herz sipped from a glass of water. He was in his late twenties, pale and plump, and was wearing little round glasses. He had written the screenplay for "American Pie," the teen comedy hit of the previous summer, and as a consequence had found himself one of the writers of the moment.

A few minutes later, Grazer burst into the room, full of apologies, saying that he'd been held up at the doctor's. He hurried into his bathroom to wash his hands—he'd just used the public bathroom at U.C.L.A., he explained, and public bathrooms always freaked him out, but guess who had been in the next stall? Shaquille O'Neal! He threw himself onto the sofa nearest Herz and gave him a big smile. "Congratulations on 'American Pie'!" he said. "It was a huge hit! And it was funny and good! Great job!"

"It's nice to hit the target," Herz said modestly.

The aftermath of a successful movie, they agreed, was very, very sweet. So much so that you tended to find yourself in situations where dignity competed in vain against the temptation to squeeze all the sweetness there was from those precious few days. Too soon, after all, your achievement would become a measure not of how great you were but of what you had to live up to.

"Here's how low I'll go," Grazer confided. "Right when 'Parenthood' opened, I was in this coffee shop getting my cappuccino and about ten kids come pouring in. All of a sudden, I hear one of them say, 'Wasn't "Parenthood" good?' And I felt so needy of attention that I said, 'By the way, kids, I produced that movie!' Of course, they didn't care. They were five years old! That was really a moment."

Grazer wanted Herz to do a screenplay version of the James Thurber short story "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty." In the story, Mitty is a henpecked husband who fantasizes about glorious adventures while taking his wife to the hairdresser, but Grazer was thinking of Jim Carrey to play Mitty, so he felt the character needed a little jazzing up. Grazer is not the type of person to inflict needless pain on his characters. Some pain may be necessary, given the requirements of plot, but in general he tries to make their lives as comfortable and stylish as possible, guiding them protectively through the development process the way an older brother might steer a younger brother away from a poor choice of shoes.

"When I did 'Splash,' everyone said, 'Oh, give Tom Hanks a really shitty job,' " he told Herz. "Woody Allen was very popular, so everyone said, 'Make him the nebbishy guy!' All the executives were saying, 'Give him a shitty car,' like an old Edsel or something, but I wanted him to have a BMW. Everybody always goes to the nerdy thing, but you don't get a good actor that way. I think Mitty should be a guy that has skills but dreams that are out of his reach. I want him to be a personal shopper."

"Huh," Herz said. He evidently had not expected the conversation to take this particular turn.

"Personal shoppers are really interesting," Grazer continued enthusiastically. "They live in a fantasy world, because they buy the most amazing shit for people, like the most expensive jet ski, but they don't get to play with it. So Mitty could be in Japan buying some state-of-the-art thing for Bruce Willis or Tiger Woods!"

Grazer also thought Mitty should be a shy guy who couldn't work up the courage to ask out the girl he liked.

"I love that!" Herz interrupted. "Because I'm that guy."

"You do?" Grazer said joyfully. "O.K., good! Then I'm happy, too!" He bounced forward onto the edge of the sofa. "We could have him imagining he's in World War Three, because to him calling her up is like 'Saving Private Ryan'! I'm like that sometimes—I still have enormous social anxiety. Say there's going to be a party on a Saturday night and I know that there'll be a person there who I really, really, really don't want to see and he's going to vibe me and I'm going to vibe him—already on Wednesday it's on my mind, my anxiety's like a ten, and I'll imagine how bad it could be."

Herz giggled. "You mean that, instead of the heroic fantasies where Mitty saves the world, we also get to see the worst-case scenario?"

"Yeah!" Grazer cried uncertainly, seeming not to have realized that this was where his anecdote had led them, but happy that the writer was so happy about it. But was the writer happy? "Maybe?" he said, and looked for a reaction. The writer was definitely smiling.

"Yeah!" Grazer cried again, louder and with more assurance. "Like, only last week I had to go to this really intense party and I knew that a guy was going to be there who I was in a huge fight with, and he's a really, really aggressive, confrontational person. So I was sitting at my kitchen table, and my wife looked at me like, Are you O.K.? Because I'd gone into this fantasy of being at the party and he did something that upset me and I grabbed his shirt and bit his nose off. I was just an animal—my whole body was adrenalized, and I was sweating, because I was so imagining my rage on this guy. It was insane!"

"That's the thing about Mitty," Herz said, catching the mood. "It's the arguments you almost want to happen."

Grazer was so excited to be so well understood that he leaped right off the sofa. "Yeah, yeah, yeah!" he screeched, standing up on his toes. "Exactly! Like when you have to turn left but there are pedestrians in front of you and the guy behind you is honking and you're like, *Can't you see the people on the crosswalk*? And you have that image of grabbing your wheel jack and throwing it through the windshield, right?"

Herz couldn't stop giggling. "Yeah," he said at last.

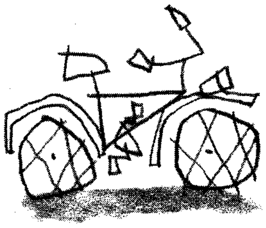
Grazer fell silent. He was happy. He felt that he had bonded with the writer. It was always good to leave a meeting laughing.

> It is better to be impetuous than cautious, for fortune is a woman . . . and like a woman, she is always a friend to the young, because they are less cautious, fiercer, and master her with greater audacity.
>
> —*Niccolò Machiavelli.*

Grazer was born in 1951 and grew up in Northridge, California, in the San Fernando Valley. His father was a small-time criminal lawyer, his mother was a housewife. Sometimes Grazer says that Northridge was "Leave It to Beaver" land and that he grew up with middle-class values; other times he says that his father didn't like him and had the mind of a criminal. (He once made Grazer come with him in the middle of the night to steal lumber from a construction site.) Grazer was terrified of school, because he never knew the answers. His family wasn't rich, and that bothered him a lot. He read all the Richie Rich comic books and fantasized about having gold garbage cans.

He went to law school at the University of Southern California, where everyone except him was rich. He worked as a short-order cook on the night shift at Howard Johnson's to pay his living expenses, but he was too embarrassed to tell anyone. He saved enough money to buy himself a Porsche, but he let people believe that his parents had bought it for him. While still in law school, he got a job as a law clerk at Warner Bros. He was supposed to sit in a cubicle, but a vice-president's office was vacant the day he was taken on and somehow he managed to make it his office and keep it until he was fired, when he dropped out of law school, in 1972.

At Warner Bros., he set himself the task of meeting a new person in show business every single day. "I had a speech," he says. "I would say, 'Hi, my name is Brian Grazer, I work at Warner Bros. studio, this is not associated with studio business, but I would really like to meet your boss for five minutes, and I do not want a job.' I was nice to everybody, I worked everybody, and every single person that I ever wanted to meet—whether it was Lew Wasserman or Jules Stein or Mel Brooks or Sid Sheinberg—with the exception of Robert Evans, said yes."



After he dropped out of law school, he was hired by Edgar J. Scherick, the TV producer, who was legendary for two things: the shows he produced (he invented "Wide World of Sports") and his eye for future success—he hired Scott Rudin and Roone Arledge when they were young men. He liked, as he puts it, the cut of Grazer's jib. "He was alert, he was cute, he seemed ambitious," Scherick says. "He seemed like a nice young man with a good future. Turned out he was very opportunistic. He was always expanding his range of contacts, always cultivating people. He was very aggressive. The minute he started working for me, he was out to work for Brian Grazer. Nothing wrong with that. One day, he told me he was dissatisfied. We talked for half an hour and I gave him a raise. The next day, he quit. Why? You tell me."

No matter how he behaved, Grazer couldn't quite disguise his ambition. He was still rough and unformed back then. He didn't have a good sense of what he could get away with. "There was a point in my career when I exaggerated everything," he says. "I mean literally everything. If an executive said I had a good idea, I told everyone I was shooting the movie. I had a very good friend and mentor, and I said to her, 'Why is it that people like me but nothing is actually getting done?' And she said, 'Because, Brian, you're a liar.' That reached right into me. And I thought, You know what? There's probably something to it. But I wasn't lying to get stuff—I was lying to improve my self-image, to give myself the emotional apparatus so that I could continue to have hope."

Gradually, by trial and error, he figured out how to sell ideas. "I approached everything from a conceptual point of view," he says. "Men and mermaids. Everything to me was a poster. Also, I always made sure that the owner of the studio or the chairman or whoever the boss was liked me, but I would never sell to the person at the top. I would always do business with people at the very bottom of the pecking order, because the top doesn't really buy things, and when you sell to the top you offend everyone underneath. I always worked assistants and secretaries, both because I had to and because it was effective."

What set Grazer apart from everybody else was his crazy tenacity. People insulted him, ignored him, and rejected him, but he persisted. He could take a level of humiliation that other people couldn't. When he was trying to sell "Splash," he so infuriated an executive at United Artists that she told him to go away, lose her number, and never, ever call her again. Ten minutes afterward, he phoned her back as though nothing had happened, and she was so astounded that she talked to him. Later, she bought the movie.

Eventually, Grazer got a TV production deal at Paramount, and it was there that he met Ron Howard. "I saw him on the Paramount lot," Grazer says, "and I said to myself, 'Oh, my God, Ron Howard! I think I'll call him.' " At the time, the late seventies, Howard was ready to leave the cast of "Happy Days" and become a director. A lot of people had come to him with scripts, but no one seemed to be able to get anything off the ground. Grazer had never made a movie before, but somehow he had figured out how to do it. He had come up with a story idea for a movie called "Night Shift," based on a tiny newspaper article he had seen about a prostitution ring run out of the New York City morgue. He wanted it to be a sweet comedy, and it would involve a clingy, terrierlike character, based on himself, whom people found irritating but affectionate.

He commissioned a script from a pair of TV writers he had recently met, Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandell. Ganz and Mandell didn't know what to make of the little enthusiastic guy who was hopping up and down begging them to write a script, but he was so persistent that they went ahead and did it. "Nobody was saying, 'That guy Grazer's going to be a star,' " Ganz says. "There was nothing particularly cool about him, he wasn't exuding any kind of unique self-confidence or power or anything like that—he was more of an eager beaver. But he made us feel that 'Night Shift' was his life. He made us feel that the four of us—he, Ron, Babaloo, and I—were making our dreams come true."

Grazer decided that, in order to get the movie made, he had to sell the idea to the producer Alan Ladd, Jr. He planned the meeting with Ladd carefully, telling everyone what to say. Ladd was a very serious man, but Grazer figured that if they could get him to laugh once and then leave immediately, while he was still chuckling, he would do the project. Ladd was not an easy audience, but at last Mandell cracked a joke that worked. Grazer hustled everyone out of the office with such haste it was embarrassing, but Ladd bought the idea.

Meanwhile, Grazer was thinking up all kinds of other projects. He was trying to get Richard Pryor to read a script. "Richard Pryor was one of the major comedy stars in the world at that moment, and he was rather mercurial and unpredictable," Howard says. "But Brian had learned that Pryor's agent was encouraging him to read this script, which was a big breakthrough for Brian at that point. Brian called me and said, 'You know, I believe in projection: I'm going to spend this weekend visualizing Richard Pryor reading this script and liking it.' On Monday morning, Richard Pryor had read it and did like it, and Brian said to me, 'It worked!' I said, 'Wait a minute, how many hours did you project?' He said, 'Not all the time, but every waking hour I stopped and projected. I visualized Richard Pryor sitting by the pool, nothing much to do, script's sitting over there. First, I visualized him just looking at it. Later, I visualized him picking it up. Then I visualized him laughing.' "

Grazer had also had an idea for a story about a man who gives up everything he has because he falls in love with a mermaid. He had already written a script, but he knew it was terrible, so he asked Ganz and Mandell to write it again. By coincidence, there was another mermaid movie in the works at the time, being put together by a well-known producer named Ray Stark. This fact seemed pertinent to Ganz and Mandell, but Grazer was stuck on his idea and wouldn't give it up. "Warren Beatty was going to be in this other picture," Ganz says. "Herb Ross was going to direct it. Monster, monster power project! And then there was us. But Brian was the engine that could. I'd say, 'Brian, why are we writing? We're gonna get blown out of the water. We're *the other mermaid movie!*' And he'd say, 'Don't worry about them, it'll collapse under its own weight. We gotta keep going!' "

Politeness is like a counter—an avowedly false coin, with which it is foolish to be stingy.

—*Arthur Schopenhauer.*

One day at noon, Grazer had scheduled a telephone meeting with Letitia Baldrige, the expert on etiquette who had been Jacqueline Kennedy's social secretary in the White House. Grazer had recently found himself preoccupied with etiquette, so he decided to call Baldrige up and ask her advice. This is something Grazer does frequently. He no longer calls people in show business, as he did when he was a law clerk; now he keeps a list of "interesting people" whom he reads about in the paper or hears about in some other way, and every week or so he has his assistant schedule a meeting or a phone interview with one of them. Some are famous, like Jonas Salk and Eldridge Cleaver and Henry Kissinger; others he just thinks are cool, like Red Adair, an oil-rig firefighter, and Bob Ballard, who discovered the Titanic.

Grazer made sure he had a notebook and pen and enough water to sustain him for the duration of the call, and picked up the phone. He wanted Baldrige to tell him two things—a little thing and a big thing. The little thing concerned etiquette for dinner parties. Grazer gives a lot of dinner parties, and he wanted to make sure that he was doing it right.

"What is a good host?" he asked her. "And how do you figure out who to invite?"

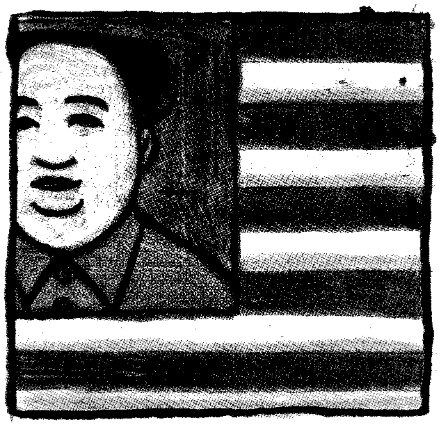
"A good host is someone who really cares," Baldrige told him. "Not someone who orders up the most expensive party-giver."

"Really cares," Grazer repeated, writing this down. "But should the host be the star?" he asked. "What if he doesn't talk that much and lets everyone else talk? Is that good or bad? Can the party's objective be achieved even if the host isn't a lively storyteller?"

Then he got to his big thing. "I once

### AMERICAN ENCOUNTER BY ANCHEE MIN

# FOOTPRINTS ON THE FLAG



LORENZO MATTOTTI

I arrived in America on September 1, 1984, at the age of twenty-seven. Using the few English words I had memorized, I asked the immigration officer in Seattle for an opportunity to stay. "If I don't learn English in three months, I'll deport myself," I promised. After he stamped my passport, I flew to Chicago, where I had been accepted by the School of the Art Institute of Chicago, thanks to a friend who had helped me fill out the application. When the institute found out that I didn't speak English, I was sent to a language program at the University of Illinois. Over the next few months, I learned to speak English by watching "Sesame Street" and Oprah Winfrey, and I supported myself by working as a fabric painter—painting roses on women's underwear—and as a waitress in a Chinese restaurant.

My roommate, Alice, was a black pre-med student from Mississippi. She didn't mind that I was quiet, because she loved to talk. One day, when I was reading an article about President Reagan in the local paper, she exclaimed, "Ronald Reagan is a dog! Do you understand?" I sprang up from my chair and looked over my shoulder. In China, you would be imprisoned for saying something like that about Mao.

I had grown up during Mao's Cultural Revolution and had been in the Red Guard since I was nine years old, when I had joined to avoid being beaten. I had been taught to write Mao's name before I learned to write my own, and had painted hundreds of portraits of him for parades. In the nineteen-seventies, I spent three years in a labor camp, following Mao's teaching, until I was discovered by the Shanghai Film Studio. Because of my "proletarian look"—weather-beaten face and a solid body—I was chosen to play leading roles in Madame Mao's propaganda films. After her downfall, I was denounced as "political debris" and was given a job at the film studio, working fourteen-hour days as a set hand. By the end of eight years, I had seriously considered committing suicide.

Eight months after coming to America, I started my studies at the Art Institute. I continued working at the restaurant, and got a job at the institute's student gallery. One of the exhibits was an American flag laid flat on the floor. About three feet above it, mounted on the wall, was a notebook-size diary. I noticed that viewers had to step on the flag in order to read the diary. Footprints had started growing on the flag like blotches of mold.

I felt that I had neglected my duty. I quickly took off my jacket and used it to wipe the flag clean. When the next viewer came, I politely said, "Please be careful and do not step on the flag."

Two weeks later, the artist arrived to check on his work. When I told him that I had taken great pains to erase the footprints, he informed me, furiously, that he had intended to have people step on the flag. We argued. I said that I was grateful to America—if this country hadn't taken me in, I would not have survived.

The artist replied that I had no idea of the terrible things the American flag symbolized. I needed to get my English straight, he said, so I could begin to understand what this country had done to its people and to the world.

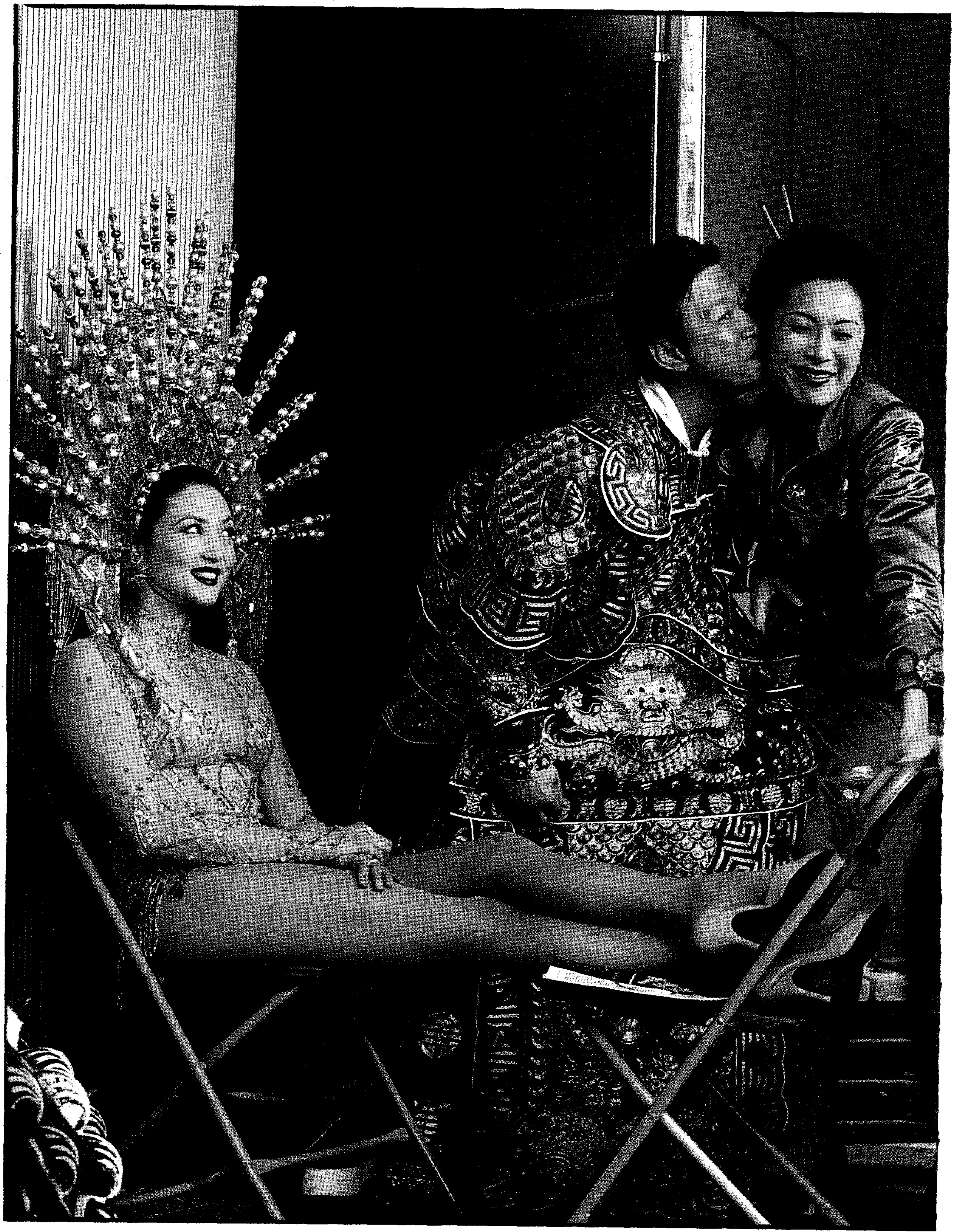
I couldn't find the words in English that were filling my head in Chinese. I wanted to tell him that twenty years earlier I had done exactly what he was doing now. I had been taught to hate Americans, and I had burned the American flag. We had watched films in which Americans poked out the eyes of pregnant Vietnamese women. When I was eleven, I had denounced my beloved teacher as an American spy. As a teen-ager, I had taken a wooden stick and attacked a body made of straw with a United States Army helmet on its head. We were preparing for a war should the Americans dare to set foot on the soil of China.

When the professor in my twentieth-century-American-art class showed us Andy Warhol's Mao series, I thought, What's wrong with this country? I couldn't understand why a professor would project slides of Mao in an American classroom, when more than a billion Chinese were finally taking Mao buttons off their jackets, Mao portraits off their walls, and Mao quotations out of their speeches.

Most nights after class, I went to my waitressing job, where the owner of the restaurant used to say, "The house is not on fire!" if I walked fast, and "I didn't hire you to be lazy!" when I slowed down. One evening, I said, "I quit."

The awareness of myself as more than a screw in the Communist machine came slowly. This consciousness of the individual, I realized, was the essence of American art. Warhol's famous Mao series now seemed to say, "Who made Mao?"

A year ago, I was described in a *Times Magazine* article as an "American writer." When I showed the story to my father, he smiled splendidly. To him, it meant that his daughter was finally free of fear. He said, "Anchee, now you are ready to write about China." ♦

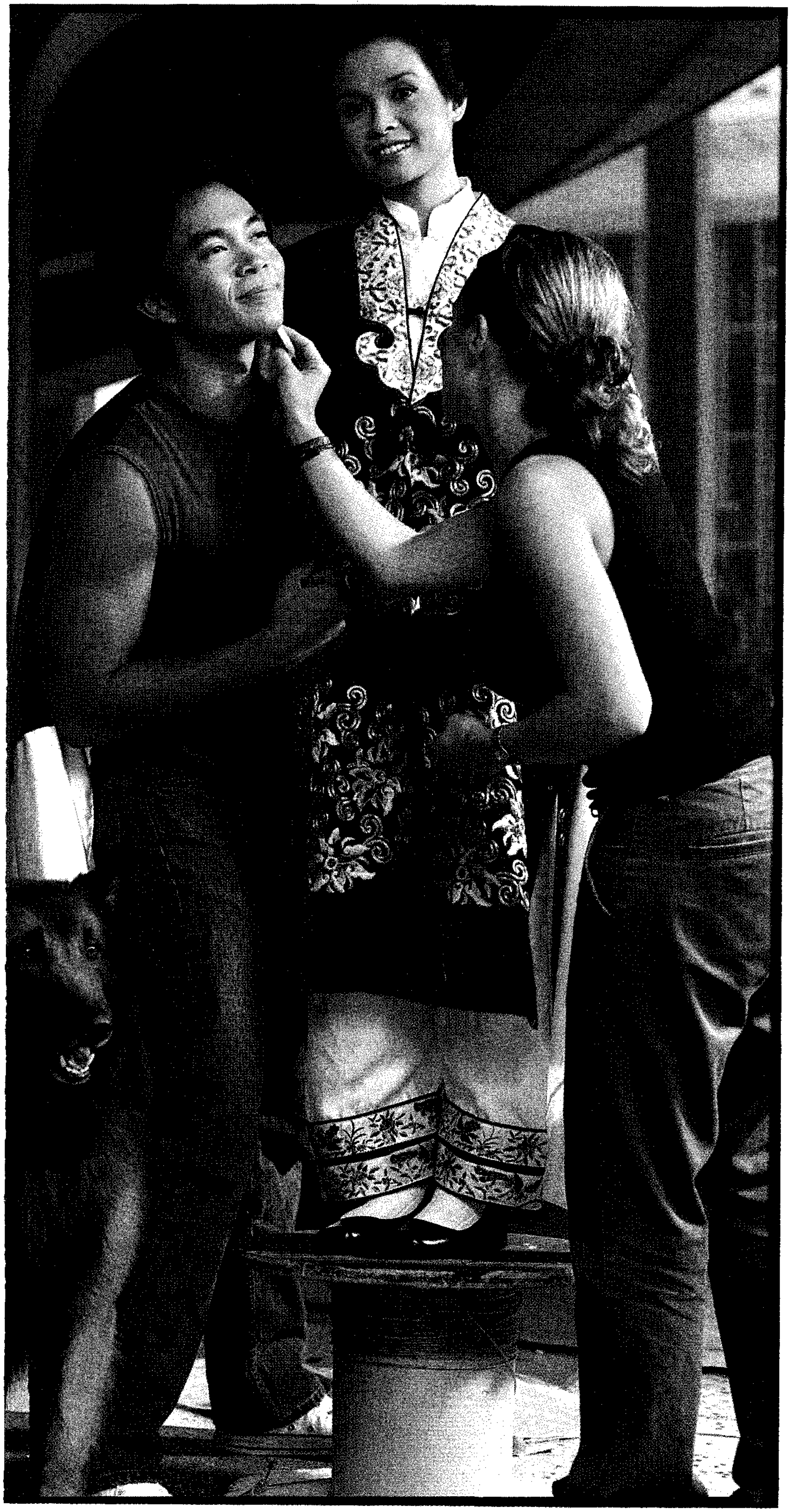


**SHOWCASE BY MARTIN SCHOELLER** *Rodgers and Hammerstein's 1958 musical, "Flower Drum Song," set in San Francis the show's first major revival, at the Mark Taper Forum, David Henry Hwang ("M. Butterfly"), has created a more authentic pictu* had a friend who was pretty dull," he said, leaning back in his chair. "He wasn't a pity case—he had some money and he was physically fit—he just wasn't a dynamic personality. But he had amazing, amazing manners, and because of his amazing manners he was very well liked. He was never the guy with the best story or anything like that, but everyone always wanted to go to his house, he got invited to everything, he was on people's boats—everyone just wanted him around, because I guess he made people comfortable. So I wondered, can someone learn manners? And what if there were a person who was average in terms of intelligence but had the best manners? How far could that person go?"

Baldrige told him that good manners stemmed from good character and kindness, and he hung up the phone mulling over this idea. He had been thinking about making a movie about the good-manners guy for some time, but the issue of character and likability had been obsessing him that week in particular because of a movie he was developing about the life of Hugh Hefner. He had thought and thought about what it was that fascinated him about Hefner (apart from the bond he felt with him because his star was next to Hefner's star on Hollywood Boulevard), and he had finally decided that it was the fact that Hefner had slept with thousands and thousands of women and they all still liked him. Most guys couldn't break up with even one woman without making her hate him, he noted, and yet here was Hefner, breaking up with thousands, and still he was a man with no enemies. How did he do it?

> There are no persons so insignificant and inconsiderable, but may, some time or other, have it in their power to be of use to you; which they certainly will not, if you have once shown them contempt. Wrongs are often forgiven, but contempt never is. Our pride remembers it forever.
>
> —*Lord Chesterfield.*

Grazer is a man of maxims. He believes that the game of life has rules, and the person who discovers the most rules and observes them faithfully will win. Over the years, Grazer has developed a detailed code of conduct that covers nearly every aspect of his life, and even now he rehearses his



*binatown, offered one of the earliest onstage depictions of Asian-American romance. For how immigrants and their children struggled with the pressure to assimilate.*

SABA

rules with a superstitious fervor. "I still want to be in the game, I still want to be vital," he tells himself. "The minute I let my guard down and get lax on these rules, that's when the other guy beats me."

One rule, for instance, mandates that if Grazer feels that a person has screwed him he will never tell him so, partly because it will make Grazer seem vulnerable, and partly because, if the person apologizes, Grazer will be obliged to act as though all were forgiven, even if he never wants to work with the person again. Another rule, which Grazer finds harder to stick to, is never to yell. He shouldn't yell, he reasons, because if afterward he feels compelled to apologize to the person he yelled at, then he will be worse off than before, because he has humbled himself; but if, on the other hand, he does not apologize, then the person will be filled with hatred and use all his energy to come back and kill him.

Every now and again, Grazer examines his rules and considers whether they still apply to the Brian Grazer of today. When Grazer turned forty, in 1991, he made a number of changes. He decided, for instance, that he would relax his guard to the extent of having one drink at a social event with business connotations. Previously, in such situations, he had felt so hemmed in by very ambitious, very aggressive people drinking water to stay at the top of their game that he felt he couldn't afford to take even a sip of alcohol, lest it blunt his edge. He felt that turning forty demanded some style changes as well. He decided that it would be good for him to have a look, so he started gelling his hair in the vertical manner for which he has since, as he intended, become notorious. He also decided that it was not appropriate for a man of his age to be wearing jeans and sneakers to work—he saw that at a certain point dressing casually stops being unpretentious and starts being pretentious—so he began wearing suits. He didn't wear ties—he wore colored shirts and a gold neck chain—but, at least when he didn't have his backpack on, he looked like an adult.

While he changed his look, however, he didn't change direction. He was very good at what he did, and he didn't see any reason to do something else. He wasn't bored, he wasn't restless—how could he be bored, when it took all his energy to stay at the top? He had his own company—Imagine Entertainment, the production company he formed with Ron Howard, in 1986. It had been truly his own since 1993, when he and Howard bought it back from stockholders for twenty-two and a half million dollars. He produced between two and four movies every year. And now, with "Felicity," "The P.J.'s," and "24," Imagine's TV division was doing well, too.

Grazer has been offered any number of jobs running studios or entertainment divisions, but he has turned them down. Why would he put himself in a situation where he would have to answer to a boss, after all these years as captain of the ship? He has been offered movies to direct, but he has never really been tempted. He spends very little time on movie sets, unless he is unsure of the director. As a producer, he develops ideas, does casting, puts deals together (persuading a studio to give him anywhere from forty million to a hundred million dollars to make a movie), and then markets the product once it's finished. Each of the stages is infinitely complicated and fascinating to him: a script can take five years to develop, with all the meetings and the rewrites, the firing of old writers and hiring of new; when it comes to marketing, he becomes preoccupied with not only the rhetorical skill of the campaign but the fit between it and the movie—he is obsessed by the problem of engineering a precise match between expectation and product, knowing well how many projects have been doomed by advertising that promised something the movie failed to deliver.

He is currently working on the marketing of "Beautiful Mind" (a Ron Howard movie about the life of the schizophrenic mathematician John Nash), "Undercover Brother" ("Austin Powers meets Shaft"), and the video and DVD of "The Grinch." He is also developing a remake of "The Incredible Shrinking Man" (starring Eddie Murphy) and an adaptation of "The Cat in the Hat," among many other projects. He is now the second-highest-earning producer in the country, after Steven Spielberg. Why would he spend a year of his life directing one little movie, being forced to focus his attention on details, when he could spend the time meeting new people, making deals, setting things in motion, keeping dozens of balls in the air?

> Just as warmth is agreeable to the body, so it does the mind good to feel its superiority; and a man will seek company likely to give him this feeling, as instinctively as he will approach the fireplace or walk in the sun if he wants to get warm.
>
> —*Arthur Schopenhauer.*

Perhaps the most important of Grazer's rules—one that he has stuck to with religious conviction for twenty-five years—is to give a star everything. If a star demands a ridiculous amount of money, Grazer will pay it. If a star wants to stay overnight at Grazer's house, Grazer will invite him. One star who was shooting a movie for Imagine wanted to begin and end each day talking to Grazer on the phone. Everyone told Grazer that he would be insane to agree to such a demand, but he did. When Jim Carrey was uncomfortable during the shooting of "The Grinch" because the thick yellow contact lenses he had to wear hurt his eyes, Grazer visited the set every day and rented entertainers to keep Carrey amused. In a move both flattering and practical, he hired a former Navy SEAL who was an expert on torture to come to the set and advise Carrey on techniques for surviving pain.

"He'll do what's necessary to get a movie made," someone who has worked with him says. "Not every producer is willing to do that. If he has to kiss a movie star's ass for two months, Brian will do it. If he has to go surfing at 5 A.M. with Tom Hanks, Brian will do it." When Grazer first meets a star, he is quiet and deferential, and, no matter how friendly he and the star become, he is never overly familiar. "I feel like, at the age of thirteen, Brian read a book called 'How to Be Good at Your Job,'" Tom Hanks says. "I get the sense every now and again that he's utilizing these skills on me. Because he'll say, 'You know what's special about *you*?' And he says that to everyone." While his first instinct is to defer to the star, though, Grazer is always careful not to be manipulated into siding with the star against the director. While a movie is shooting, he never tells an actor that he liked his performance, lest he undercut the director's attempts to get the actor to try harder.

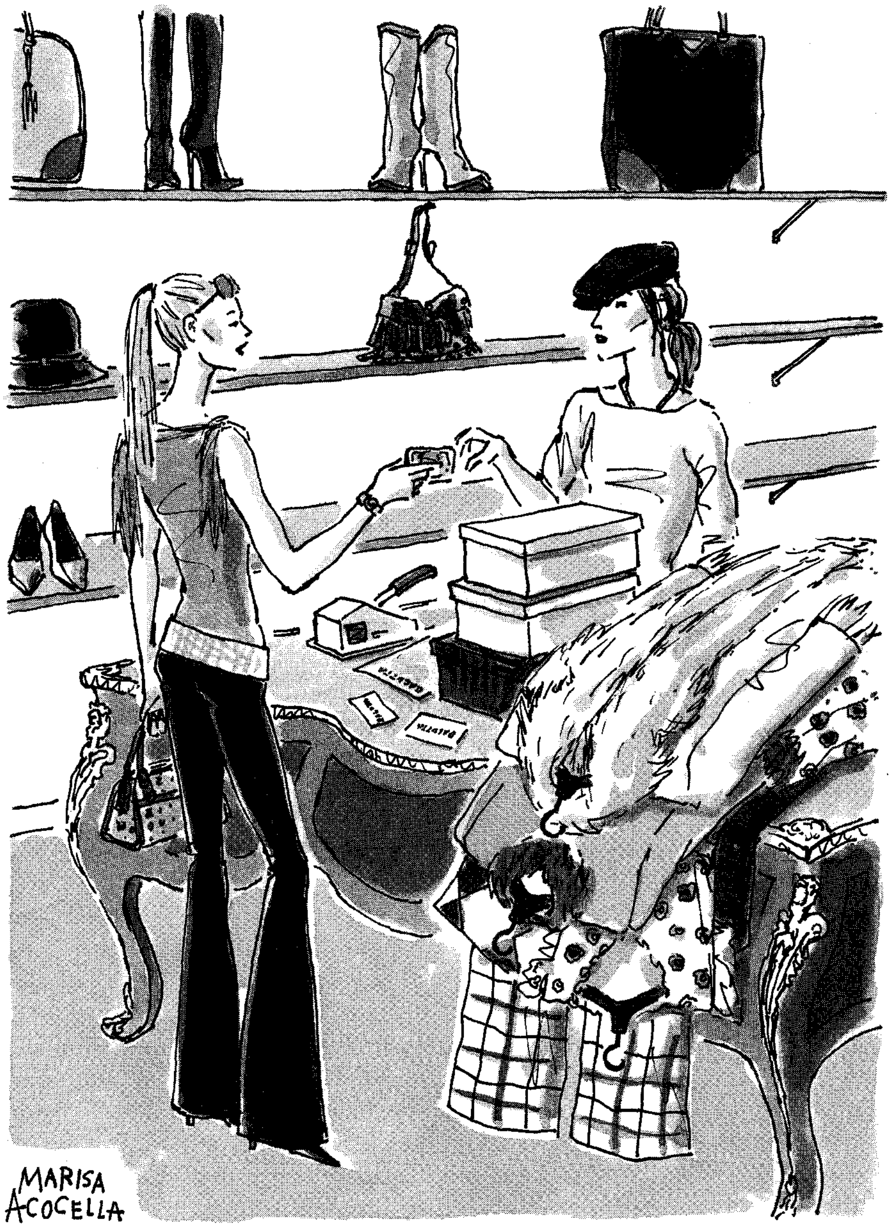
Grazer is extremely good at figuring people out, the more so because he seems to be oblivious while doing it. He considers whether a person is a winner or a loser (there is no middle ground), and he decides in seconds. When he first saw Ron Howard on the Paramount lot, Grazer felt that Howard had a "glow of goodness" about him that would enable him to succeed in whatever he did. When Grazer is trying to decide whether to hire a director, he pays close attention to everything the director does in the interview. If he eats a lot and uses food metaphors, that means he is a taker who will demand a lot of attention, Grazer believes. If he uses sports metaphors, he is likely to let his testosterone get in the way of his judgment.

One of the reasons that Grazer's partnership with Howard works well is that Grazer is willing to take care of situations that Howard doesn't have the stomach for. Grazer is the bad cop who cajoles, threatens, and punishes, allowing Howard to live with his family on the East Coast and be the nicest guy in the business. "Brian understands what makes the town tick as well as anybody," Howard says. "He's the quintessential player. He works in concert with the power structure very, very easily. It's a gift. It's the gift of being able to let studio executives know that he understands their needs and what drives them, and to make himself of use to them."

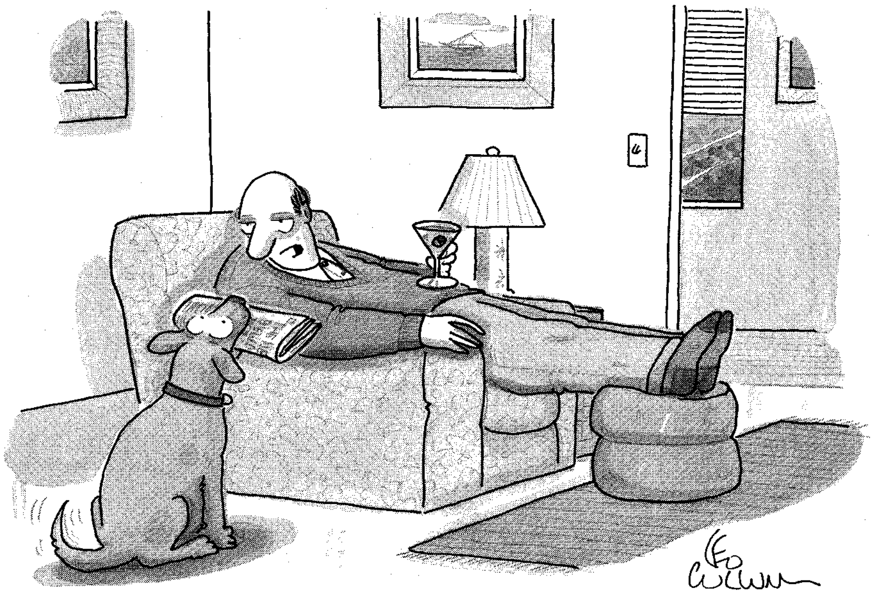
> The men who have changed the universe have never gotten there by working on leaders, but rather by moving the masses.
>
> —*Napoleon Bonaparte.*

Grazer likes to make movies that are both hip and wholesome, but, if there is a conflict between the two, wholesome will win. Grazer does not make films for the peevish cosmopolite. In his movies—even the ones that are "hard funny" rather than "warm funny," as he puts it—the main character always possesses some noble attribute, and his flaws are always redeemed by love. At the same time, Grazer steers away from certain kinds of sentimentality that he sees as pretentious. He can't relate to movies that have an episodic structure, rather than a straightforward story line, and he hates anything with costumes or accents. He never liked the idea of "Far and Away," a saga about nineteenth-century Irish people, starring Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman, but he went along because Howard, who has a higher tolerance for such things, believed in it. (It was a flop.) The classic Grazer movie is a sweet but brisk comedy that is structured like a musical: a simple story line provides connections between scenes in which the star spins free of the plot into the thrilling, maniacal spasms that exhibit his particular genius.

Usually, Grazer operates well inside his boundaries—he won't even consider a horror movie or a gloomy, wordy art movie—but every now and again a project comes along that appeals to him but makes him nervous. One such project he's working on at the moment is an updated version of "Saturday Night Fever" that will star the white rapper Eminem. Grazer finds Eminem charismatic, but he worries about his caustic lyrics. Will all the swearwords and the cynicism make conservative family types get mad at him, Brian Grazer? This thought has already caused him a lot of anxiety, and the movie hasn't even



*"This isn't for me—it's for the economy."*



*"Have you considered the possibility that I don't want the paper?"*

• •

been cast yet. He doesn't mind people thinking his movies are dumb, but it would be horrible to have people thinking he is a bad guy.

One of the reasons for Grazer's success is that he possesses the gift of certainty. When he has decided that he likes an idea, he clings to it and loves it and never lets it go. No one can convince him that an idea he likes is a bad one. It took him six years to make "Night Shift" and seven years to make "Splash," but he didn't give up. One of the reasons Grazer is certain is that he makes movies for himself. He is not guessing what the public will like—he is the public. He cries at movies all the time. (Ron Howard: "But you love really sophisticated movies." Grazer: "Like what? I guess I do. I do? Which ones were you thinking of?") Grazer's taste is consistent through every aspect of his life. Even his house is like his movies—simple, colorful, big.

In fact, although Grazer's house, a bungalow designed by Cliff May in the nineteen-thirties, is large, there is no vantage point from which it looks large, because of its low roof and complicated floor plan. It sits on the edge of a forested canyon in the Palisades, across which is visible the house of Dennis Tito, the man who recently paid almost twenty million dollars to fly into space. Grazer had nature trails cut into the steep hill on the far side of the property for his children, Riley, who is fifteen, and Sage, who is thirteen. (His baby, Thomas, is twenty-two months old.) The garden is beautiful, but it is a little small, and next year Grazer is planning to extend the lawn a hundred feet into the air over the canyon, supporting it with thirty cement caissons built into the side of the cliff.

Inside, Grazer has decorated his house like a coloring book, each room a different hue. The TV room is purple, which is to say that every single thing in the room is purple—the carpet, the chairs, the curtains. Similarly, the bar is entirely forest green, Sage's bedroom is entirely pink (pink is Grazer's favorite color), and the library is entirely red. The over-all effect is of a giant Pop-art sculpture—a cartoon house. Grazer loves Andy Warhol, and owns several of his works; he also loves Jeff Koons, and is planning to buy something by him, too. Grazer himself paints in his spare time—he has outfitted a room in one of the buildings on the property as a studio. Making pictures is play for him, involving many types of paint and jars of glitter. Sometimes he paints giant red or black cats; more recently, he has been painting Barbies, in thick, childlike shapes of yellow and pink. He signs his pictures "Brian."

He who has slaked his thirst immediately turns his back on the well, no longer needing it. The first lesson which experience should teach you is to keep hope alive but never satisfied.

—*Baltasar Gracián.*

Grazer's strategy worked well as long as he was still striving, but, now that he is who he is, it has begun to wear thin. "When I had a television-movie deal at Paramount," Grazer says, "Don Simpson, who was head of the studio, hated me publicly, because I looked too casual. He would go, 'Fuck Grazer! Fuck that guy! Fuck him, he wears no socks!' Because I made as much money as he did, but I made it seem easy. When I became successful, I started getting busted on being the question guy."

"He used to rely on a lot of dumb-like-a-fox behavior," Ron Howard says. "You know, 'I'm just a kooky kid, I don't really know anything, so let me be self-deprecating and learn.' He still does it, but it doesn't work anymore, because no one believes him."

But old habits are only gradually worn away. Grazer still likes to be liked, when circumstances permit, which is why he finds it extremely burdensome when circumstances do not permit. So when, late one afternoon, one of his executives, Steve Crystal, poked his head into his office to discuss a project that Grazer was planning to reject, he braced himself for an ordeal.

Grazer had instructed Crystal to look into the pharmaceutical industry. He had read an article somewhere about how pharmaceutical companies do all kinds of devious and elaborate things to persuade doctors to prescribe their drugs. He had heard that one company took a group of doctors for a trip on the Orient Express and got them drunk on French wine. The whole thing seemed very new and sexy to him—crafty pharmaceutical agents, crazy boondoggles. The trouble was that Crystal, charged with finding a story to embody this idea, had gone and found a story that wasn't what Grazer wanted and wasn't sexy at all.

"What is it about it that's so great?" Grazer asked from his desk, looking miserable.

Crystal, a man with a mild, sad face, wearing a brown collared sweater, mustered up the energy for one last attempt to save his project. He loved it and believed in it, and he just could not understand why Grazer didn't love it and believe in it, too.

"It's a human story about a single guy's dream," Crystal began. He had already told Grazer this story many times before. "It's a true story about a guy who ran a biotech company. He was looking for a cure for cancer and he was building a machine that filtered blood. Then he contracted the exact kind of cancer they were researching, he used himself as a guinea pig before the machine was really ready, and it saved his life."

Crystal stopped and looked at Grazer. Grazer looked at him. A moment passed.

"Why would anyone see it?" Grazer asked finally.

"Because it's really inspirational," Crystal said, in a defeated tone.

"Isn't it kind of an HBO flick?"

"I think it's bigger."

"Why?"

"It has a message about the F.D.A. and taking risks, but it's also watching Tom Cruise put his life on the line to save his company. It's intelligent and commercial at the same time."

Grazer slumped forward onto his desk and buried his head in his arms. Then he sat up again. "You know what I think? I don't know. I don't really like it," he said.

"O.K.," Crystal said. "I get it."

"But I like you!" Grazer pleaded.

Crystal started to laugh at this, and Grazer joined in, as though laughter must be a good thing for the dynamics of the situation, even this weird, dark laughter that Crystal was producing. Maybe the weird laughter would turn into a kind of social-bond-producing, isn't-this-awkward, let's-put-it-in-the-past-because-after-all-we're-still-family laughter? Suddenly, buoyed by the laughing, he was inspired by the thought of a new tactic.

"Call Ron!" he said brightly. "Maybe Ron will like it." Since Howard was the good cop in the company, a no from him would get Grazer off the hook. Why hadn't he thought of this before?

"Ron liked it," Crystal said.

"He did? He was distracted. Oh, God," Grazer groaned, his agony redoubled after the momentary glimpse of relief. "I'm sorry. Is it O.K.? You love it . . ."

"But I'm not the boss of the company," Crystal said simply.

Grazer stewed for a minute. That was the sort of thing an employee said to a power guy, not a quirky guy. He didn't want to put his foot down—he wanted Crystal to see the error of his ways.

"Is it possible that I'm right and you're wrong?" he asked.

"Of course."

"It is, right?"

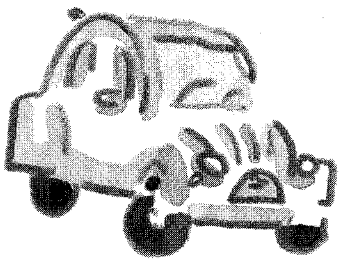
"Yes."

Grazer paused. It wasn't the capitulation he was looking for. "Let's save it for Monday," he said at last. "We'll have a staff powwow. But you know how I feel."

"I do," Crystal said. "Either way, I understand."

> Recognize the fortunate so that you may choose their company, and the unfortunate so that you may avoid them. Misfortune is usually the crime of folly, and among those who suffer from it there is no malady more contagious.
>
> —*Baltasar Gracián.*

In some lines of work, a person's position in his field derives from his past achievements. In Grazer's line of work, position derives from power at the present moment, and the heights of glory you have achieved in the past are little more than a measure of how far you can fall. More than anything, Grazer fears becoming yesterday's man—not quite getting it, losing his touch, growing old and stale, flailing about like a loser. Grazer is not an auteur. If one of his movies does badly, he doesn't rail against an ignorant public—he curses himself for failing to calibrate the movie more precisely to the public taste. He is not the sort of person who, in times of adversity, takes refuge in disdain for the world: he is a true-believing meritocrat. For him, there is no misfortune, only failure, and a person's worth is indistinguishable from his success. "Studio people say 'I love you' and all that stuff," he says, "but if I had a bunch of flops in a row I wouldn't expect them to treat me as well as they treat me today, and I wouldn't wrong them for treating me differently. I treat people differently when they fail."



Every now and then, Grazer likes to wander onto a film set incognito, to see how people will behave. Often, he is treated rudely—people won't fetch things for him, they tell him to wait. While he derives a certain satisfaction from firing such people, or, in less egregious circumstances, from seeing the expressions on their faces when he reveals his identity, it is a morbid pleasure, reminding him yet again how quickly and completely he could fall from grace.

Grazer's view of his business is not particularly jaundiced—it is the conventional one. And, like other people in Hollywood, Grazer swings helplessly back and forth between moods in which it seems to him that one mediocre opening could ruin him forever and moods in which he feels invincible. Knowing these cycles well, he harvests joy and pride in the invincible times, in preparation for his winters of anxiety. "God or whoever it is can strip away all my power and all the red furniture and I could be in a little shitbox, but I'll still own my brain and all these ideas and I will get power again," he tells himself. "I own the ability to self-generate. I know that I could have nothing and have everything again."

The trouble with this way of thinking, though, is that it sets Grazer to brooding about the way he did self-generate. The fact is, he is not sure he played his hand as well as he might have. "I think I lost a few years by going the quirky route as opposed to the suit route," he muses. "It still plagues me." It is maddening that, despite all his years of careful study, so much of the crafting of his self, in the absence of focus groups, is based on instinct and guesswork. Even now, he thinks about this all the time. Could he have risen faster? Could he have had more respect? Is it better to be loved than feared? Or better to be feared than loved? Are his maxims the right ones or not? Did he rise because of all the rules he followed, or for some other reason? He will never know. ♦

FICTION

# THE BUTCHER'S WIFE

BY LOUISE ERDRICH

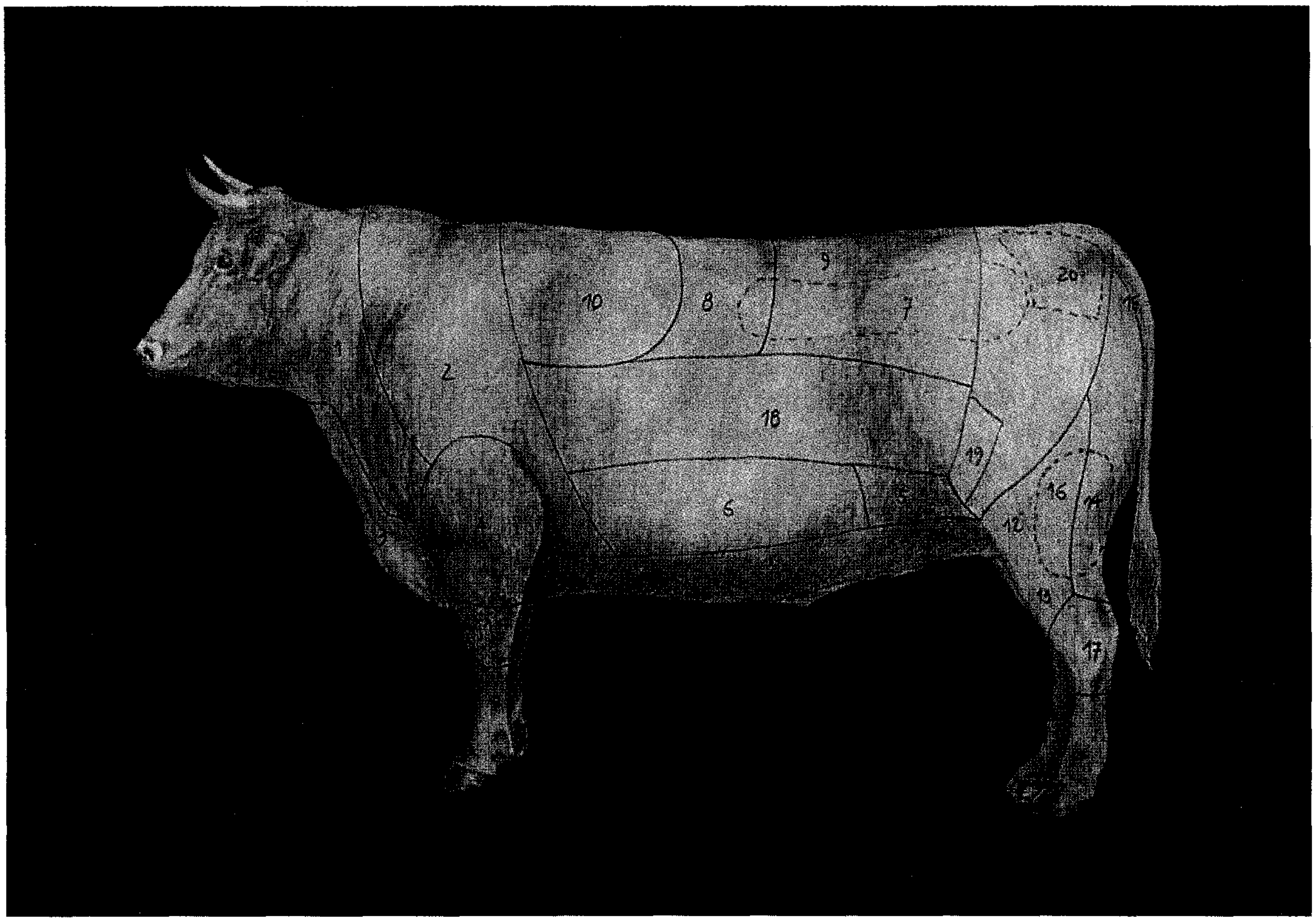
Here's an odd and paradoxical truth: a man's experience of happiness can later kill him. Though he appeared to be no more than an everyday drunk, Delphine Watzka's father, Roy, was more. He was a dangerous romantic. In his life, he had loved deeply, even selflessly, with all the profound gratitude of a surprised Pole. But the woman he had loved and married, Minnie Watzka, née Kust, now existed only in the person of her daughter, Delphine, and in photographs. Minnie had died when Delphine was very young, and afterward Roy indulged in a worship of those photographs. Some nights, he lit a line of votive candles on the dresser and drank steadily and spoke to Minnie until, from deep in his cups, she answered.

During the first years after Minnie's death, Roy bounced in and out of drink with the resilience of a man with a healthy liver. He remained remarkably sloshed even through Prohibition by becoming ecumenical. Hair tonic, orange-flower water, cough syrups of all types, even women's monthly elixirs fuelled his grieving rituals. Gradually, he destroyed the organ he'd mistaken for his heart. By the time Delphine reached her twelfth year, her father's need to drink was produced less by her mother's memory than by the drink itself. After that, she knew her father mainly as a pickled wreck. Home was chaos. Now Delphine was a grown woman and he was completely failing. In the spring of 1936, she quit secretarial school and moved back from the Twin Cities to their Minnesota farm to care for him.

As Delphine walked into town for supplies, she thought of her mother. She possessed only one tiny locket photo of Minnie, and while she was away she had found herself missing the other photographs. It was in that fit of longing to see her mother's face that Delphine entered Waldvogel's Meats, and met Eva Waldvogel.

The first true meeting of their minds was over lard.

"I'll take half a pound," Delphine said. She was mentally worn out by her father's insistence that since he was dying anyway he might as well kill himself more pleasurably with schnapps.



All day long he'd been drunk underneath the mulberry trees, laughing to himself and trying to catch the fruit in his mouth. He was now stained purple with the juice.

"There's lard and there is lard." Eva reached into the glass case that was cooled by an electric fan. "My husband was trained back in Germany as a master butcher, and he uses a secret process to render his fat. Taste," she commanded, holding out a small pan. Delphine swiped a bit with the tip of her finger.

"Pure as butter!"

"We don't salt it much," Eva whispered, as though this were not for just anyone to overhear. "But it won't keep unless you have an icebox."

"I don't have one," Delphine admitted. "Well, I did, but my dad sold it while I was away."

"Who is he, may I ask?"

Delphine liked Eva's direct but polite manners and admired her thick bun of bronze-red hair stuck through with two yellow lead pencils. Eva's eyes were a very pale, washed-out blue with flecks of green. There was, in one eye, an odd golden streak that would turn black when the life finally left her body, like a light going out behind the crack in a door.

"Roy Watzka," Delphine said slowly.

Eva nodded. The name seemed to tell her all that she needed to know. "Come back here." Eva swept her arm around the counter. "I'll teach you to make a mincemeat pie better than you've ever eaten. It's all in the goddam suet."

Delphine went behind the counter, past an office cascading with papers and bills, past little cupboards full of clean aprons and rags, and a knickknack shelf displaying figures made of German porcelain. She and Eva entered the kitchen, which was full of light from big windows set into the thick walls. Here, for Delphine, all time stopped. As she took in the room, she experienced a profound and fabulous expansion of being.

There was a shelf for big clay bread bowls and a pull-out bin containing flour. Wooden cupboards painted an astounding green matched the floor's linoleum. A heavy, polished meat grinder was bolted to the counter. The round table was covered with a piece of oilcloth with squares. In each red-trimmed square was printed a bunch of blue grapes or a fat pink-gold peach, an apple or a delicate green pear. On the window sills, pots of geraniums bloomed, scarlet and ferociously cheerful.

DAN FIALDINI, "BOI"/DÓREA BOOKS AND ART

Suddenly extremely happy, Delphine sat in a solid, square-backed chair while Eva spooned roasted coffee beans into a grinder and then began to grind them. A wonderful fragrance emerged. Delphine took a huge breath. Eva, her hands quick and certain, dumped the thin wooden drawer full of fresh grounds into a pale-blue speckled enamel coffeepot. She got water from a faucet in her sink, instead of from a pump, and then she put the coffee on the stove and lit the burner of a stunning white gas range with chrome trim swirled into the words "Magic Chef."

"My God," Delphine breathed. She couldn't speak. But that was fine, for Eva had already whipped one of the pencils out of her hair and taken up a pad of paper to set down the mincemeat recipe. Eva spoke English very well but her writing was of the old, ornate German style, and she wasn't a good speller. Delphine was grateful for this tiny flaw, for Eva appeared so fantastically skilled a being, so assured—she was also the mother of two sturdy and intelligent sons—that she would have been an unapproachable paragon to Delphine otherwise. Delphine—who had never really had a mother, much less a sister, who cleaned up shameful things in her father's house, who had been toughened by cold and hunger and was regarded as beneath notice by the town's best society, and yet could spell—stole confidence from the misspelled recipe.

The next time Delphine visited the Waldvogels' store, she noted the jangle of a cheerful shop bell. She imagined that it was only the first of many times that she would ring the bell as she entered the shop. This did not prove to be the case. By the next time Delphine came to the shop, she had already attained a status so familiar that she entered by the back door.

Delphine placed her order, as before, and, as before, Eva asked her to come in and sit down for a coffee. There was no cleanser on Eva's shelf that would be strong enough for the work Delphine had to do to make Roy's place habitable again, and Eva wanted to concoct something of her own.

"First off, a good vinegar-and-water washdown. Then I should order the industrial-strength ammonia for you, only be careful with the fumes. Maybe, if that doesn't work, a very raw lye."

Delphine shook her head. She was smitten with shame, and could not tell Eva that she was afraid her father might try to drink the stuff. Eva sipped her coffee. Today, her hair was bound back in a singular knot, in the shape of a figure eight, which Delphine knew was the ancient sign for eternity. Eva rose and turned away, walked across the green squares of linoleum to punch down the risen dough. As Delphine watched, a strange notion popped into her head, the idea that perhaps the most strongly experienced moments—such as this one, when Eva turned, and the sun met her hair, and for that one instant the symbol blazed out—those particular moments were eternal. They actually went somewhere—into a file of moments that existed beyond time's range and could not be pilfered by God.

Well, it *was* God, wasn't it, Delphine went on stubbornly, who had made time and thereby created the end of everything? Tell me this, Delphine wanted to say to her new friend, why are we given the curse of imagining eternity when we can't experience it, when we ourselves are so finite? She wanted to say it, but suddenly grew shy, and it was in that state of concentrated inattention that she first met Eva's husband, Fidelis Waldvogel, Master Butcher.

Before she actually met him, she sensed him, like a surge of electric power in the air when the clouds are low. Then she felt a heaviness. A field of gravity moved through her body. She was trying to rise, to shake the feeling, when he suddenly filled the doorway.

It was not his size. He was not extraordinarily tall or broad. But he shed power, as though there were a bigger man crammed into him. One thick hand hung down at his side like a hook; the other balanced on his shoulder a slab of meat. That cow's haunch weighed perhaps a hundred pounds or double that. He held it lightly, although the veins in his neck throbbed, heavy-blooded as a bull's. He looked at Delphine, and his eyes were white-blue. Their stares locked. Delphine's cheeks went fever red, and she looked down first. Clouds moved across the sun, and the red mouths of the geraniums on the windowsill yawned. The shock of his gaze caused her to pick up one of Eva's cigarettes. To light it. He looked away from her and conversed with his wife. Then he left without asking to be introduced.

## BETWEEN PITY AND REMORSE

I was up all night
till finally the earth
like a good dog
rolled over into the
waiting sun  making
morning happen  not
only to me but
the green grass and the
river  oh relieving
the poor river of
its ice-cold cloth
of mist lifting it
slowly  slowly  then
the steamy dissolution
and shreds of fog float
drift away  away  too late
7 A.M.
        no turning back

—*Grace Paley*

That abruptness, though rude, was more than fine with Delphine. Already, she didn't want to know him. She hoped that she could avoid him. It didn't matter, so long as she could still be friends with Eva, and hold the job that she soon was offered, waiting on customers.

So it was. From then on, Delphine used the back door, which led past the furnace and the washtubs, the shelves of tools, the bleached aprons slowly drying on racks and hooks. She walked down the hallway cluttered with papers and equipment and lifted from a hook by the shop door the apron Eva had given her, blue with tiny white flowers. From then on, she heard the customer bell ring from the other side of the counter.

Within a week, Delphine had met most of the regular customers. Then she met Tante Marie-Christine, who was not a customer but Fidelis's sister. One afternoon, Tante swept in with just one clang of the bell, as though the bell itself had been muted by her elegance. She went right around to the case that held the sausage, wrenched it open, fished out a ring of the best bologna, and put it in her purse. Delphine stood back and watched—actually, she stood back and envied the woman's shoes. They were made of a thin, flexible Italian leather and were cleverly buttoned. They fit Tante's rather long, narrow feet with a winsome precision. She might not have had a captivating face—for she resembled her brother, replicated his powerful neck and too stern chin, and the eyes that on him were commanding on her were a ghostly blue that gave Delphine the shivers—but her feet were slim and pretty. She was vain about them, and all her shoes were made of the most expensive leather.

"Who are you?" Tante asked, rearing her head back and then swirling off in her fur coat without deigning to accept an answer. The question hung in the air long after Tante had gone back to invade Eva's kitchen. "Who are you?" is a question with a long answer or a short answer. When Tante dropped it in the air like that, Delphine was left to consider its larger meaning as she scrubbed down the meat counters and prepared to mop the floor.

*Who are you*, Delphine Watzka, you drunkard's child, you dropout secretary, you creature with a belly of steel and a heart that longs for a mother? Who are you, *what* are you—born a dirty Pole in a Polack's dirt? You with a cellar full of empty bottles and a stewed father lying on the floor? What makes you think you belong anywhere near this house, this shop, and especially my brother Fidelis, who is the master of all that he does?

When Tante swept back out with a loaf of her sister-in-law's fresh bread under her arm, and grabbed a bottle of milk, Delphine wrote it all down on a slip: "Tante took a bottle of milk, a ring of number-one bologna, and a loaf of bread." And she left it at that. When Tante found out that Delphine had written the items down, she was furious. Tante didn't take things. By her reckoning, she was owed things. She had once given her brother five hundred dollars to purchase equipment, and although he had paid her back she continued to take the interest out in ways that were intended to remind him of her dutiful generosity.

Eva's two boys, Franz and Louis, did not like Tante. Delphine could see that. Not that she knew all that much about children. She had not been around them often. But, as these boys belonged to Eva, she was interested in who they were.

At fourteen, Franz was strong and athletic, with one of those proud, easygoing American temperaments that are simultaneously transparent and opaque. His inner thoughts and feelings were either nonevident or nonexistent; she couldn't tell which. He always smiled at her and said hello, with only the faintest of German accents. He played football and was, in fact, a local hero. The second boy was more reclusive. Louis had a philosophical bent and a monkish nature, though he'd play with tough abandon when he could. His grades were perfect for one year, and abysmal the next, according to his interests. He had inherited his mother's long hands, her floss of red-gold hair, her thin cheeks, and eyes that looked out sometimes with a sad curiosity and amusement, as if to say, What an idiotic spectacle. Louis was polite, though more restrained than his brother. He anxiously accomplished errands for his father, but he clearly doted on his mother. Eva often stroked his hair, so like her own, with its curls clipped. When she held him close and kissed him, he pulled away, as boys had to, but did it gently, to show that he didn't want to hurt her feelings.

Nineteen-thirty-six was a year of extremes. That winter, Minnesota had endured a bout of intense cold. Now it sucked in its breath and wilted in a brutal heat. As the heat wave wore on, cleaning became more difficult. Eva Waldvogel, who prided herself on triumphing over anything that circumstance brought her way, could not keep the shop functioning with the efficiency she usually demanded. Now that Delphine was around Eva from the early morning on, she could see how her friend suffered. Eva's face was pale with the daily effort and sometimes she announced that she had to lie down, just for a minute, and rest. When Delphine checked on her, she often found Eva in such a sunken dead shock of slumber that she didn't have the heart to wake her. After an hour or two, Eva woke anyway, in a frenzy of energy, and pushed herself again.

They mopped down the floors of the slaughter room with bleach every single day. The meat cases were run on full cold, yet they were lukewarm and the meat within had to be checked constantly for rot. They bought only the smallest amount of milk to sell because it often soured during the drive to the store. They kept little butter or lard. The heat kept getting worse. The boys slept outside on the roof in just their undershorts. Eva dragged a mattress and sheets up there, too, and slept with them while Fidelis stayed downstairs, near his gun, for fear of a break-in.

When Delphine walked to work, just an hour after sunrise, the air was already stiff and metallic. If it broke, it would break violently, Fidelis said, to no one in particular. As he systematically sharpened the blades of his knives and saws, his back turned, he started singing, and Delphine realized, with a strange shock, that his voice was very beautiful. The heat made her flustered, and his voice dismayed her, so pure in a room that was slippery with blood. Sharply, she banged a ham down on the metal counter, and he went silent. It was a relief not to have to listen.

The sky went dark, the leaves turned brown, and nothing happened. Rain hung painfully nearby in an iron-gray sheet that stretched across the sky, but nothing moved. No breeze. No air. Delphine washed her face and donned the limp apron by the door. Late in the day, she stripped the wax off the linoleum in order to apply a new coat. The floor was already dry when she flipped the cardboard sign in the entry window from "Open" to "Closed." Now, in a special bucket, she mixed the wax and with a long brush painted the floor, back to front, in perfect swipes. She painted herself right up to the counter, put a box in the doorway so that the boys would not ruin the drying surface. She retreated. Hung up her apron, said a quick goodbye, and went home to swelter. Early the next morning, before the store opened, she'd return and apply another coat. Let it dry while she drank her morning coffee with Eva. Then, between customers, she'd polish that linoleum to a mighty finish with a buffing rag and elbow grease. That's what she had planned, anyway, and all that she had planned did occur, but over weeks and under radically different circumstances.

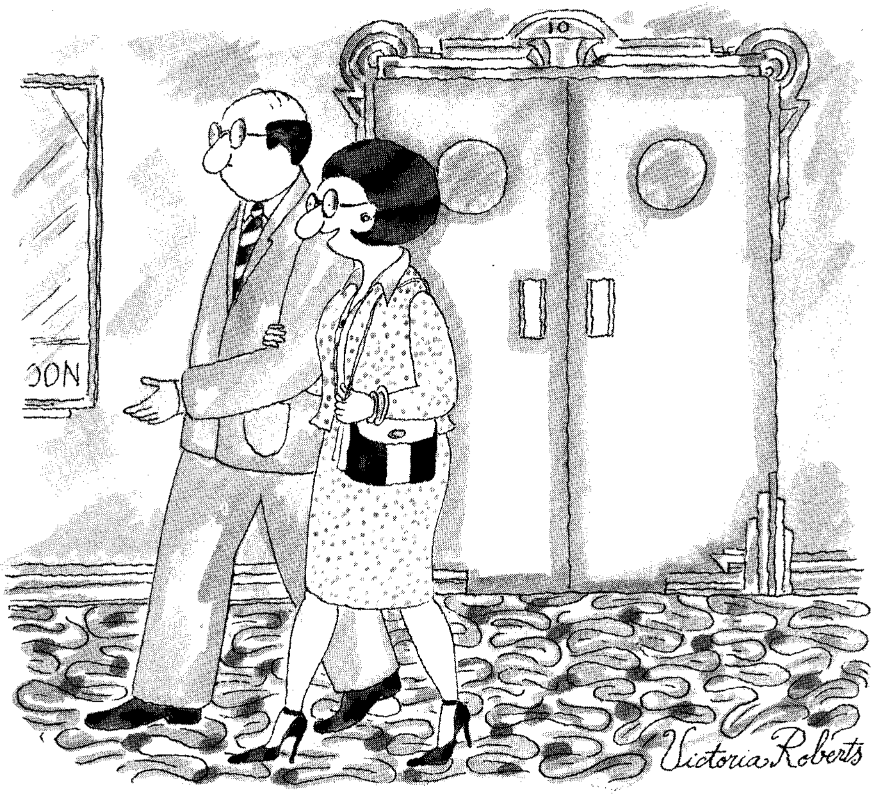
The next morning, while Delphine sat in the kitchen, the heat pushed at the walls. The strong black coffee sent her into a sweat. She drank from a pitcher of water that Eva had set on the table.

"Listen." Eva had been awake most of the night, doing her weekly baking in the thread of cool air. "I don't feel so good."

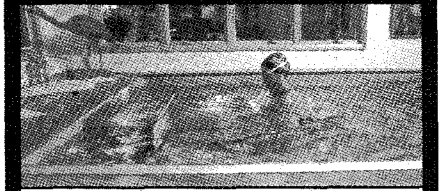
She said this in such an offhand way that Delphine hardly registered the words, but then she repeated herself as though she did not remember having said it. "I don't feel so good," Eva whispered. She put her elbows on the table and her hands curled around her china cup.

"What do you mean you don't feel so good?"

"It's my stomach. I get pains. I'm all lumped up." Beads of sweat trembled on her upper lip. "They come and go." Eva drew a deep breath and held it, then let it out. *There.* She pressed a dish



*"That was a feel-good movie. How come I don't feel so good?"*



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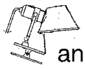

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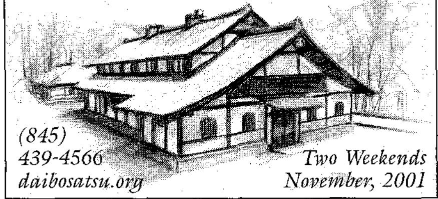

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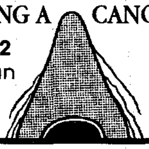

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towel to her face, blotted away the sweat. "Like a cramp, but I'm never quite over the monthly . . . That comes and goes, too."

"Maybe you're just stopping early?"

"I think so," Eva said. "My mother . . ." But then she shook her head and smiled, spoke in a high, thin voice. "Don't you hate a whiner?"

She jumped up awkwardly, banging herself against the counter, but then she bustled to the oven, moved swiftly through the kitchen, as though motion would cure whatever it was that had gripped her. Within moments, she seemed to have turned back into the unworried, capable Eva.

"I'm going out front to start polishing the floor," Delphine said. "By now, in this heat, it's surely dry."

"That's good," Eva said, but as Delphine passed her to put her coffee cup in the gray soapstone sink, the butcher's wife took one of Delphine's hands in hers. Lightly, her voice a shade too careless, she said the words that even in the heat chilled her friend.

"Take me to the doctor."

Then she smiled as though this were a great joke, lay down on the floor, closed her eyes, and did not move.

Fidelis had left early on a delivery, and he could not be found. He wasn't home, either, when Delphine returned from the doctor's. By then, she had Eva drugged with morphine in the back seat, and a sheaf of instructions telling her whom to seek. What could possibly be done. Old Dr. Heech was telephoning the clinic to tell a surgeon he knew there to prepare for a patient named Eva Waldvogel.

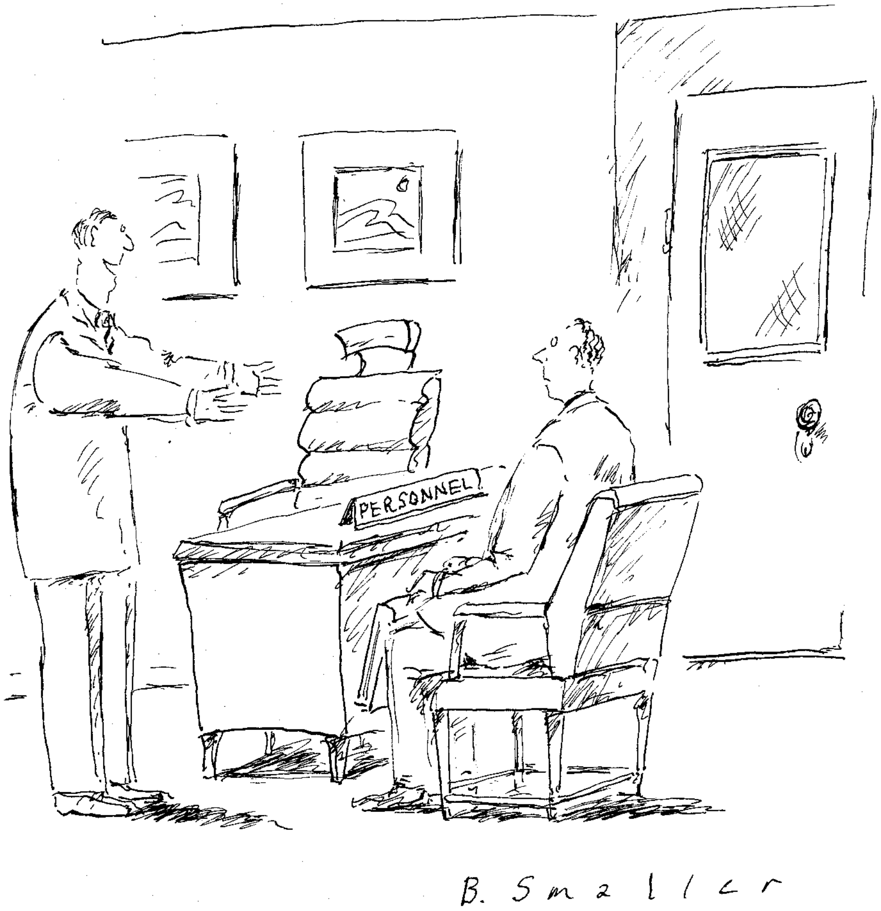
Delphine found Louis and gave him a note for Fidelis. Louis dropped it, picked it up, his lithe boy's fingers for once clumsy with fright. He ran straight out to the car and climbed into the back seat, which was where Delphine found him, holding Eva as she sighed in the fervent relief of the drug. She was so serene that Louis was reassured and Delphine was able to lead him carefully away, terrified that Eva would suddenly wake, in front of the boy, and recognize her pain. From what Delphine had gathered so far, Eva must have been suffering for many months now. Her illness was remarkably advanced, and Heech in his alarm, as well as his fondness for Eva, scolded her with the violent despair of a doctor who knows he is helpless.

As Delphine led Louis back to the house, she tried to stroke his hair. He jerked away in terror at the unfamiliar tenderness. It was, of course, a sign to him that something was really wrong with Eva.

"Fidelis," Delphine had written in the note, "I have taken Eva to the clinic to the south called the Mayo, where Heech says emergency help will be found. She passed out this morning. It is a cancer. You can talk to Heech."

It was on the drive down to the Mayo Clinic that Delphine first really listened to the butcher's singing; only this time it was in her mind. She replayed it like a comforting record on a phonograph as she kept her foot calmly on the gas pedal of Dr. Heech's DeSoto and the speedometer hovered near eighty miles an hour. The world blurred. Fields turned like spoked wheels. She caught the flash of houses, cows, horses, barns. Then there was the long stop-and-go of the city. All through the drive, she replayed the song that Fidelis had sung just the morning before, in the concrete of the slaughter room, when she had been too crushed by the heat to marvel at the buoyant mildness of his tenor. "*Die Gedanken sind frei*," he had sung, and the walls had spun each note higher, as if he were singing beneath the dome of a beautiful church. Who would think that a slaughterhouse would have the acoustics of a cathedral?

The song wheeled in her thoughts as she drove, and using what ragtag German she knew, Delphine made out the words: "*Die Gedanken sind frei, / Wer kann sie erraten, / Sie fliehen vorbei, / Wie nächtliche Schatten*"—"Thoughts are free . . . they fly around like shadows of the night." The dead crops turned, row by row, in the fields, the vent blew the hot air hotter, and the wind boomed into the open windows. Even when it finally started to rain, Delphine did not roll the windows back up. The car was moving so fast that the drops stung like BBs on the side of her face and kept her alert. Occasionally, behind her, Eva made sounds. Perhaps the morphine, as well as dulling her pain, had loosened



*"Give me a hug. I can tell a lot about a man by the way he hugs."*

• •

her self-control, for in the wet crackle of the wind Delphine heard a moan that could have come from Eva. A growling, as though her pain were an animal she had wrestled to earth.

The first treatment after Eva's surgery consisted of inserting into her uterus several hollow metal bombs, cast of German silver, containing radium. During the weeks that Eva spent in the hospital, the tubes were taken out, refilled, and reinserted several times. By the time she was sent home, she smelled like a blackened pot roast.

"I smell burned," she said, "like bad cooking. Get some lilac at the drugstore." Delphine bought a great purple bottle of flower water to wash her with, but it didn't help. For weeks, Eva passed charcoal and blood, and the smell lingered. The cancer spread. Next, Dr. Heech gave her monthly treatments of radium via long twenty-four-karat-gold needles, tipped with iridium, that he pushed into the new tumor with forceps so as not to burn his fingers. She took those treatments in his office, strapped to a table, dosed with ether for the insertion, then, after she woke, with a hypodermic of morphine. Delphine sat with her, for the needles had to stay in place for six hours.

"I'm a damn pincushion now," Eva said once, rousing slightly. Then she dropped back into her restless dream. Delphine tried to read, but shooting pains stabbed her own stomach when the needles went in; she even had a sympathetic morphine sweat. But she kept on going, and as she approached the house each day she said the prayer to God that she'd selected as the most appropriate to the situation: "Spit in your eye." The curse wasn't much, it didn't register the depth of her feeling, but at least she was not a hypocrite. Why should she even pretend to pray? That was Tante's field.

Tante had mustered a host of pious

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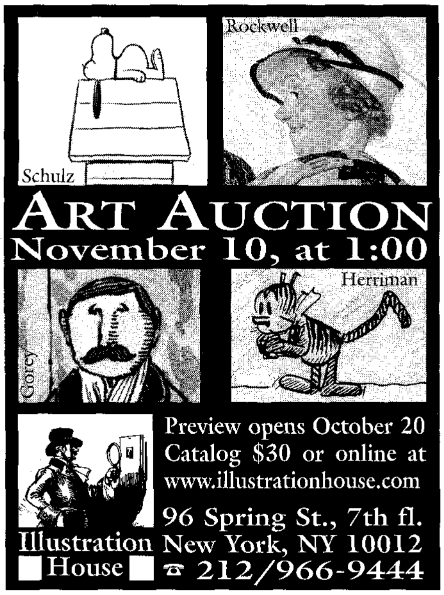
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Lutheran ladies, and they came around every few afternoons to try to convert Eva, who was Catholic. Once Eva became too weak to chase them off, Delphine did whatever she could think of to keep them from crowding around the bed like a flock of turkey vultures in a gloating prayer circle. Feeding them was her best strategy, for they filed out quickly enough when they knew that there was grub in the kitchen. After they'd gorged on Eva's pain and her signature Linzer torte, the recipe for which she'd given to Delphine, Tante would lead them away one small step at a time.

Delphine bleached the bloody aprons. She scrubbed the grimy socks. The boys' stained drawers and their one-strap overalls. She took their good suits out of mothballs and aired and pressed them. She sprinkled Fidelis's thick white cotton shirts with starch and every morning she ironed one for him, just as Eva had done. She took on the sheets, the sweat, the shit, and the blood, always blood. The towels and the tablecloths. Doing this laundry was a kind of goodbye gift. For once Eva left, Delphine would be leaving, too. Fidelis had others to help him. Tante, Delphine was sure, would find stepping in to care for the boys and her brother a perfect showcase for her pieties.

For all that he was a truly unbearable souse, no one in town disliked Roy Watzka. There were several reasons for this. First, his gross slide into abandon had been triggered by loss. That he had loved to the point of self-destruction fed a certain reflex feature in many a female heart, and he got handouts easily when strapped. Women made him sandwiches of pork or cold beans, and wrapped them carefully for him to eat when coming off a binge. Another reason was that Roy Watzka, during those short, rare times when he was sober, had a capacity for intense bouts of hard labor. He could work phenomenally. Plus, he told a good tale. He was not a mean drunk or a rampager, and it was well known that, although she certainly put up with more than a daughter should ever have to, he did love Delphine.

Eva liked him, or felt sorry for him, anyway, and she was one of those who had always given him a meal. Now that she was in trouble, Roy showed up for a different purpose. He came to the shop almost every afternoon, sometimes stinking of schnapps. But, once there, he'd do anything. He'd move the outhouse, shovel guts. Before he left, he'd sit with Eva and tell her crazy stories about the things that had happened to him as a young man: the pet hog he'd trained to read, how to extract the venom from a rattlesnake, the actual wolf-man he'd once known who taught him words in the Lycanthropian language, or the Latin names of flowers and where they came from. Listening sometimes, Delphine was both glad of Roy's adept distractions and resentful. Where had he learned these things? In bars, he said. She'd cleaned up after him all her life and never had he talked to her like this.

Delphine and Eva sat together on broken chairs in Eva's garden, each with a bottle of Fidelis's earth-dark, home-brewed beer held tight between their feet. They were protected from the mosquitos by citronella burning in a bucket, and sprigs of basil which Eva snapped off and thrust into their hair. Delphine wore a wash dress and an apron and a pair of low green pumps. Eva wore a nightgown and a light woollen shawl, with her feet bare in Japanese thongs. The slugs were naked. Antlered and feeble, they lived in the thickness of hay and the shredded newspapers that Eva had put down for mulch. They had already eaten many of the new seedlings from the topmost leaves down to the ground, and Eva had vowed to destroy them.

"Their last feast," she said, gesturing at her bean plants as she poured a little beer into a pie plate. "Now they are doomed."

The beer was chilled from the glass refrigerator case in the store, newly installed. It seemed a shame to waste it on slugs. The two women sipped it slowly as the sun slanted through the margins of the stock pens.

"Maybe we should simply have shrivelled them with salt," Delphine said. But then she had a thought: We are close to Eva's own death, and can afford to make death easy on the helpless. She said nothing.

Eva's garden, Delphine had decided,

reflected the dark underside of her organizational genius. It was everything raw and wild that Eva was not. It had grown rich on junk. Pot scrapings, tea leaves, and cucumber peelings all went into the dirt, buried haphazardly, sometimes just piled. Everything rotted down beneath the blistering Minnesota sun. Eva's method was to have no method. Give nature its head. She had apple trees that grew from cores. Rosebushes, bristling near the runner that collected steer's blood, were covered with blooms so fat and hearty that they looked sinister. The boys' dog dug up old bones that some former dog had buried and refused to rebury them. It would be awful in the spring, Delphine thought, when the snow melted away, to see the litter of femurs and clavicles, the knobs and knuckles. As if the scattered dead, rising to meet the Judgment, had had to change and swap their parts to fit.

Delphine had always had a tendency to think about fate, but she did so more often now that Eva's sickness put her constantly in mind of mortality, and also made her marvel at how anyone managed to live at all. Life was a precious feat of daring, she saw, improbable, as strange as a feast of slugs.

Eva bent over, flipped out a small pocket of earth with her trowel, and tamped in her quarter-full beer bottle as a trap. "Die happy," she encouraged. Delphine handed over her own three-quarters-drunk bottle, too. This one Eva planted by a hill of squash that would overpower the rest of the garden by fall, though she would not be there to see it. She settled back against the crisscrossed canvas webbing of her chair and forked open another bottle. It was a good day, a very good day for her.

"I'm going," Delphine said, but she continued to sit with Eva through sunset and on into the rising dark. It was as if they knew that no moment of the weeks to come would be this peaceful and that they would both, in fearful nights, remember these hours. How the air turned blue around them and the moths came out, invisible and sightless, flapping against the shuttered lamp at the other end of the yard.

Delphine shut her eyes, and her mind grew alert. All around her, she felt how quickly things formed and were consumed. It was going on beyond the wall of her sight, out of her control. She felt as though she could drift away like a boat of skin, never to return, leaving only her crumpled dress and worn green shoes.

She heard Eva's voice.

"I wish it were true, what I read—that the mind stays intact. The brain. The eyes to read with."

Delphine had sometimes thought that her friend didn't care if she became an animal or a plant, if all this thinking and figuring and selling of pork and blood meal were wasted effort. She treated her death with scorn or ridicule. But with that statement Eva revealed a certain fear she'd never shown before. Or a wistfulness.

"Your mind stays itself," Delphine said, as lightly as she could. "There you'll

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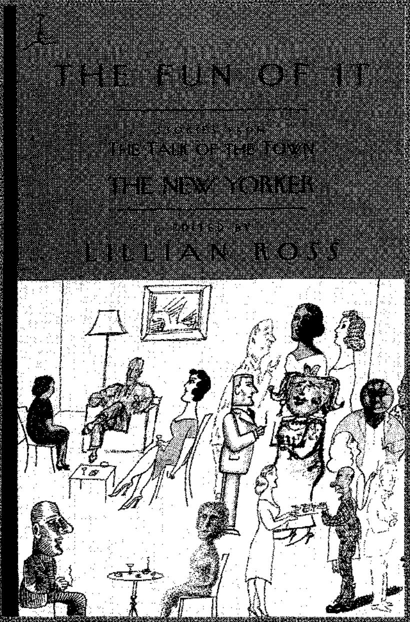

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be, strumming on your harp, looking down on all the foolish crap people do.”

“I could never play the harp,” Eva said. “I think they’ll give me a kazoo.”

“Save me a cloud and I’ll play a tune with you,” Delphine said.

It wasn’t very funny, so they laughed all the harder, laughed until tears started in their eyes, then they gasped and fell utterly silent.

“The boys are playing in the orchard. The men are already half lit,” Delphine reported. It was the first weekend in September, a holiday. Eva struggled and Delphine helped her to sit up and look out the window of the little room off the kitchen where Fidelis had set up her bed. Eva smiled faintly, then fell back, nodding at the sight.

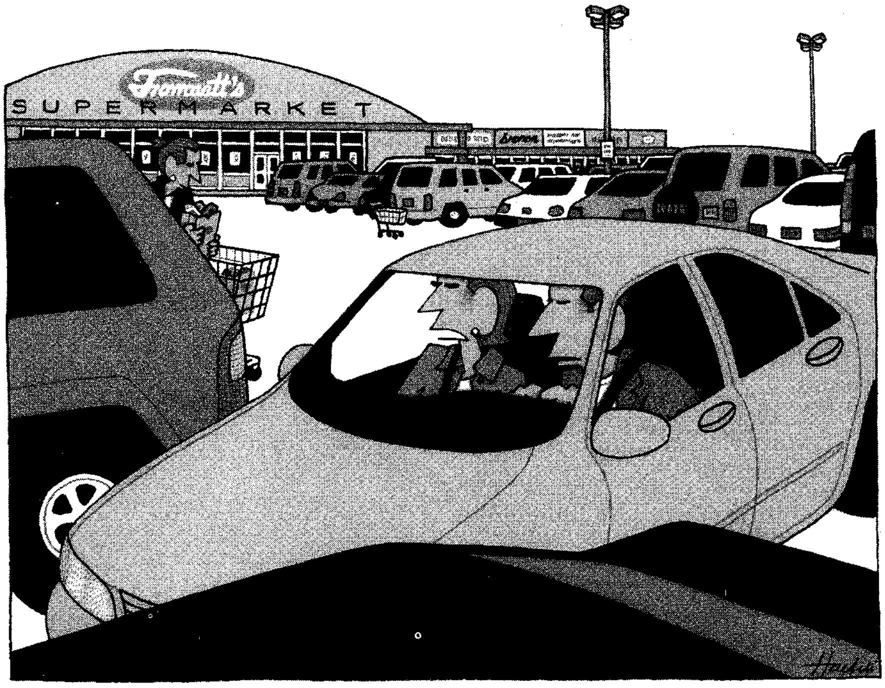
“Men are such fools,” she whispered. “They think they’re so smart hiding the Everclear in the gooseberry bush.”

There was no saving her. They were well beyond that now. But even though the last few days were nightmarish Eva refused to die in a morbid way. She sometimes laughed freakishly at pain and made fun of her condition, more so now when the end was close.

They’d closed the shop at noon. Now everyone in town was celebrating. Fidelis had the old chairs and table out in the yard and on the table he had a summer sausage and a beer sausage, a watermelon, bowls of crackers, and beer in a tub of ice underneath the tomato plants, to wash down the high-proof alcohol that Eva knew he was hiding. Over and over the men sneaked their arms into the gooseberry fronds. With a furtive look at the house, they’d tip the bottle to their lips. Even Fidelis, normally so powerful and purposeful, acted like a guilty boy.

The men’s voices rose and fell, rumbling with laughter at the tall tales they told, stern with argument at the outrages committed by the government, and sometimes they even fell silent and gazed stuporously into the tangled foliage. Roy was out there, trying to nurse along a beer, not gulp. As always, Fidelis was at the center of the gathering, prodding ever bolder stories out of the men or challenging them to feats of strength.

In the kitchen, Delphine cut cold butter into flour for a pastry. She had decided to make pies for the holiday supper—the men would need them to counteract the booze. The potatoes were boiling now, and she had a crock of beans laced with hot mustard, brown sugar, and blackstrap molasses. There were, of course, sausages. Delphine added a pinch of salt, rolled her dough in waxed paper, and set it in the icebox. Then she started on the fruit, slicing thin moons from the crate of peaches, peeling out the brownest bits of rosy flesh.



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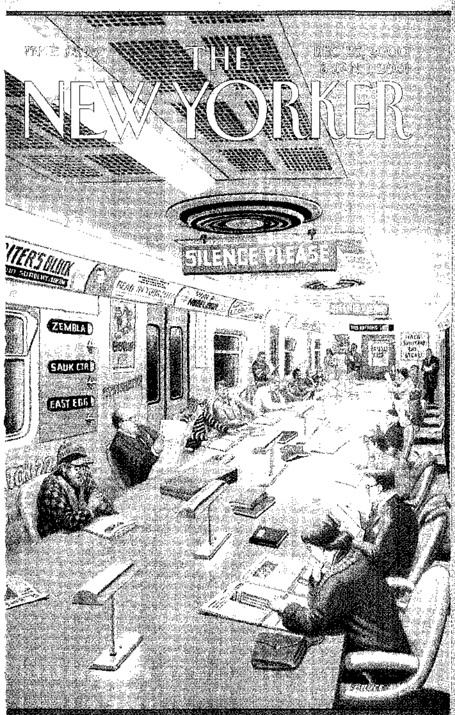

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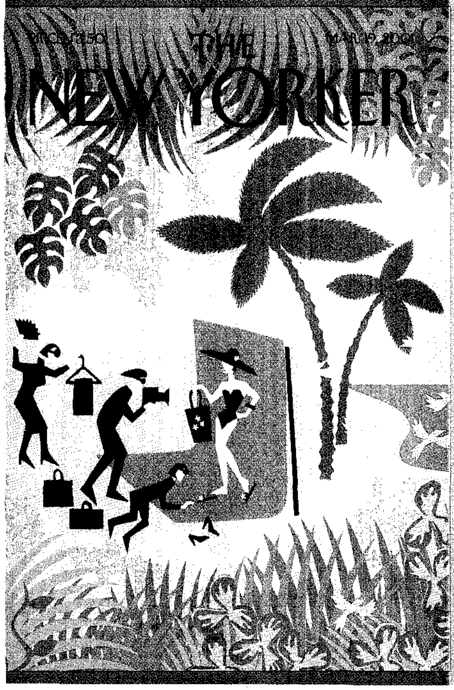

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It's nearly time, she thought, nearly time. She was thinking of Eva's pain. Delphine's sense of time passing had to do only with the duration of a dose of opium wine, flavored with cloves and cinnamon, or of the morphine that Dr. Heech had taught her to administer, though he warned her not to give too much, lest by the end even the morphine lose its effect.

Hearing Eva stir, Delphine set aside her pie makings. She put some water on to boil, to sterilize the hypodermic needle. Last night, she'd prepared a vial and set it in the icebox, the 1:30 solution, which Heech had told her she was better than any nurse at giving to Eva. Delphine was proud of this. The more so because she secretly hated needles, abhorred them, grew sickly hollow when she filled the syringe, and felt the prick in her own flesh when she gave the dose to Eva.

Now she knew, when she checked on Eva, not so much by the time elapsed as by the lucid shock of agony in Eva's stare, her mouth half open, her brows clenched, that she would need the relief very soon, as soon as the water had boiled. Delphine thought to divert her friend by massaging her sore hands.

Eva groaned as Delphine worked the dips between her knuckles, and then her forehead smoothed, her translucent eyelids closed over, she began to breathe more peacefully and said, softly, "How are the damn fools?"

Delphine glanced out the window and observed that they were in an uproar. Sheriff Hock had now joined them, and Fidelis was standing, gesturing, laughing at the big man's belly. Then they were all comparing their bellies. In the lengthening afternoon light, Fidelis's face was slightly fuzzy with the unaccustomed drink, and with the fellowship of other men, too, for lately he had been isolated in Eva's struggle to die.

"They're showing off their big guts to each other," Delphine said.

"At least not the thing below," Eva croaked.

"Oh, for shame!" Delphine laughed. "No, they've kept their peckers in. But something's going on. Here, I'm going to prop you up. They're better than burlesque."

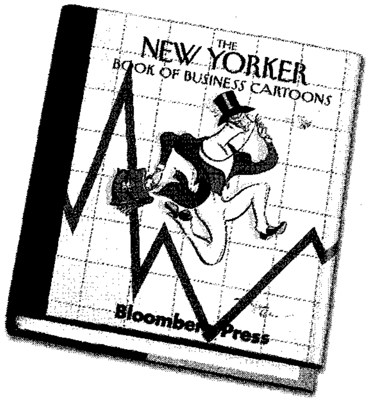
She took down extra pillows from the shelves, shoved the bed up to the window, and propped Eva where she would see the doings in the yard. Now it looked like they were making and taking bets. Bills were waved. The men weren't stumbling drunk, but loud drunk. Roaring with jokes. All of a sudden, with a clatter, the men cleared the glasses and bottles, the crackers and the sticks of sausage, the bits of cheddar and the plates off the table. And then the Sheriff, a former actor who'd played large characters in local productions, lay down upon it on his back. He was longer than the table, and he balanced there, like a boat in dry dock, his booted feet sticking absurdly straight up and his head extended off the other end. His stomach made a mound. Now on the other side of the table, directly beneath Eva's window, stood Fidelis. He'd unbuttoned the top buttons of his white shirt and rolled his sleeves up over his solid forearms.

Suddenly, Fidelis bent over Sheriff Hock in a weightlifter's crouch and threw his arms fiercely out to either side. Delicately, firmly, he grasped in his jaws a loop that the women now saw had been specially created for this purpose in Sheriff Hock's thick belt.

There was a moment in which everything went still. Nothing happened. Then, a huge thing happened. Fidelis gathered his power. It was as if the ground itself flowed up through him, and flexed. His jaws flared bone-white around the belt loop, his arms tightened in the air, his neck and shoulders swelled impossibly, and he lifted Sheriff Hock off the table. With the belt loop in his teeth, he moved the town's Falstaff. Just a fraction of an inch. Then Fidelis paused. His whole being surged with a blind, suffusing ease. He jerked the Sheriff higher, balancing now, half out of the crouch.

In that moment of tremendous effort, Delphine saw the butcher's true face—his animal face, his ears flaming with heat, his neck cords popping—and then his deranged eye, straining out of its socket, rolled up to the window to see if Eva was watching. That's when Delphine felt a thud of awful sympathy. He was doing this for Eva. He was trying to distract her, and Delphine suddenly understood that Fidelis loved Eva with a helpless and fierce canine devotion, which made him do things that seemed foolish. Lift a grown man by the belt with his teeth. A stupid thing. Showing clearly that all his strength was nothing. Against

Very funny business, indeed!



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her sickness, he was weak as a child.

Once Fidelis had dropped the Sheriff, to roars of laughter, Delphine went back into the kitchen to fetch the medicine. She opened the door of the icebox. Looked once, then rummaged with a searching hand. The morphine that Fidelis had labored with vicious self-disregard to pay for and which Delphine had guarded jealously was gone. The vial, the powder, the other syringe. She couldn't believe it. Searched once again, and then again. It wasn't there, and already Eva was restless in the next room.

Delphine rushed out and beckoned Fidelis away from the men. He was wiping down his face and neck, the sweat still pouring off him.

"Eva's medicine is gone."

"Gone?"

He was not as drunk as she'd imagined, or maybe the effort of lifting the Sheriff had sobered him.

"Gone. Nowhere. I've looked. Someone stole it."

"*Heiliges Kreuz Donnerwetter* . . ." he began, whirling around. That was just the beginning of what he had to say, but Delphine left before he got any further. She went back to Eva and gave her the rest of the opium wine. Spoon by spoon it went down; in a flash it came back up. "What a mess," Eva said. "I'm worse than a puking baby." She tried to laugh, but it came out a surprised, hushed groan. And then she was gasping, taking the shallow panting breaths she used to keep herself from shrieking.

"*Bitte* . . ." Her eyes rolled back and she arched off the bed. She gestured for a rolled-up washcloth to set between her teeth. It was coming. It was coming like a mighty storm in her. No one could stop it from breaking. It would take hours for Delphine to get another prescription from Dr. Heech, wherever he happened to be celebrating the holiday, and then to find the pharmacist. Delphine yelled out the garden door to Fidelis, and then sped out the other way. As she ran, a thought came into her mind. She decided to act on it. Instead of steering straight for Heech she gunned the shop's truck and stopped short at Tante's little closet of a house, two blocks from the Lutheran church, where Tante prayed every Sunday that the deplorable Catholic her brother had married desist from idolatry—saint worship—before her two nephews were confirmed.

"*Was wollen Sie?*"

When Tante opened the door to Delphine, her face had all the knowledge in it, and Delphine knew she'd guessed right. Delphine had remembered her clucking over the dose of the drug with her prayer friends in whispered consultation as they pressed up crumbs of lemon pound cake with their fingers.

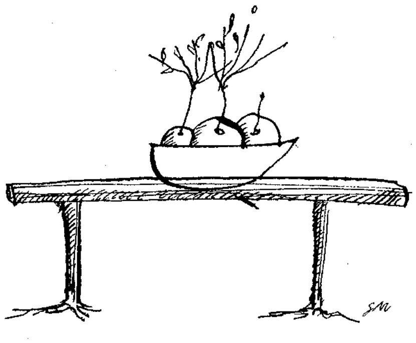
"*Wo ist die Medizin?*" Delphine said, first in a normal tone of voice.

Tante affected Hochdeutsch around Delphine and made great pretense of having trouble understanding her. When Tante gave only a cold twist of a smile, Delphine screamed: "Where is Eva's medicine?" Delphine stepped in the door, shoved past Tante, and dashed to the refrigerator. On the way there, with an outraged Tante trailing, she passed a table with a long slim object wrapped in a handkerchief. Delphine grabbed for it on instinct, unrolled it, and nearly dropped the missing hypodermic.

"Where is it?" Delphine's voice was deadly. She turned, jabbing the needle at Tante, and then found herself as in a stage play advancing with an air of threat. The feeling of being in a dramatic production gave her leave to speak the lines she wished had been written for the moment.

"Come on, you rough old bitch, you don't fool me. So you're a habitual fiend on the sly!"

Delphine didn't really think that, but she wanted to make Tante so indignant that she would tell her where the morphine was. But when Tante gaped and couldn't rally her wits to answer, Delphine, disgusted, went to the little icebox, rooted frantically through it. With a savage permission, she tossed out all of Tante's food, even the eggs, and then



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she turned and confronted Tante. Her brain was swimming with desperation.

"Please, you've got to tell me. Where is it?"

Now Tante had gained control. She even spoke English.

"You will owe me for those eggs."

"All right," Delphine said. "Just tell me."

But Tante, with the upper hand, enjoyed her moment.

"They are saying that she is addicted. This cannot be. The wife of my brother? It is a great shame on us."

Delphine now saw that she had been stupid to antagonize the only person who could provide morphine quickly. She'd blown her cover and now she regretted her self-indulgence, grew meek.

"Oh, Tante," she sighed, "you know the truth, don't you? Tante, our Eva will probably not make it, and she is suffering terribly. You see her only when she's comfortable, so of course how can you possibly know how the agony builds? Tante, have mercy on your brother's wife. There is no shame in keeping her comfortable—the doctor has said so."

"I think," Tante said, her black figure precise, "the doctor doesn't really know. He feels too sorry for her, and she is addicted, that is for sure, my good friend Mrs. Orlen Sorven can tell this."

"Tante, Tante, for the love of God . . ." Delphine begged from her heart. She thought of falling on her knees. Tante's frozen little mouth twitched.

"It doesn't matter, anyway. I have thrown it down the sinkhole."

Delphine turned and saw that on the edge of Tante's porcelain sink a clean-washed vial and the bottle that had held the powder were drying in the glow of sun. And when she saw this, she lost all control and didn't quite know what she was doing. She was strong, suddenly phenomenally strong, and when she grabbed Tante by the bodice, jerked her forward, and said, into her face, "O.K. You come and nurse her through this. You'll see," Tante found herself unable to resist, her struggles feeble against Delphine's surging force as she dragged her to the car, stuffed her inside, then roared off and dumped her at the house.

"I don't have time to go in there. You help her. You stay with her. You," she shrieked, roaring the engine. Then she was gone and Tante, with the smug

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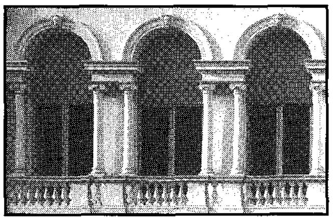

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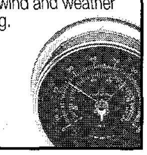

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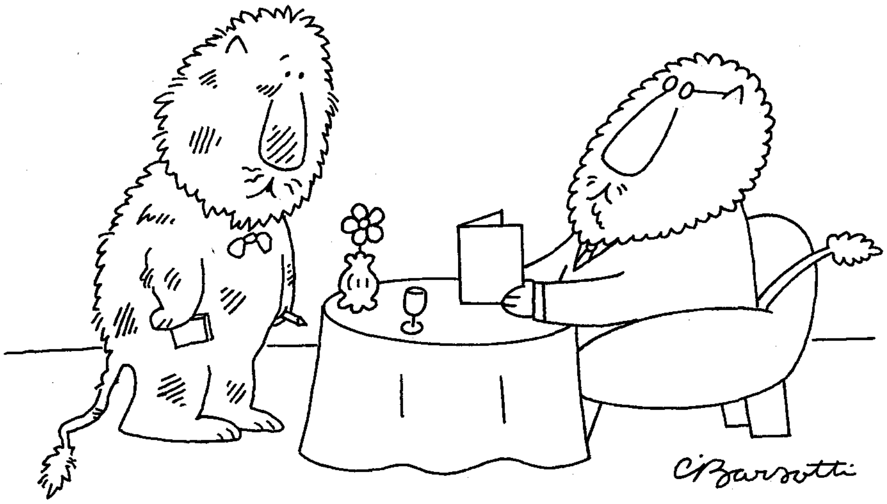

*"Oh, yes, sir, the zebra is fresh."*

• •

grimness of a woman who has at last been allowed to take charge, entered the back door.

It did take hours, and in those hours, Delphine did pray. She prayed as though she meant what she said. She prayed her heart out, cussed and swore, implored the devil, made bargains, came to tears at the thwarted junctures where she was directed to one place and ended up at another. It proved impossible to track down either Heech or the pharmacist. She was returning empty-handed, driving back to the house, weeping angrily, when she saw her father stumbling along the road, his pants sagging, his loose shirt flopping off his hunched, skinny shoulders. As she drew near, she looked around to see if anyone else was watching, for an all-seeing rage had boiled up in her and she suddenly wanted to run him over. She put the truck in low gear and followed him, thinking how simple it would be. He was drunk again and wouldn't even notice. Then her life would be that much easier. But as she drew alongside him, she was surprised to meet his eyes and see that they were clear. He shuffled anxiously around to the side door, she saw that he had a purpose: out snaking himself booze at a time like this. Only the bottle in his hand was not the usual schnapps but a brown square-shouldered medicine bottle labelled "Sulphate of Morphia," for which he'd broken into the drugstore and sawed through the lock of the cabinet where the pharmacist kept the drugs he had to secure by law.

As Delphine slammed on the brakes, jumped from the truck, and ran to the house, she heard it from outside, the high-pitched keen of advanced agony, a white-silver whine. She rushed in, skidded across a litter of canning smashed down off the shelves, and entered the kitchen. There was Tante, white and sick with shock, slumped useless in the corner of the kitchen, on the floor. Louis and Franz, weeping and holding on to their mother as she rummaged in the drawer for a knife. The whole of her being was concentrated on the necessity. Even young, strong Franz couldn't hold her back.

"Yes, yes," Delphine said, entering the scene. She'd come upon so many scenes of mayhem in her own house that now a cold flood of competence descended on her. With a swift step, she stood before Eva. "My friend," she said, plucking the knife away, "not now. Soon enough. I've got the medicine. Don't leave your boys like this."

Then Eva, still swooning and grunting as the waves of pain hit and twisted in her, allowed herself to be lowered to the floor.

"Get a blanket and a pillow," Delphine said, kindly, to Franz. "And you," she said to Louis, "hold her hand while I make this up and keep saying to her, 'Mama, she's making the medicine now. It will be soon. It will be soon.' " ♦

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# THE CRITICS

## A CRITIC AT LARGE

# CULTURE CLUB

*The short, happy life of the American highbrow.*

BY LOUIS MENAND

The Readers' Subscription Book Club was started in 1951. Its publisher was a twenty-five-year-old Columbia College graduate named Gilman Kraft, the younger brother of the future columnist Joseph Kraft. Gilman Kraft had been a student of Lionel Trilling, who had just published "The Liberal Imagination," and he and Trilling came up with the idea together: a book club for people too serious about books to belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club. Trilling approached his colleague Jacques Barzun (Joseph Kraft had been *his* student) and invited him to join the operation as co-editor. After checking out Gilman's bona fides with Joseph, Barzun agreed, and suggested adding W. H. Auden as a tiebreaker. Auden accepted; Diana Trilling came up with the name; and the Readers' Subscription was launched. It lasted, with one change of publisher and one change of name, until 1963. A tiebreaker turned out to be unnecessary. The editors never disagreed.

The club offered members a new title, at a discount, every four weeks. Some were new books ("The Lonely Crowd," "Young Man Luther," "Lolita"); some were new editions, reprints, or translations of old books ("Finnegans Wake," "The Complete Poems of Cavafy," the New Arden Shakespeare). All, or nearly all, were picked because they were edifying, not merely entertaining, and therefore worthy of the attention of serious people. Each selection was introduced by a short essay, written by one of the editors, which appeared in the club's newsletter. In the twelve years the enterprise lasted, the editors produced a hundred and seventy-three essays. Forty-five of them, all but one never before reprinted, have been collected, by Arthur Krystal, in "A Company of Readers" (Free Press; $26).

Possibly, the essays remained uncollected so long for a reason. Krystal, in his introduction, claims that the pieces he has reprinted constitute "some of the last examples of literary criticism aimed at a general audience by professional critics." But the pieces are not criticism; they are blurbs, blurbs of rare discernment, perhaps, but blurbs. Their purpose, after all, was to persuade subscribers to buy the selections—and to keep on subscribing. What the essays advertised was not just the books; it was a sense of intellectual ease and familiarity that readers might, through a steady consumption of such books, hope to acquire themselves. "Read this," the editors seem to say, "and sound like us." It wasn't as critics that they approached their monthly assignments, and it wasn't (at least, not entirely) as entrepreneurs. It was as teachers, model outcomes of the cultural regimen they extolled. If your name is Estée Lauder, you had better have great skin.

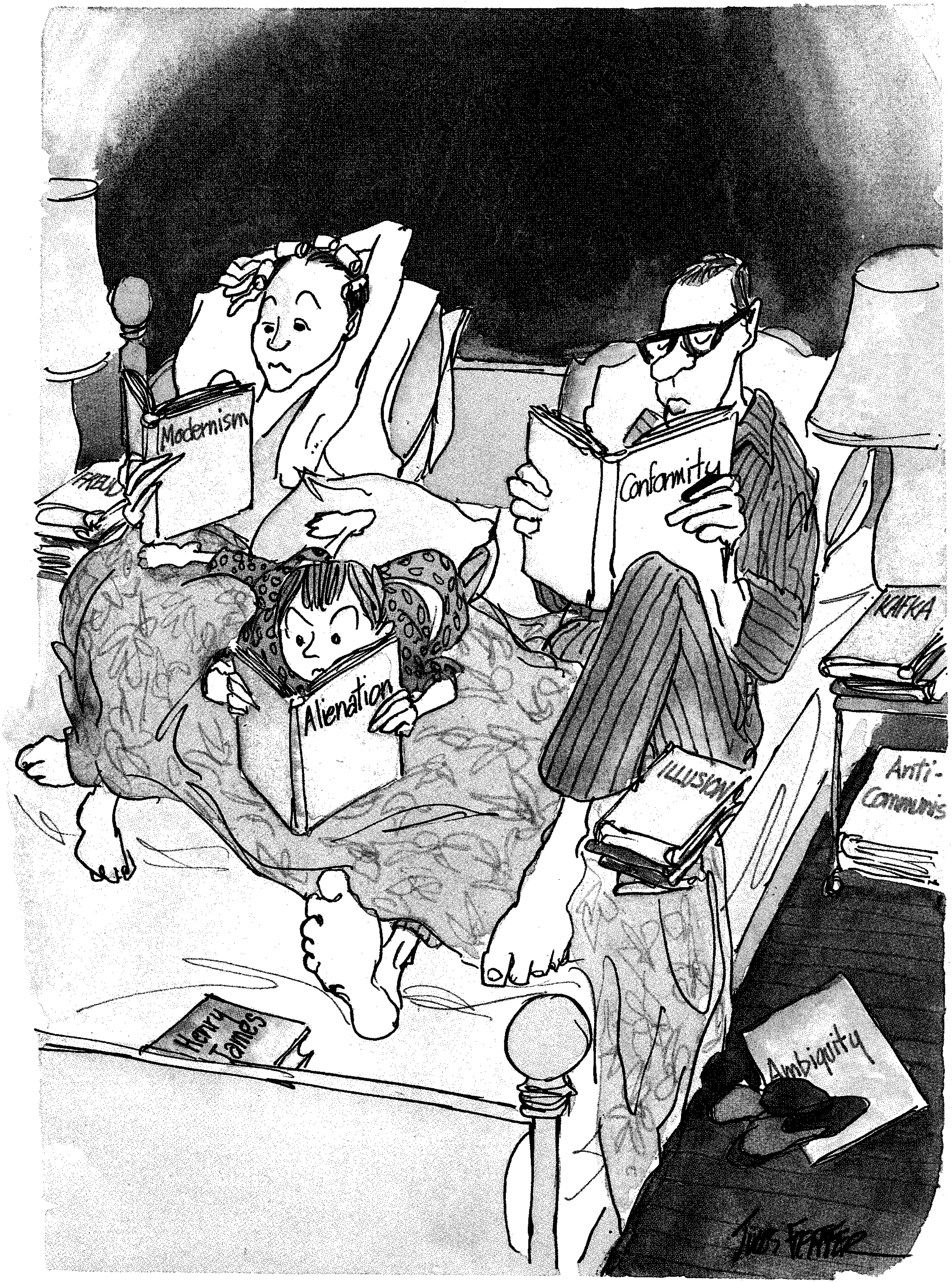
As it turned out, the only one with a knack for the style of relaxed erudition that the circumstances called for—the only one you can imagine anybody wanting to sound like, even in 1951—was Barzun. This is a little unexpected, for Barzun's take on modern life is fairly severe. He was born in Paris in 1907, and was raised in the world of the French prewar avant-garde. He sat on Apollinaire's knee; he saw "Nude Descending a Staircase" while playing on the floor of Duchamp's studio; Léger and Varèse came to the house; Jules Romains was a family friend. The war ended all that (it destroyed the London avant-garde as well), and Barzun never developed a taste for the art and literature that came afterward. (He moved to the United States in 1920, entered Columbia at the age of fifteen, and ended up spending his entire career there.) Most art and literature after 1914 seemed to him stylistically incoherent and filled with nihilism and disgust.

This does not sound like the ideal person to be purveying the latest in modern thought to mid-century Americans, but Barzun manages, most of the time, to come across as responsive, catholic, and open-minded. Part of the reason for this is that responsiveness and open-mindedness were features of the Romantic and early-avant-garde culture he admired. But part of the reason is that he had a trick that seems to have escaped the other two: he picked his occasions. He wrote on subjects he knew something about, and therefore had points to make.

By calling the essays "some of the last examples of literary criticism," Krystal apparently means that the writing is not distorted by what he calls "the Theoretical." In fact, Trilling labored under a ponderous theoretical apparatus, whose elements he took from Hegel, Nietzsche, and Freud. There was nothing ad hoc or belletristic about his criticism; it was theoretical to the last degree. He took works of literature to be meditations on the issues that were important to his thinkers—negation, the will, the "reality principle"—in much the way that a feminist or multiculturalist critic does today. "Appreciation" was not his mode, and in many of these brief essays he gives the impression of an astronaut: a very fat suit in a very thin atmosphere. There's not quite enough room to turn around, but he'll try.

Trilling was also a kind of cultural neurasthenic. His reaction to art that he suspected of lacking the proper gravitas was to avoid it (it couldn't be good for you); and the duty, which the essays often imposed, of recording a personal

TOP: KOREN, 7/25/1983; OPPOSITE: JULES FEIFFER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*The editors of the Readers' Subscription believed that by purveying serious books they were helping to raise the national tone.*

response made him deeply uncomfortable. One of his essays is on Ingmar Bergman, who, he tells subscribers, is someone he holds in high regard as a cinematic giant. He feels obliged to confess, however, that he has never actually seen a Bergman movie, owing to what he calls "my general alienation from the cinema." He was once a moviegoer, but the medium has let him down. ("Not long after my disaffection," he adds, "I was given to understand that the movies were being animated by a new spirit, that great things were being done. I was willing to believe this." He is still screwing up his courage to go back.)

It is as though mediocrity, or even entertainment, were a virus, and the note of valetudinarianism is struck pretty frequently:

> I seldom go to the theater. Most actors make me nervous, and I find that the conjunction of actors and plays, one of the theater's necessities, is likely to cause me embarrassment.

> I have maintained a long resistance to the growing tendency to make poetry a thing of the ear, the platform, and the record-player, rather than a thing of the book and the mind.

> I find that I am reluctant to bring into public view the matter of reading Shakespeare: it is one of the few really private things in the world and it ought to remain so.

This may be a touch more fastidiousness than most of the club's subscribers aspired to.

About Auden's essays, the less said the better. Most of them either are informed by some whimsical typology, signalled by the free use of capitalization—he thinks that Faulkner's novels are best understood as examples of the Fairy Tale, and that Edmund Wilson, one of the least dandyish of human beings, is a specimen of the Intellectual Dandy—or state the obvious, in run-ons that would make a freshman blush. If there was a copy editor in the outfit, that person was obviously instructed not to mess with the Poet's prose. Otherwise, it is hard to understand how sentences like this one ever made their way into subscribers' homes:

> Any man who has managed to rise from obscurity to eminence must, on looking back, acknowledge that success owes as much to chance as it owes to talent, that—had he not met certain people, or read certain books at certain moments and in certain places, had he not experienced, even, what, at the time, seemed failure or defeat, he would never have gotten where he has—and when we inquire into the history of such a man it is the providential elements about which we are most curious to learn.

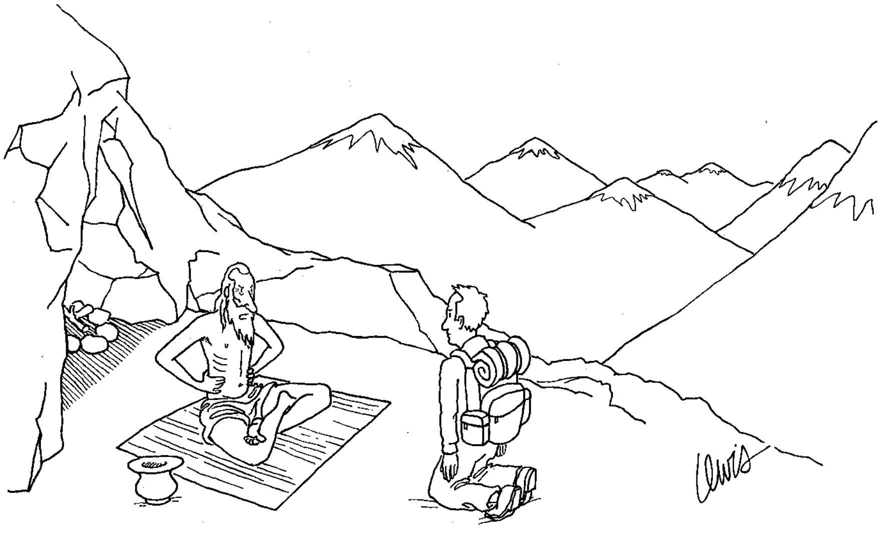
That's among the shorter ones.

What dates the essays in "A Company of Readers" is not that they are better written or are less given to "the Theoretical" than contemporary criticism. It is their incessant invocation of "greatness." It is almost a crutch, as though "How great is it?" were the only way to begin a conversation about a work of art. "Wilde is usually deemed less than great by the tests of either Victorian or modern opinion," Barzun writes, and this becomes an interesting bone for him to gnaw on. "Virginia Woolf," he observes elsewhere, "is a contemporary whom critics will continue to scan, until they decide whether she possesses the remaining qualities for a permanent place in literature." (Woolf was hardly a contemporary: she had been dead for thirteen years.)

The editors therefore are happiest when they can announce a winner; and since picking winners is what the Readers' Subscription was all about, they had many opportunities. The essays are studded with little gold stars: "the most astonishing mind in two centuries" (Shaw); "one of the best children's stories of this century" ("The Hobbit"); "a very great work" ("The Jungle Book"); "a work of genius" ("Finnegans Wake"); "not less than great" ("The Adventures of Augie March"); "has the fundamental requisites of greatness" (Frank Harris's biography of Wilde); "one of the most remarkable peoples of history" (the Japanese).

It is a mistake to dismiss this as empty rhetoric. Today, we say, "It's great!" and generally mean not much more than "It's supremely enjoyable." We don't worry about how it stacks up against Tolstoy. But, in the nineteen-fifties, people like Barzun and Trilling did worry about how things stacked up against Tolstoy. They worried a lot, in fact, and this is because terms like "greatness"—and "masterpiece" ("The Misanthrope"; also, Colette's "The Cat"), and "classic" (Erwin Panofsky's study of Dürer, and Panofsky was still alive, a contemporary!)—meant something. They had content.

The person who devised the category of "greatness" in the sense that Barzun and Trilling understood it was an English professor named John Erskine. Erskine was the creator of the famous great-books course at Columbia College. Like many American writers and intellectuals of his generation—he was born in 1879—he had Europe envy. He believed that the United States lacked a civilization because it lacked taste, and that it lacked taste because it lacked a tradition. He also felt that the chances of acquiring these things were diminished by the constant influx of immigrants, particularly Jews. His aims were not subtle: they were to define the tradition as Western and Christian, and to convert students to its norms. He began pushing his idea for a great-books course before



*"No, I don't have any weed."*

the war, and the college finally adopted it in 1920, in the form of a course called General Honors.

Not long afterward, Erskine jumped off his own bandwagon. His proposal to create an extra-departmental course had been bitterly opposed by the specialists, and he decided he had had enough of academic bickering. He also apparently had had enough of "greatness." In 1926, he published "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," a potboiler that became the year's best-selling novel. He started writing for popular magazines—"instructor in genteel sophistication to the magazine readers of America," *The New Yorker* called him. He published many more books, including, in 1936, "The Influence of Women—And Its Cure." (The title is not facetious.)

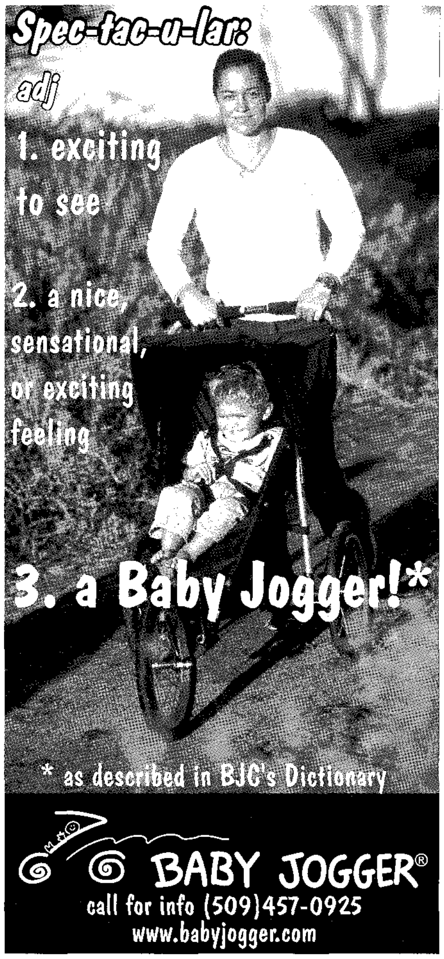
Barzun and Trilling both took General Honors when they were students at Columbia College (Trilling graduated in 1925, Barzun in 1927), and loved it. After Erskine went off the reservation, the specialists managed to get the course dropped; Barzun was the person who resurrected it, in 1934, and gave it a new name—Colloquium on Important Books. He and Trilling began teaching the course together, and they continued to teach it right up through the time of their book club.

The colloquium started with Homer and ended, two years later, with Freud, and the syllabus was relatively fixed. For the idea that "greatness" is immutable was essential to the whole enterprise. That was why critics needed to continue to "scan" Virginia Woolf, looking for those all-important "qualities" (they might pop up at any moment), and why Trilling got so tied up in knots when he had to deal with work whose greatness was not yet, or might never be, established. "I shan't undertake to rate Mr. Durrell as a novelist," he warns in his book-club essay on "The Alexandria Quartet." One would not wish to make a mistake in that area.

The other essential idea was that the great books are accessible, even in translation. You don't need "background" to understand them. This is why the specialists hated Erskine's proposal: "background" was their business. What good was their training if someone who didn't even know Italian—Trilling, for example—could teach Dante? "Get yourself a comfortable chair and a good light—and have confidence in your own mind" was Erskine's prescription for reading the great books, and although that isn't quite the way Barzun or Trilling would have put it, it is the sentiment behind the Readers' Subscription, and it is why the book-club essays strive for a tone of thoughtful conversation rather than scholarly instruction: just make the books available, and taste will follow. They aren't telling you what to think; they are telling you what to think *about.*

It is impossible to know, from the information provided in "A Company of Readers," how successful the Readers' Subscription was. By the end, the club had forty thousand subscribers, which is a lot more than *Partisan Review* ever had, but a lot less than *Reader's Digest* or the Book-of-the-Month Club. Barzun, in a preface, says that Gilman Kraft resigned, in 1959, because the business was not financially satisfactory (he became the publisher of *Playbill,* where the business was very satisfactory indeed), and that the club finally closed down, in 1963, because it was losing too much money. It seems likely that the club lost money from the start. It's hard to turn a profit selling other people's products at a discount. (Amazon is a case in point.)

Still, for twelve years the club sustained the interest of its editors and the support of its investors. And Barzun and Trilling became public figures, exemplars of the American intellectual. In 1956, Barzun was on the cover of *Time,* and the star of the feature story on "America and the Intellectual." Inside were photographic portraits, by Alfred Eisenstaedt, of Trilling, Auden, Paul Tillich, Thornton Wilder ("one of the rare American examples of the artist and intellectual combined," explains the caption, as though remarking on an exotic species of bird), Reinhold Niebuhr, Sidney Hook, J. Robert Oppenheimer, and half a dozen other white men with lots of gray matter. (No women are mentioned, except Barzun's wife, who is identified only as "the former Mariana Lowell of Boston.") In 1960, the three editors were guests on David Susskind's television show, where they excogitated on "The Crisis in Our Culture." Whatever the influence of their writing, people like Barzun and Trilling enjoyed a kind of public esteem and authority in the



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nineteen-fifties that few intellectuals, and very few academic intellectuals, have enjoyed since. Why can't we have "public intellectuals" like that today? people complain. Where are the highbrows of yesteryear?

Things take their identities from what they are not (as a Hegelian like Trilling would have been the first to acknowledge). The concept of a highbrow culture, the culture of great books and the like, depends on the concept of a lowbrow, or popular, culture, whose characteristics highbrow culture defines itself against. Of course, there have always been good books and bad books, serious music and easy listening, coterie art and poster art. Making those distinctions is easy if you just put everything on a continuum, and rank things from worst to best. The mid-century notion of highbrow culture required something different—it required a rupture between the high and the low, an absolute difference, not a relative one. And the people who laid down the terms of this rupture most influentially were not traditionalists. They were Marxists.

Two strains of thought contributed to the way intellectuals in the nineteen-fifties thought about the difference between high culture and low. The first developed in Germany among the members of the Frankfurt School. The Frankfurt School's organization, the Institut für Sozialforschung, was founded in 1923, but it assumed its real direction after 1930, when Max Horkheimer took over as the director, and Herbert Marcuse and Theodor Adorno became key participants. The institute moved to New York in 1934, after Hitler came to power, and took up residence on West 117th Street, in a space provided by Columbia University. The members of the Frankfurt School were Marxists who hated capitalism and Soviet Communism equally, because they took both to be regimes of unfreedom.

"The culture industry" was a phrase that Adorno and Horkheimer used in their book "Dialectic of Enlightenment," which was written during the war and published in 1947. The phrase was chosen, Adorno later explained, in order to avoid the usual term, "mass culture," since "mass culture" might suggest art that is actually popular, that arises from the people. Adorno and Horkheimer's notion was that mass culture—Hollywood movies, detective fiction, radio shows, astrology columns, popular music, television—was strictly a top-down affair. It was imposed on the masses by businessmen, who hired technicians to manufacture it, and its function was to convince people that life under capitalism is natural and good.

This is why, they thought, most popular culture is representational, like a Norman Rockwell painting: it shows the bourgeois world, in all its detail, as the only world. When people try to look outside the world of commodities, they find that world beaming right back at them in the advertising and entertainment with which capitalism has filled every inch of open space and every second of leisure time. As Adorno and Horkheimer put it, "Reality becomes its own ideology through the spell cast by its faithful duplication." There was thus no difference between Hollywood movies and the socialist realism of Stalin's Soviet Union. Realism had become a method of domination.

The analysis of culture was necessary in order to explain why the class struggle had failed to produce a socialist revolution in the Western democracies: the populace had been narcotized. According to Adorno, for example, jazz "is commodity in the strictest sense"—a series of pseudo-original "improvisations" decorating a monotonously repetitive form. (Adorno did think that the energy expended in jitterbugging had some revolutionary potential, but he was not optimistic.) What was necessary—and this was an additional departure from orthodox Marxism, for which all art was simply a reflection of economic relations—was genuine art, art that expressed the contradictions of life under capitalism without attempting spuriously to "harmonize" them. Thus Adorno, who had studied with Alban Berg, was a champion of atonal music. Closure, too, was a lie of the ruling class.

Pretty much the same analysis was being formulated, at around the same time, in the pages of *Partisan Review*. In 1939, Dwight Macdonald, an editor there, published a piece explaining why Soviet cinema, once a great avant-garde art, had become, under Stalin,

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SHOWCASE BY
ROBERT POLIDORI

# GAMBLING ON ART

The main gallery of the new Guggenheim museum in Las Vegas is not an abandoned industrial space, but it looks like one. In a plaza between the high-rise slab of the Venetian Hotel and a parking garage, Rem Koolhaas has designed an enormous box, two hundred and ten feet long, a hundred and sixty feet wide, and seventy feet high. Koolhaas likes to talk about how new forms of communication have made traditional space obsolete, and he has created a "media wall," on which huge electronic images can be projected. The deep trench running down the middle of the space will be covered with metal plates or left open to expose galleries on the level below. In Frank Gehry's installation for the inaugural exhibition in Las Vegas—an extravagant reinterpretation of "The Art of the Motorcycle" show that was seen at the Guggenheim in New York in 1998—the trench contains a ribbon of stainless steel meant to evoke an open road. When the installation is complete, it will contain a hundred and thirty motorcycles, chain-link curtains, and glass floors and partitions—an explosion of intense architectural emotion within Koolhaas's cool shell.

The big box is one of two new Guggenheim spaces at the Venetian. The other, much smaller one is set beside the hotel's mock-Italian Baroque automobile entrance, near the imitation Rialto Bridge. It is covered in rusted Cor-Ten steel and will contain revolving exhibitions from the collections of the Guggenheim and of the Hermitage in St. Petersburg. In an environment in which symbols of high culture are turned into kitsch, it isn't surprising that Koolhaas went in the opposite direction, letting rough modernism represent the incursion of high art into the theme park of the Strip.

—*Paul Goldberger*

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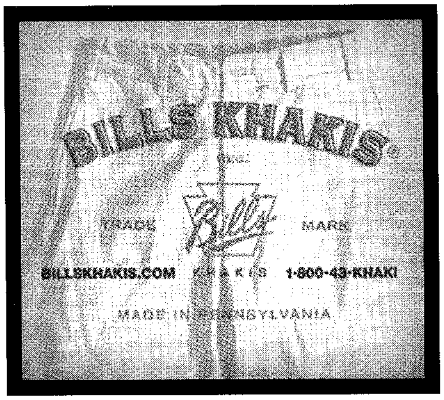

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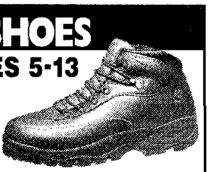
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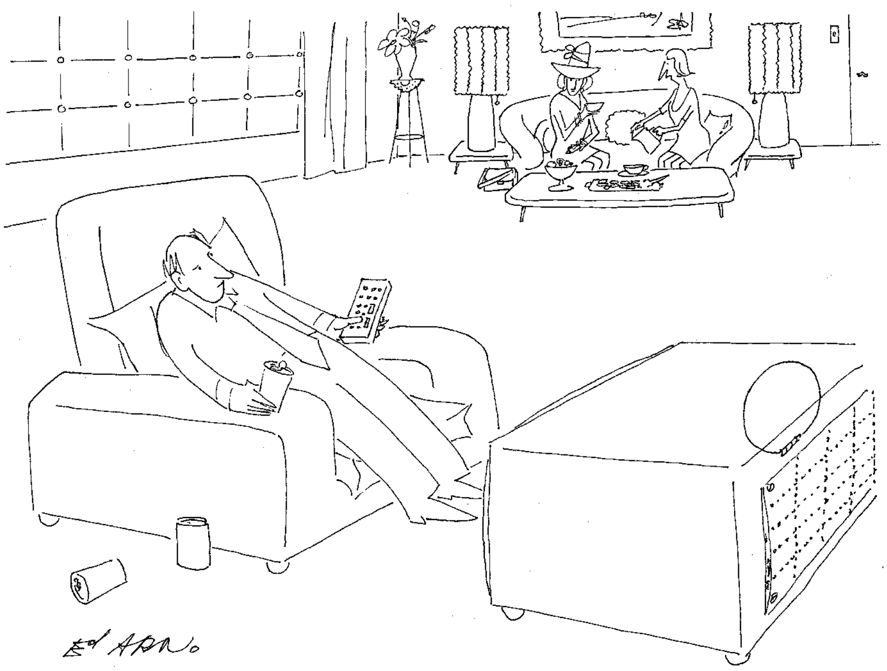

*"Frank and I used to work at our marriage. Now we're retired."*

• •

"something that more and more closely approaches the output of Hollywood"—that is, an instrument of indoctrination. Macdonald was a man congenitally incapable of respect for authority. He had nearly got himself thrown out of Yale after publishing wicked things about the faculty in the *Yale Daily News*. After he graduated, in 1928, he got a job at Macy's, which he quit, and then as a writer for *Fortune*. He had no political interests until he met his future wife, Nancy, who got him started on Marx. This (as one might imagine) caused him some run-ins at *Fortune*, which he finally quit as well. But he was far too iconoclastic to toe the Communist Party line for long, and by 1936 he had become a Trotskyist (and therefore an anti-Stalinist). He proceeded to irritate not only the Trotskyist organization to which he belonged but Trotsky himself, who, according to lore, made Macdonald the object of one of the most famous put-downs of the era: "Every man has a right to be stupid on occasion, but comrade Macdonald abuses the privilege." Macdonald—it was his greatness, in a way—didn't much care. He had already set his sails for the only politics that really suited him: anarchism.

In response to Macdonald's article on the Soviet cinema, *Partisan Review* received a letter from Clement Greenberg. Greenberg was then a thirty-year-old aspiring poet and literary critic who worked for the U.S. Customs Service. (Greenberg submitted his poems regularly to magazines; only one was ever accepted.) He, too, was a Marxist and an anti-Stalinist. He was also a brawler, intellectually and, on occasion, physically. When he wrote his letter to the editor, he had published only one piece in his life, a book review. Macdonald liked the letter, and he encouraged Greenberg to turn it into an article for *Partisan Review*. Greenberg took the advice. "Avant-Garde and Kitsch" appeared in the fall, 1939, issue, and it made Greenberg famous.

"Avant-Garde and Kitsch" is one of the most muscular pieces of criticism ever written. Greenberg essentially ripped modernism—the work of Picasso, Kandinsky, Joyce, Eliot, Gide, Stevens, Hart Crane, and so on—out of the context in which it was created, and redefined it as art about art, as work that meditated on the nature of its own medium. Thus abstract painting could be understood as an exploration of the possibilities of figure and ground, paint and canvas. Greenberg thought that painters no longer attempted to imitate objects for the same reason that Horkheimer and Adorno offered: because realism had been co-opted by the culture industries of the modern state. It wasn't that he enjoyed abstract painting more than representational painting, he said. It was that under current historical conditions abstract painting was the only genuine painting possible—just as, for Adorno, atonal music was the only form for genuine music to take.

The avant-garde's opposite number, in Greenberg's scheme, is kitsch, "ersatz culture"—art for capitalism's new man (who turns out to be no different from Fascism's or Communism's new man). Greenberg's description of this culture is the Frankfurt School description: Kitsch "is the source of its profits. Kitsch is mechanical and operates by formulas. Kitsch is vicarious experience and faked sensations," and so on. In Greenberg's analysis of contemporary culture, there is no third term: art is either avant-garde or kitsch. And kitsch is by no means restricted to the working classes; *The New Yorker*, for instance, is "high-class kitsch for the luxury trade"—it waters down avant-garde art and peddles it as a commodity.

Greenberg's essay is a classic instance of the perils of us-versus-them argument. It seems to derive its definition of kitsch from the nature of the avant-garde: kitsch, Greenberg repeatedly says, rips off avant-garde style, strips it of its difficulties, and converts it to base commercial and ideological purposes. But Greenberg was really deriving his definition of the avant-garde from the nature of kitsch. He saw what he didn't like (Norman Rockwell and *The New Yorker*), and then he described the art he did like (Ezra Pound and Henri Matisse) as everything the art he didn't like was not. He let his enemy define his friend. People like Kandinsky and Eliot may have felt that traditional forms of representational art were exhausted, but they would never have reduced their work to the business of exploring the limits of the medium. The modernists had philosophies, they had theosophies, they had politics. Greenberg emptied out the content. He arrived at aesthetic formalism by a Marxist route, and it would prove to be a popular theoretical cocktail in the postwar era. In the decade of "the end of ideology," it took ideology off the table.

One of the people most impressed by "Avant-Garde and Kitsch" was the man who had commissioned it. Soon after the essay appeared, Macdonald got Greenberg a job as an editor at *Partisan Review;* he was feuding with the other editors, William Phillips and Philip Rahv, and was looking for an ally, in the hope of dumping them and taking over the magazine. His efforts failed—Phillips and Rahv effectively dumped him—and, in 1943, Macdonald went off to found his own magazine, *Politics*, where the only authority to annoy was himself. He quickly took as his subject the problem of cultural decline. For him, as for many former Marxists, it was a way of attacking capitalism without entering the labyrinth of political doctrine, where so many leftists had lost their way.

Macdonald's contribution to the criticism of popular culture was also a solution to the Manichaeanism of Greenberg's theory: he supplied a third category—middlebrow culture, or what he called Midcult. Midcult was kitsch for educated people. Rockwell Kent, Walter Lippmann, Ingrid Bergman, Archibald MacLeish, and Dorothy L. Sayers were among the practitioners of Midcult whom Macdonald mentioned in an essay he wrote in 1953 (and in which he cited the work of the Frankfurt School frequently), and he had plenty of occasions to expand the list over the next decade. Midcult was a particularly dangerous seduction; Macdonald made it his mission to expose it. This he did in (among other places) *The New Yorker,* in a series of widely read attacks on the Encyclopædia Britannica's edition of the Great Books, the Revised Standard Version of the Bible, and the third edition of Webster's New International Dictionary. Macdonald published his theoretical summa, "Masscult and Midcult," in *Partisan Review*, in 1960; he collected his cultural criticism in "Against the American Grain," in 1962.

By then, antagonism to mass culture had come to seem virtually definitive of the American intellectual. In "Anti-Intellectualism in American Life," in 1963, Richard Hofstadter took it for granted that being an intellectual meant despising popular culture. (He interpreted this hostility as displaced aggression against the democratic masses, who

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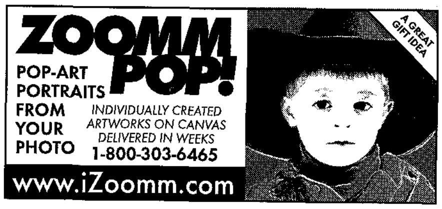
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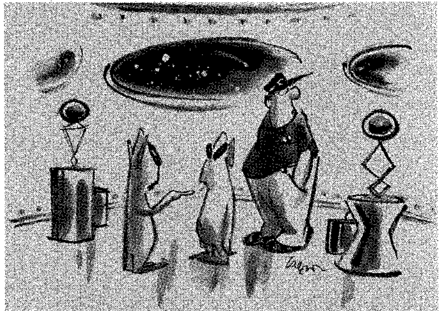

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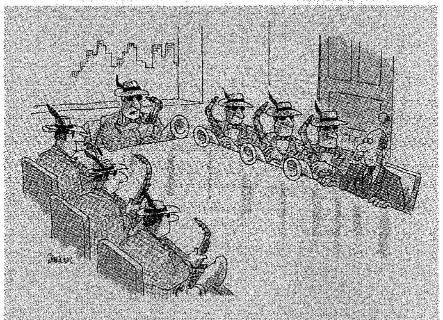

*"Damn it, Hopkins, didn't you get yesterday's memo?"*

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had failed to overthrow capitalism on schedule.) In fact, there was not complete agreement on the subject; but for the most part the criticism of popular culture was the place where intellectual antagonists in the nineteen-fifties laid down their arms. T. S. Eliot read one of Macdonald's early essays on mass culture in *Politics* and cited it approvingly in "Notes Towards the Definition of Culture," in 1948. ("Mr. Macdonald's theory strikes me as the best *alternative* to my own that I have seen," he allowed, which is pretty approving for Eliot.) Macdonald was tickled; some of his subsequent correspondence with Eliot is included in "A Moral Temper: The Letters of Dwight Macdonald," edited by Macdonald's biographer, Michael Wreszin (Ivan R. Dee; $35.) And Eliot wasn't just a political conservative; he was a genuine reactionary.

Then everything changed. There were plenty of intellectuals after 1960, and seriousness continued to get good press. But the serious intellectual ceased to be a figure of cultural authority and esteem. Sad-eyed men in suits, poring over edifying tomes, no longer dignified the pages of *Time*. What happened? The usual way to address this shift is to ask why people like Jacques Barzun are no longer on the cover of *Time*. Maybe a better question is: What was Barzun doing on the cover of *Time* in the first place?

One answer, which recent books like Frances Stonor Saunders's "The Cultural Cold War" (1999) give a good deal of evidence for, is that the promotion of intellectuals was a Cold War priority in the nineteen-fifties, when a dominant strategic concern was the fear of losing Western Europe to Communism. The United States was interested in winning over European intellectuals who either remained loyal to the Communist Party (such as Sartre) or had taken a position of neutrality. Intellectuals who were themselves former Communist sympathizers, and who were associated with highbrow culture (since Europeans might look down on the United States as a nation where civilization was a little thin), made ideal spokespersons. It was in the national interest to promote eggheads.

Barzun, Auden, and Trilling were members of the American Committee for Cultural Freedom, one of the organizations that grew out of this government policy, and so were Hook, Oppenheimer, and Niebuhr; and they all were featured in the 1956 story in *Time*. The audience for that issue was not only American readers; it was European readers as well, which is why the face of a transplanted European was on the cover. The story inside was pure propaganda. "Highbrows choose America" was the line:

> What has America been so busy about? Nothing less, says Barzun, than the creation of a new civilization. . . . Certainly, says Barzun, the intellectual has little cause to complain: never before has he had quite such a variety of backers—"the museums of modern art, the foundation patronage, the universities . . ."

The patronage was there because people like Barzun were exactly the people it suited official interests to support, just as, in the nineteen-eighties, the money was there for conservative public-policy intellectuals. When Gilman Kraft quit the Readers' Subscription, in 1959, and the editors needed a publisher, the person they turned to was Sol Stein, the former executive director of the American Committee for Cultural Freedom. He came up with an angel, Arnold Bernhard, the founder of the financial newsletter *Value Line*. Finding money for intellectuals was Stein's business.

Even the Frankfurt School received official attention. In 1950, the Institut für Sozialforschung returned to Frankfurt, through the offices of, among others, the American High Commissioner, John J. McCloy; in 1952, McCloy sponsored special legislation granting Horkheimer a continuation of his American citizenship. If officials thought about Horkheimer's contempt for American popular culture, they probably considered it just as valuable, for propaganda purposes, as his anti-Soviet politics.

But those officials were mistaken. Sometime after 1960, it became clear that most Europeans weren't interested in Sidney Hook and Lionel Trilling; they were interested in Elvis Presley and Marilyn Monroe. They were even interested in Jerry Lewis. Hollywood movies and rock and roll proved to be far more powerful weapons in the global struggle for hearts and minds than the great books had ever been. And they continue to be today. Adorno was not completely wrong. Kitsch rules. ♦

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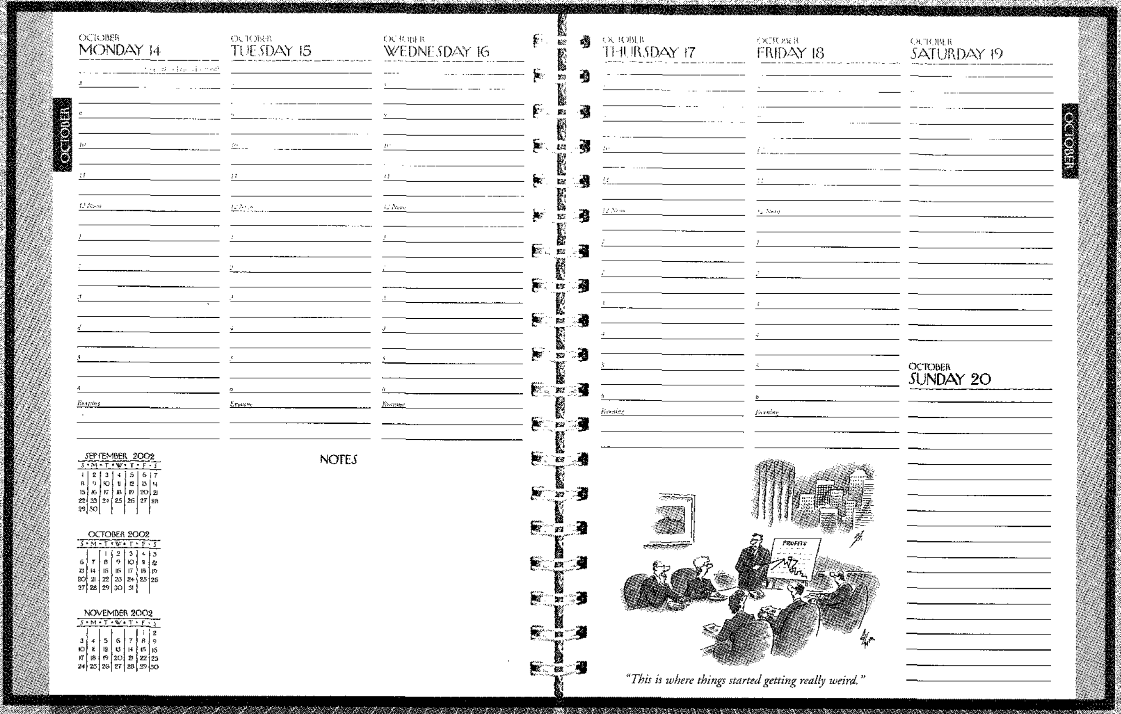
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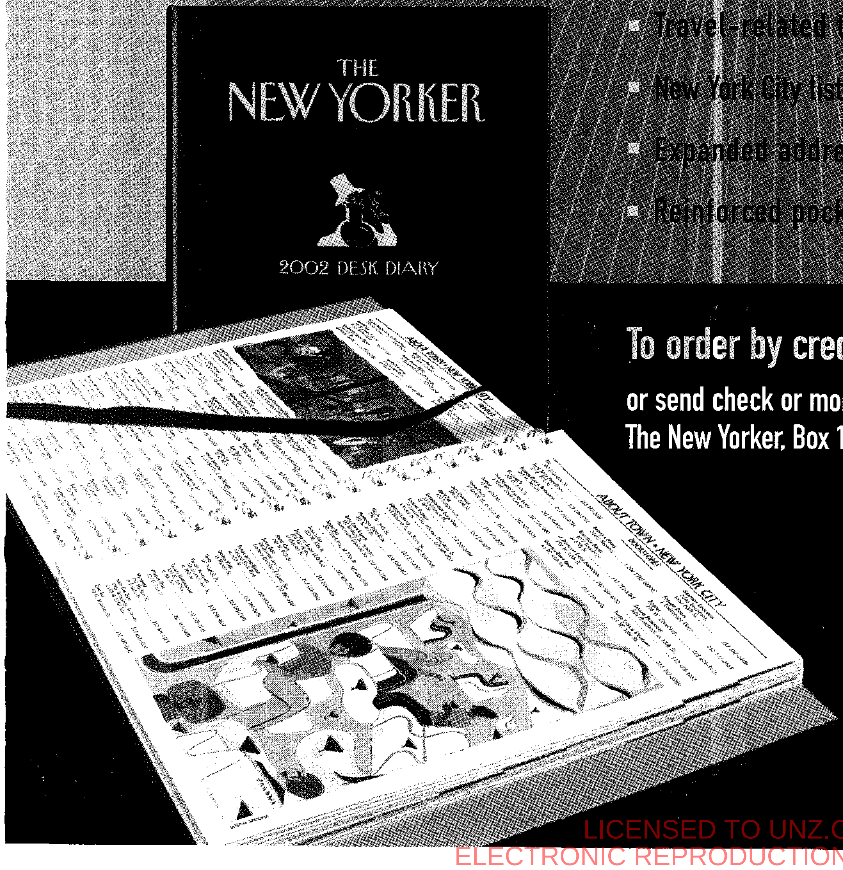
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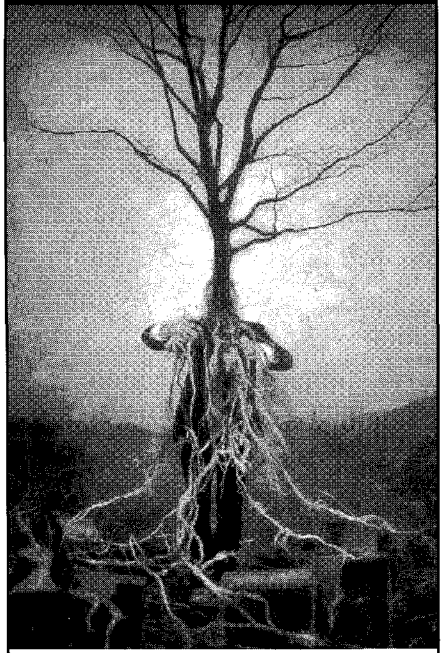

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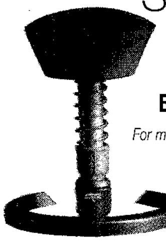

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BOOKS

# THE HABIT OF DEMOCRACY

*Alexis de Tocqueville and the pleasures of citizenship.*

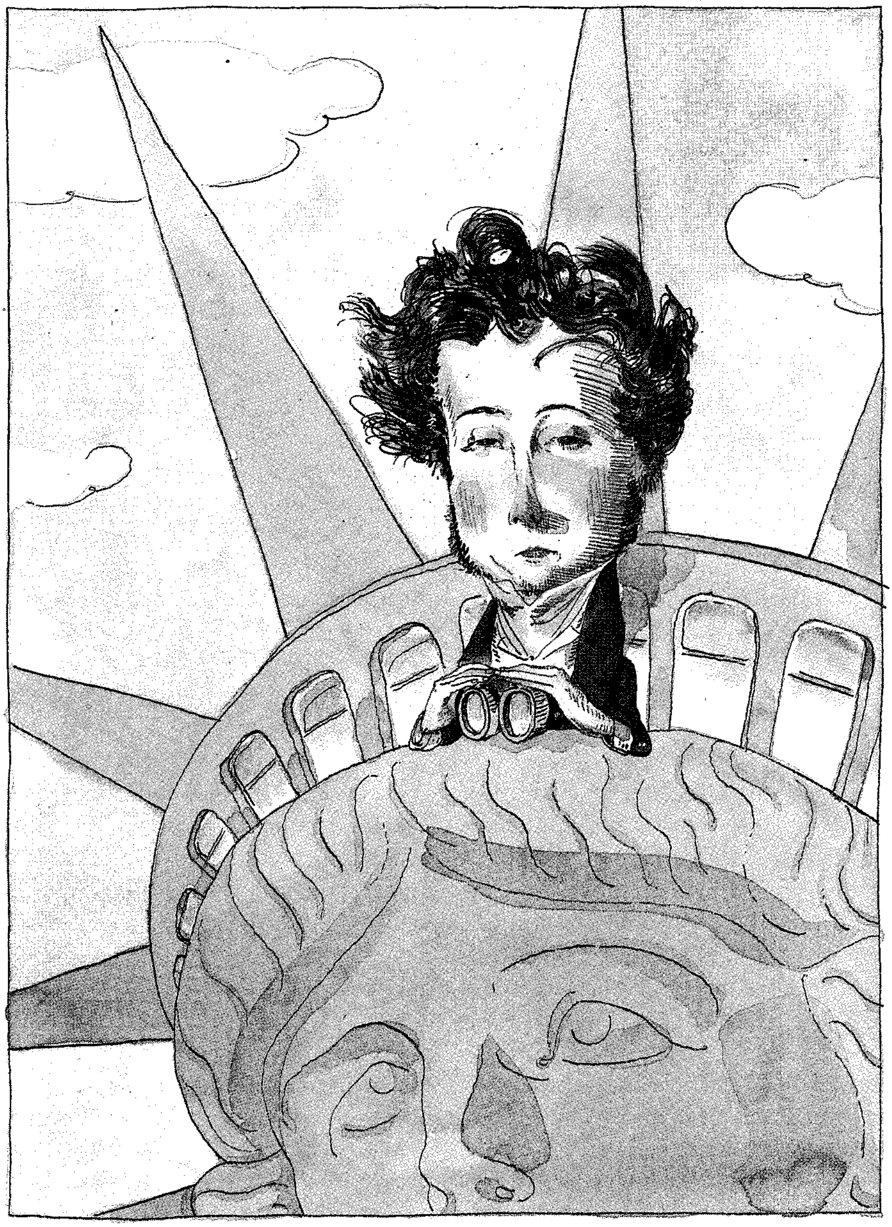
BY ADAM GOPNIK

“As Tocqueville wrote, in words that remain as true today as when they were written . . .” The banquet hall clears, or, if it does not actually clear, it clears out mentally. There is no bore like a Tocqueville bore, no game quite so easy to play as the game of saying that Tocqueville saw it all before it happened. And so Alexis de Tocqueville, the Frenchman who came to America for a little less than a year, in 1831, and, when he got back to France, wrote a big book about it, in two volumes, “De la Démocratie en Amérique” (“On Democracy in America”), has had something worse than the normal fate of Frenchmen who come to America and write a big book about it. They are merely ridiculed; he is naturalized and treated as one of our own, as though when the Chinese were worrying about China they asked each other what Marco Polo would have said.

To be fair, his record is impressive. Want to know why a society that has little taste for war produces George Patton and Curtis LeMay? See Volume II, Part 3, Chapter 22: “Why Democratic Peoples Naturally Desire Peace and Democratic Armies Naturally Desire War.” Want to understand the constant need for “change” in the midst of a time of plenty? See Volume II, Part 2, Chapter 13: “Why the Americans Show Themselves So Restive in the Midst of Their Well-Being.” Or turn to the arts. An anticipation of Walt Whitman? “One must therefore not expect poetry in democratic peoples to live on legends, to be nourished by traditions and ancient memories. . . . It lacks all these resources; but man remains, and he is enough for it.” Man “will become the principal and almost unique object of poetry for these peoples.” George Lucas? “I am not afraid that the poetry of democratic peoples will prove timid or that it will stay very close to the earth. I am apprehensive rather that it will lose itself in the clouds at each moment and that in the end it will depict entirely imaginary regions . . . offer immense and incoherent images, overloaded depictions, and bizarre composites, and that the fantastic beings issuing from their minds will sometimes make one long for the real world.”

This is the kind of parlor game, however, that makes academic students of Tocqueville extremely uneasy—the professors like their subjects back there where the professors can explain them, rather than up here where they can explain the professors—and so Tocqueville is constantly being rescued by his students from his admirers. By coincidence, two major new works have just appeared, with the announced intention of making Tocqueville more remote, a tad less easy to love. Harvey Mansfield and Delba Winthrop declare, in the introduction to their new translation of “Democracy in America” (Chicago; $35), that they hoped to make a translation less idiomatic, less obviously “relevant” than previous translations have been. “We would rather attract readers to Tocqueville than bring him to them, and make him too cheaply available for our purposes today,” they write. “We do not want people to stop quoting Tocqueville—God forbid! But perhaps they should quote more faithfully, and work a little harder when they read him.”

This will be the English translation of Tocqueville for a long time, and it has the additional bonus that the introduction is as succinct an introduction to Tocqueville, or at least to the conservative view of him and his achievement, as one can find. Tocqueville’s crucial insight, in this view, is that democracy in America would always have to guard against popular despotism, the tyranny of the major-



*Tocqueville's view of America was deeply French, favoring abstraction over detail.*

BARRY BLITT

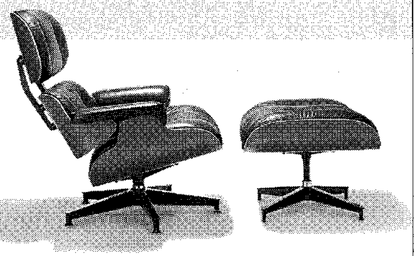
ity—the kind of contempt for excellence and appeal to the lowest common denominator which led to the nanny state in Washington and grade inflation at Harvard. If Mansfield and Winthrop offer the right's Tocqueville, Sheldon Wolin, emeritus professor of politics at Princeton, offers, in his new book, "Tocqueville Between Two Worlds" (Princeton; $35), the best view from the left. Wolin wants to make Tocqueville into a serious postmodern thinker. For Wolin, Tocqueville puts his finger on the central conflict in American life, which is between the forms of democracy and real politics. Tocqueville reminds us that democratic politics, even if punctuated by elections, is meaningless if it is not rooted in a voluntary civil life. For Mansfield and Winthrop, the peril is big government, which leaves civil society dependent; for Wolin, the peril is invisible government by rich men and technocrats, in which democracy is, as he writes in a damning final sentence, "perpetuated as philanthropic gesture, contemptuously institutionalized as welfare, and denigrated as populism."

Both books agree that Tocqueville's essential accomplishment was to take the study of democratic politics away from philosophy and make it more like anthropology, a human science—to see that it wasn't social contracts or declarations of the rights of man which made democracies work but the subtle and contradictory workings of existing mores and manners with evolving laws and rights. "There is nothing absolute in the theoretical value of political institutions," Tocqueville wrote. "Their efficiency depends almost always on the original circumstances and the social conditions of the people to whom they are applied." He saw that democracy belonged, in his wonderful phrase, to the empire of example rather than to the kingdom of reason; he saw that it was habitual before it was anything else, and wondered how that habit could grow, and how it could be deformed.

It wouldn't displease Tocqueville, who believed in national character, that what strikes one now is how French he is, and how crucial his Frenchness is to understanding his purposes. He was writing in French, for a French audience, in response to French predicaments, and took for granted that France was the big country that needed lessons from the small experiment. At a deeper level, too, his turn of mind was French: witty but humorless, indifferent to empirical details, constantly searching for the lucid abstraction, what he called the "general idea."

Yet the generalizations, the Frenchness, are the glory of his book. His incessant search for the logic of American life, though it led him at moments to make too much of things that were merely the fads of 1831—as someone who arrived here in 1975 might have made too much of mood rings and CB radio—let him see what kept America swinging. Searching for the grammar of America, he got instead its metre: the wild oscillations between hope and despair, material glut and spiritual renunciation, stomach patting and war fever. He is not the middlebrow Nostradamus we have made him but the Audubon of our politics—a classically trained, romantically minded Frenchman at large in America, who saw everything that he thought was native and had a life of its own and marked it down in a kind of simplified, sublime cartooning.

Who was he? Alexis de Tocqueville was born in 1805, to an old Norman family, which is as high as you can get in France. His entire life was lived in the shadow of the



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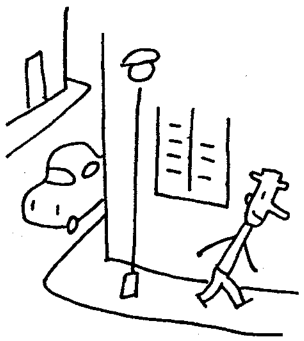
French Revolution, and, even more, of the consecutive French revolution, that of 1830. His father was imprisoned during the Terror, and his great-grandfather, the imposing Malesherbes, was guillotined, along with a sister, a daughter, a son-in-law, and a granddaughter and her husband. The Terror, and the memory of the Terror, was the propulsive force of Tocqueville's life. (His father was spared, but his hair turned white at the age of twenty-two.) The question that haunted Tocqueville from the moment he began to take politics seriously was not "How do you make the ideal democracy?" but "Given that democracy is sure to come, how do you make a democracy that does not turn into a bunch of guys with a guillotine killing all your relatives?"

In the eighteen-twenties, Tocqueville worked as a bureaucrat for the restored monarchy, but when it was brought down by the revolution of 1830, and replaced with the new, "bourgeois" monarchy of Louis Philippe, the Citizen King, he quickly took the oath of loyalty to the new government. Although it was the only rational thing to do—he said later that he wept when the last Bourbon king's carriage left Versailles, but what was finished was finished—his relatives in the aristocracy despised him for it, and, feeling miserable and confused, he looked for some way out of Paris. The idea of America rose before him. Along with a young fellow-magistrate named Gustave Beaumont, he somewhat disingenuously proposed making a reconnaissance of American prisons with an eye to writing a report on prison reform for the new government.

With a gun apiece, a flute, sketchbooks and watercolors, and some surprisingly dim letters of introduction to worthies in Philadelphia and New York, they arrived in Newport on May 9, 1831. Over the next nine months, Tocqueville and Beaumont travelled from Newport to New York, from there to Buffalo, then out to see the Ojibwa Indians in Saginaw, up to Sault Sainte Marie and down to Green Bay, and then down the Ohio to Louisville, and on to Nashville and Memphis and New Orleans, and eventually back up to Montgomery and Macon and Milledgeville and Augusta and Fayetteville and Norfolk and Washington and Philadelphia and back to New York (Beaumont made a sketch of cows grazing at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street), where they sailed for France on the twentieth of February.



As the itinerary suggests, there is something comic about the rush of Tocqueville's trip, especially given the portentous weight that it has acquired. If it's Tuesday, this must be Milledgeville. It seems almost impossible to learn much from so harried a journey—especially since both earnest travellers were speaking a language in which they were unskilled and had had no previous practice. ("We thought we knew English at Paris," Tocqueville wrote. "We had only the equipment needed for learning it fast.") And even his contemporaries have suggested that, though sure in his conclusions, he could be vague in his details. An American traveller, forty-five years after the famous voyage, happened to mention Connecticut and claimed that Tocqueville rose and said, "Connect-de-coot, the leetle yellow spot dat make de clock-peddler, de school master, and de senator. . . . Ah! gentlemen, dat leetle yellow State you call Connect-de-coot is one very great miracle to me." The accent may be overdrawn, but the idea that he whirred through, seeing Connecticut as a symbol and a miracle and a little yellow spot, is convincing. Newcomers, like newborns, have symbolic sight. They see faces first, and features later. Tocqueville saw the American grin without having to see the local cat.

He had that rare mind which is not content with a contradiction unless it can find a governing principle explaining why it is not really a contradiction. Most observers, on this kind of whirlwind trip, sigh and write, in effect, "Enigmatic Brazil is a land of bikinis and barricades" and then collect their check. When Tocqueville saw something weird—a Catholic church in the heart of commercial New York—he had to figure out why it was the way it was. He had a tendency to lift everything into the realm of abstract thought, or to dismiss a subject after a single experience—when he and Beaumont visited the American Museum in New York, and discovered that it held stuffed birds and a magic lantern, it was a wrap for the future of the fine arts in democracy. Yet this was also a great gift, since it turned seemingly isolated observations into figures in an equation, something to be solved.

Tocqueville is often criticized for thinking in advance of evidence, but that isn't quite fair: he throws out a general hypothesis and then tests it. Americans love goods more than anything . . . and yet they go to church . . . and so the church must be a kind of good . . . no, it must be the anti-good that eases their agitation. Instead of making a map or chronicle of America, he makes a kind of chart of American traits: the mores go on the bottom and the appetites on the side, and American reality is found where they intersect. So in one dimension he charts material appetite, restless improvement, and bombastic pride, and in the other spiritual yearning, self-improvement, and self-doubt. Drawing the two lines together, he finds a name for the point. Material appetite does not simply coexist with spiritual yearning—it produces it, since the constant need for more invariably produces disappointment rather than satiation, and that disappointment drives men to God, even to peculiar Gods.

Tocqueville tracked this oscillation of opposites in America, the wild metre of all-this or all-that: he explains why Americans love empirical fact and unreal rhetoric, why they have so many ambitious men and so few great ambitions. "I would be surprised if mysticism did not soon make progress in a people uniquely preoccupied with its own well-being": that is the perfect and typical Tocquevillian sentence, following the American boomerang in action.

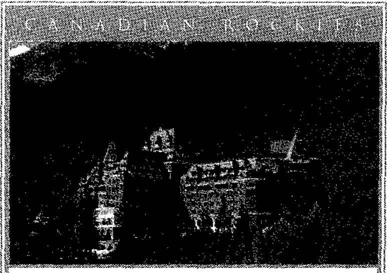
Or he may see that Americans have very little taste for "general ideas" (i.e., French abstraction) but also that they are crazy, unlike the English, for sweeping new theories like Transcendentalism and Swedenborgianism. The reason, he says, is that Americans, lacking tradition, need theory but have little time for philosophical argument—so they are usually inclined to accept whichever new theory comes around and give it instant tenure. Managers swallow Tom Peters with the same quick credulity that graduate students give to Judith Butler.

Although much of Tocqueville's time and many of his pages were spent trying to find out about what was already the basic issue in American life, North and South (he guessed wrong, as nearly everybody did, thinking that the hold of the federal government was weakening, and that the Union might simply break apart), his essential and recurrent question was "What is to keep this from turning into a mob with a head-cutter?" The answer his matrix gave him was that it was partly churchgoing and partly club-joining and partly shopping.

In retrospect, his vision of religion and civil association appears somewhat distorted—or, anyway, limited—by the particular nine months he passed here. It was a time of unusual religious revival—the end of the Second Great Awakening—and of special civic agitation over the tariff, and he therefore had an exaggerated view of the role played by religion and by civic associations. Yet Tocqueville's point about piety wasn't simply that democratic Americans had more religious feeling than debauched Europeans. It was that Americans had figured out how to keep religion in a box. "Priests keep their distance from public affairs," he wrote. "In America religion is a world apart."

By "associations" he meant such familiar bits of Americana as the New England town meeting, the young men's debating society, and so on. It wasn't just that small clubs are the training ground for good citizens. For Tocqueville, it was the capacity of American private associations to, in effect, secede from politics which made

CANADIAN ROCKIES



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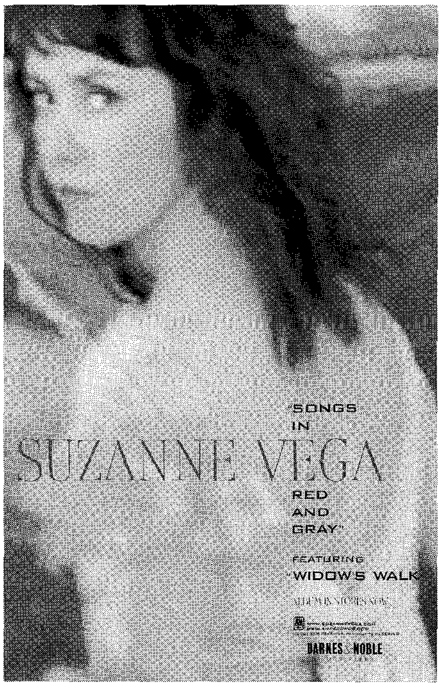

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them special, and made them unlike European associations, which see themselves as governments about to happen; every French political club is a coup d'état waiting in a café.

Tocqueville's idea of the association and its role in civil society can sometimes seem diffuse. At times, his heroic "associations" seem to be our hated "interest groups": "The association gathers the efforts of divergent minds in a cluster and drives them vigorously toward a single goal." Yet his emphasis is on the way the association protects people who feel that they are being driven too rigorously by the majority toward a goal they don't much want to get to—its purpose is "to weaken the moral empire of the majority." (Nor is this association necessarily wholesome. If we were searching for the perfect contemporary Tocquevillian "association"—which both drives a minority toward a goal and protects its members from the tyranny of the majority—a good candidate would be the National Rifle Association.)

Tocqueville treads a delicate balance: while he believes that the pure springs of American town-meeting democracy can be polluted by materialism, he also believes that materialism is one of the things that keep the springwater of American democracy from being stained with blood. He feared a kind of mindless, dependent American, and he feared the invisible despotism of a managed state. There is an astonishing chapter in "Democracy" called "What Kind of Despotism Democratic Nations Have to Fear," where he struggles to define a paternal, invisible despotism of entertainments: "Above these citizens an immense tutelary power is elevated, which alone takes charge of assuring their enjoyments . . . but seeks only to keep them fixed irrevocably in childhood." It sounds like a day at Disneyworld.

Yet shopping trumps killing: "The taste for well-being forms the salient and indelible feature of democratic ages." It is the constant pursuit of small pleasures which keeps Americans from disorder and mob rule, which is their life-affirming passion:

> The love of well-being shows itself to be a tenacious, exclusive, universal, but contained passion. It is not a question of building vast palaces, of vanquishing and outwitting nature, of depleting the universe in order better to satiate the passions of a man; it is about adding a few toises to one's fields, planting an orchard, enlarging a residence, making life easier and more comfortable at each instant. . . . These objects are small, but the soul clings to them.

Tocqueville saw that, in a democratic society, the classical division between political engagement and the cultivation of private serenity need not be absolute. The good American was not just cultivating his garden instead of politicking in the city; he was building a patio extension right around the garden wall, and his desire to do this, and to have all the things that make patio extensions possible—property laws, long-term security, commercial expansion—meant that he was playing a political role in any case. Democracies withdraw civil life from the hold of government; but they reinvigorate private life with civil purpose.

Tocqueville went back to France in February of 1832, and never returned to America. It took him three years to get the first volume of his book on America written, and then five to write the second (even more abstract than the first). He decided to devote himself to politics in France and, like all French literary men, made a mess of it. (French writers are emperors of conceits; French politicians must be umpires of the conceited.) He was elected to the legislature several times, and made a famous speech in 1848, saying that a revolution was bound to come—it did—but never played much of a role once the little Empire returned, in 1852. He wrote another fine and, in France, perhaps still more famous book, on the "Ancien Régime." Before he died, too young, in his fifty-fourth year, in 1859, he had got most of the honors a writer in France can get—he was even a member of the Académie Française, an immortal—but he died disillusioned by the progress of French democracy.

In the end, Tocqueville had confidence in Americans' ability to defend their democracy, because he saw that they had something near at hand to love. He saw that the pursuit of happiness is still our most radical idea. The perpetual need to apologize for the "material enjoyments" of the United States, or of the past decade, he would have recognized as a very American performance, but he would not have thought it much to the point. Instead of seeing America as a place that would be tempted by pleasure and need to be redeemed for it, he saw that the love of the good things of life was what gave Americans' love of liberty an object. There is a lovely, unusually uncertain passage in "Democracy in America" where Tocqueville considers just this point, called "How the Taste for Material Enjoyments Among Americans Is United with Love of Freedom and with Care for Public Affairs":

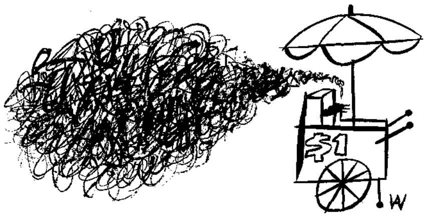
> An American occupies himself with his private interests as if he were alone in the world, and a moment later, he gives himself over to the public as if he had forgotten them. He sometimes appears animated by the most selfish cupidity and sometimes by the most lively patriotism. The human heart cannot be divided in this manner. . . . In fact, Americans see in their freedom the best instrument and the greatest guarantee of their well-being. They love these two things for each other.

Tocqueville grew up in a world where pleasure and liberty were distant from each other—where, not that long before, the aristocrats at Versailles had lived for pleasure as a consolation for being a kind of slave, while freedom had become an admirable but cold principle, with a tincture of Rousseau's primitivism or Spartan austerity. It was a cornerstone of a classical education that, while freedom led to industry, industry led to luxury, luxury to decadence, and decadence to the end of freedom. What was exceptional in America was that popular luxury and liberty, citizenship and consumerism, seemed to have escaped this cycle and set up housekeeping side by side. "The human heart cannot be divided in this manner," he writes, and one hears the almost fearful curiosity in his voice: *can* the human heart be divided in this manner? But he had answered his own question: the smaller the object, the more the soul clings to it. It is an oddly unheroic doctrine, and some people who come to America just can't take it. Tocqueville could never get over it. ♦

# BRIEFLY NOTED

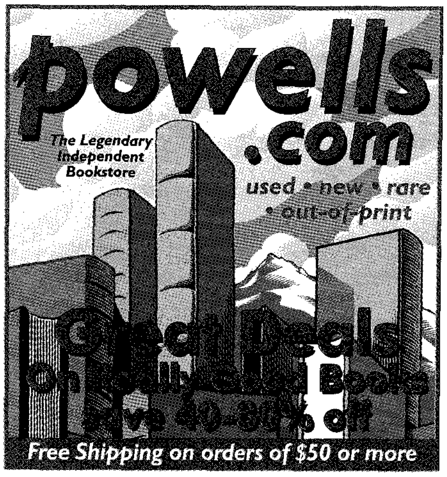
War in a Time of Peace, *by David Halberstam (Scribner; $28).* "The Best and the Brightest," the author's landmark inquiry into American involvement in Vietnam, was published in 1972, and now, almost thirty years later, Halberstam has produced a kind of sequel. Beginning in 1991, with George H. W. Bush seemingly poised to win reëlection by an overwhelming margin, this account explores the ways in which the fall of the Soviet Union recalibrated American foreign policy and left many longtime hawks rudderless. Because members of the Bush and, especially, the Clinton Administrations were often reluctant to resort to force in the face of international unrest, the book, like the era it chronicles, lacks the epic sweep of its predecessor. But Halberstam's cautionary tale seems particularly prescient in the wake of the recent attacks on New York and Washington; the American response to global terrorism is being shaped by the same forces—and, in many cases, the same people—examined here.

Mary Shelley, *by Miranda Seymour (Grove; $35).* An irony underlies this splendid biography: although Mary Shelley revered the memory of her mother, the feminist Mary Wollstonecraft, who died shortly after giving birth to her, she was dominated by men all her life, beginning with her father, the impecunious radical William Godwin. She eloped with Percy Bysshe Shelley, who was then married to another woman, and she catered to the rebellious poet's whims until his death, in 1822. As a twenty-four-year-old widow with one surviving child, she depended on her unsympathetic father-in-law, who provided scant support on the condition that she not publish Shelley's poetry or write about him. She eked out a living as a hack writer; but her notorious novel, "Frankenstein," brought in only a pittance. Her reconstruction of her husband's image proved more successful, however. By the time she died, in 1851, her son had inherited the Shelley estate, and Mary, evading her father-in-law's prohibitions, had invented a dreamy, saintlike Shelley, more acceptable to Victorians than her turbulent husband had been.



Holler If You Hear Me: Searching for Tupac Shakur, *by Michael Eric Dyson (Basic; $24).* Ever since the rapper Tupac Shakur was shot to death, in 1996, he not only has been kept in the public eye by numerous posthumous releases but has become, for many young African-Americans, a full-fledged martyr. Dyson's book, a mixture of biography and polemic, examines Tupac both culturally and spiritually through a loosely organized series of meditations that begin in Tupac's childhood (his mother, Afeni, was a Black Panther who later fought a vicious addiction to crack cocaine) and move through his manhood (as a young student, Tupac read voraciously, from Aldous Huxley to Teilhard de Chardin). Occasionally, Dyson's claims for Tupac are a bit grand, but his eclectic reportage—he interviews a wide range of people, some famous, some not—paints a nuanced picture of his subject while illuminating the effect hip-hop has had on America.

My Ears Are Bent, *by Joseph Mitchell (Pantheon; $23).* Originally published in 1938 (the year Mitchell joined *The New Yorker*) and long unavailable, this collection of Mitchell's early newspaper reporting is a miniature panorama of Depression-era New York. Almost from the beginning, he displays an anthropologically detailed appreciation for the offbeat and raffish, and among the book's many pleasures are vivid sketches of Harlem gamblers, burlesque strippers, an anarchist publisher, and the antic denizens of his favorite downtown bar. Equally welcome and more surprising, though, is the sense of Mitchell himself in these pieces—his youth, his enthusiasm, his hangovers and indiscretions—which he later took pains to conceal.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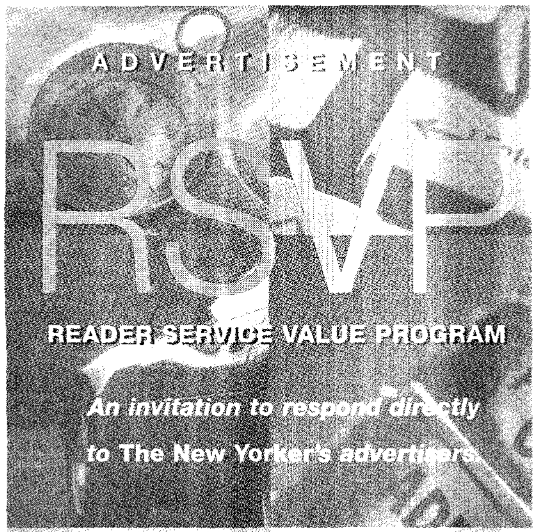
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

# ON THE BEAT

*Denzel Washington gets tough.*

BY DAVID DENBY

Denzel Washington has always been faster and smarter than anyone else he's acted with, but I've often felt that he pulls himself back, restraining the anger that his intelligence sometimes leads him to feel (in, say, "He Got Game"). For years, Washington has needed to shed the chain-mail suit of virtue that sank the equally talented black leading man Sidney Poitier decades ago. (It hasn't weighed as heavily on character actors like Morgan Freeman and Samuel L. Jackson.) Well, in the police melodrama "Training Day," Washington has gone past anyone's imagining of how tough he can be, and he's more than a little frightening—so dominating and funny that some people may reject the performance as just too much. As the decorated Los Angeles undercover narcotics cop Alonzo Harris, Washington wears a black knit skullcap and, dangling from his chest, a big silver cross. He has a toothy smile, a noisy laugh; he's a show-off and a boaster. Is Alonzo straight or a rogue? He's both, but his manner keeps everyone off balance and guessing. The entire movie takes place on a day in which Alonzo breaks in a new partner, Jake Hoyt (Ethan Hawke), a talented rookie from the Valley, and pushes him so hard, bullying and taunting him, that we can't see how the two of them could ever work together. The preening and the one-upmanship, however, are part of Alonzo's method. Jake is being tested, forced into a way of life he doesn't understand. And Alonzo, it turns out, isn't really undercover at all; he's very much a public figure in the neighborhoods he patrols. When he walks into South Central or the Rampart area, his richly nuanced greetings to the glowering thugs and hangers-on suggest acts of menace and favor stretching back for years. Alonzo is telling Jake that in order to catch a criminal he's got to think and act like one himself. This is hardly a new idea in movies, but we've never seen it worked out with as much power or with a darker ambiguity than in "Training Day." Jake, a good-hearted young man, is the hero, and necessarily so, but Denzel Washington's Alonzo is not entirely a villain. He's more like Milton's Satan reigning in Hell—his strength commands admiration, and he's too provoking to ignore.

"Training Day" is melodrama, and generic melodrama at that. We can see the synthetic and manipulative elements in the movie right from the beginning—Jake kisses his wife and baby goodbye in the morning and goes off to work, a noble warrior holding aloft the flame of his innocence. There are too many bullets flying around the streets and too many fights, and there's one crucial plot coincidence that's so blatantly contrived it's a real embarrassment. Still, trashy and opportunistic as some of it is, "Training Day" is the most vital police drama since "The French Connection" or "Serpico." The writer, David Ayer, who grew up in South Central, has an easy, authoritative way with the threats, oaths, and squalid jokes of street toughs, the self-pitying complaints of mangy ex-cons. There's a scene in which four senior white big shots in the L.A.P.D. gather in a restaurant, and that episode feels right, too. The rambling lunchtime conversation is allusive and bitter; the men tell harshly ironic stories of police-department defeat at the hands of criminals, the kind of tales that justify, in their own minds, every corrupt thing they do. Throughout the movie, the

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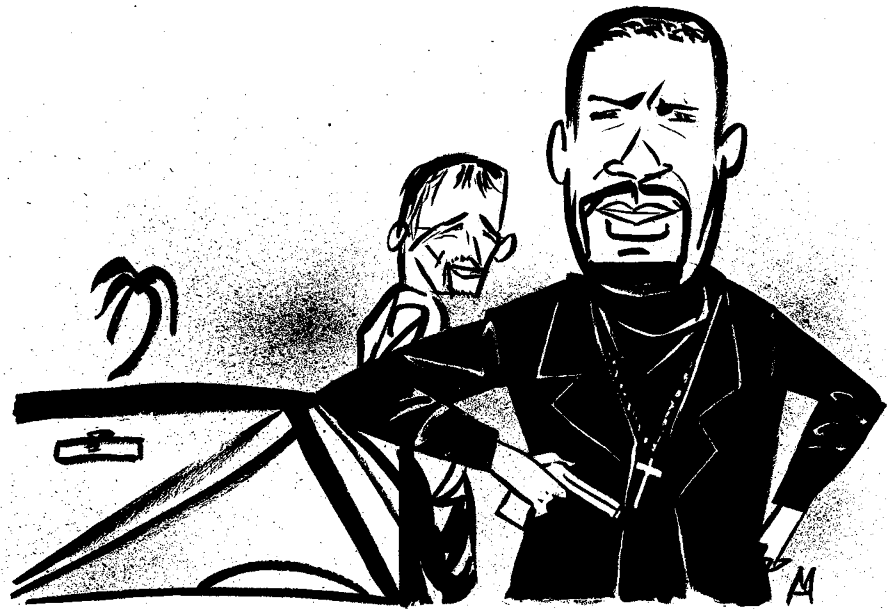
pungent dialogue is spoken with enormous relish.

We don't always understand everything we see and hear. As Jake's epic day with Alonzo unfolds, the filmmakers want us to penetrate the fog at the same slow rate as their hero. At first, the narrative seems anecdotal, almost random. Alonzo and Jake race around town in Alonzo's souped-up 1978 Monte Carlo, a pimpmobile operating in ironic service to justice. They terrorize some teens after watching them buy drugs, and Alonzo, holding a gun on Jake, forces him to smoke the stuff they take from the kids—marijuana laced with PCP. A bit of necessary education, he says. They confront a disabled drug dealer (Snoop Dogg), who whizzes away in his wheelchair. Scene after scene features intimidation, some of it violent, some jolly. This, we gather, is what Alonzo does every day; he plays with people, turning the tables on friends and enemies alike. In the past, he would have made arrests. Now, he tells Jake, only the big drug busts matter.



*Washington and Ethan Hawke play partners in "Training Day."*

MARCELLUS HALL

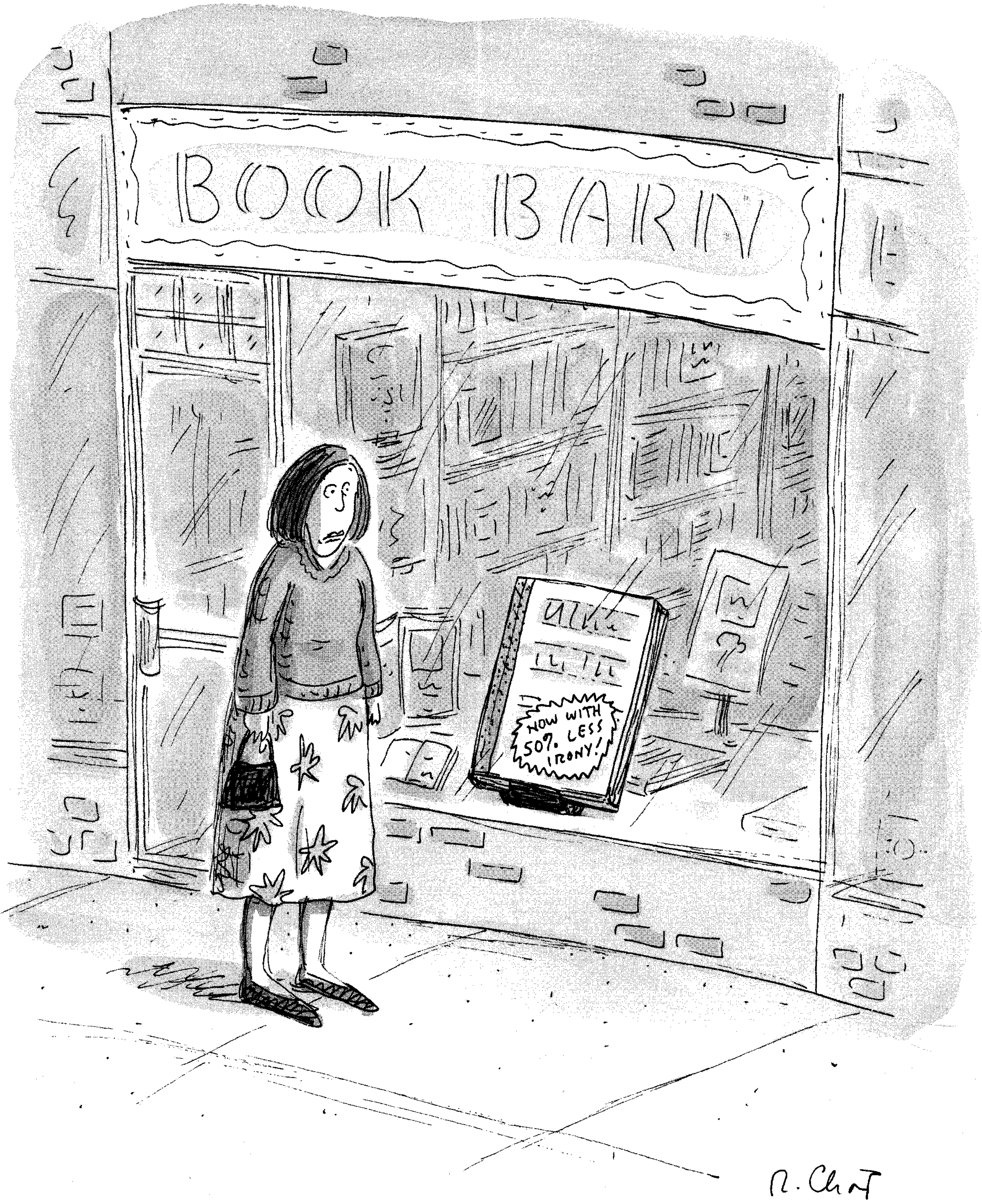
The director, Antoine Fuqua ("The Replacement Killers"), began his career making music videos, but he has a greater sense of reality than most graduates of MTV. He plunges into rough Los Angeles neighborhoods, where rickety courtyard apartments rot in the sunlight, and tries to keep the action clear. At his best, Fuqua stretches moments of danger right to the border of craziness. Even when Alonzo and Jake are just talking together in the car, there's a head-snapping tension running through the exchanges. Poor Jake! Eager to please Alonzo, even if it means violating his own sense of what's right, Jake is baffled and hurt by his partner's tricks and games. But Alonzo and the rest of his narcotics unit—they show up late in the movie—are teasing the young man, drawing him into their way of life. What seemed to be a series of random events is really the outer edges of a malaise. In this movie (as in the recent, actual L.A.P.D. scandals), police corruption goes much further than taking bribes. Alonzo and his crew destroy the criminals and steal their spoils at the same time. "Street justice," they call it.

The Sidney Lumet movies about the police—"Serpico," "Prince of the City," and "Q & A"—dealt with corrupt white cops. Ayer and Fuqua, in making their rogue cop a brilliant African-American, exploit the speed, verve, and knowingness of the black street idiom while pushing past liberal pieties about race. Alonzo is a powerfully ambiguous figure emerging from a chaotic ghetto culture; he's so relaxed on the streets that he's a hero of sorts, even to the people he frightens. The young white guy is doubly out of it, not just because of his race but because he expects the world to make sense morally, and his moral instructor turns out to be Dirty Harry (though much more conscious and treacherous than Harry ever was). Yet Jake can't simply walk away; he's ambitious, he wants to be successful like Alonzo. Holding nothing back, Washington attacks, undermines, smiles, and offers a morsel of trust to the desperate young man—and then snatches it away with a laugh. Wounded, Hawke initially retreats into his wispy, quiet, soft-featured private space. But withdrawal won't do in a movie like this, and, as day becomes night, and Jake begins to resist Alonzo, Hawke becomes stronger, opening his eyes wide and getting his voice up: the subtext of "Training Day" is Ethan Hawke's finding the courage as an actor to stand up to Denzel Washington.

In American movies, violent melodrama has often served as a vehicle for social criticism and serious emotion; "Training Day," for all its obvious plotting, brings some depth and complication to the struggle between the two men. Alonzo performs for himself a kind of moral math, according to which, by eliminating drug dealers, he is doing more good than harm. He wants Jake to agree with him, believe in him. He can see what Jake is going through—the revolt, the disgust—but he keeps saying to him, You'll come around to my point of view sooner or later. And by testing Jake he wants to see if he's a good enough cop to join his corrupt unit. That may sound like sophistry, but for Alonzo it's basic truth: in order to qualify for his game, you first have to put away a lot of criminals.

Denzel Washington pushes the role to its extremes of charm and danger. If his Alonzo weren't so charismatic and effective, if he were, on the contrary, just a cheap, lying crook or a simple avenger, his defection from honesty wouldn't be so painful. He may be worse, in conventional terms, than Dirty Harry, but he's also a bigger, more interesting man. In Washington's most complexly imagined and played scene, Jake pulls a gun on Alonzo, and Washington, literally on his back, runs through the emotions of amusement, pride in his protégé, and defiance all at once. Like Shakespeare's Richard III, Alonzo thinks he can outwit any threat, rescuing himself from exposure and defeat through sheer audacity. Alonzo may be mistaken, but Washington, by risking everything as an actor, has performed the ultimate act of rescue on his career. ♦

# THE BACK PAGE BY ROZ CHAST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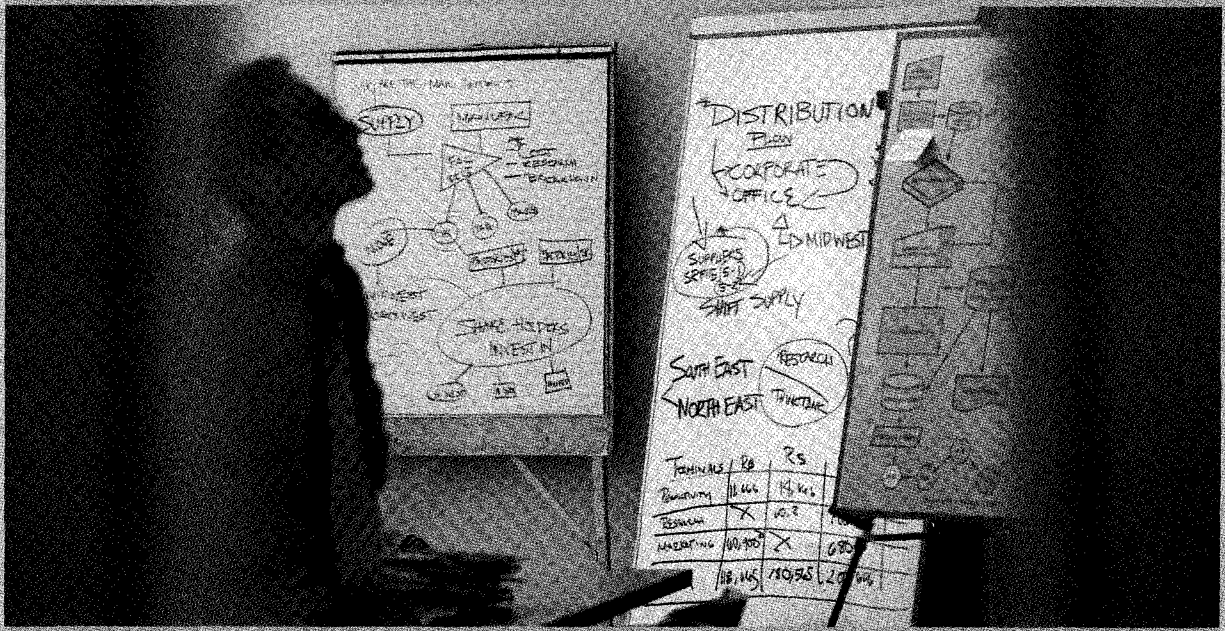

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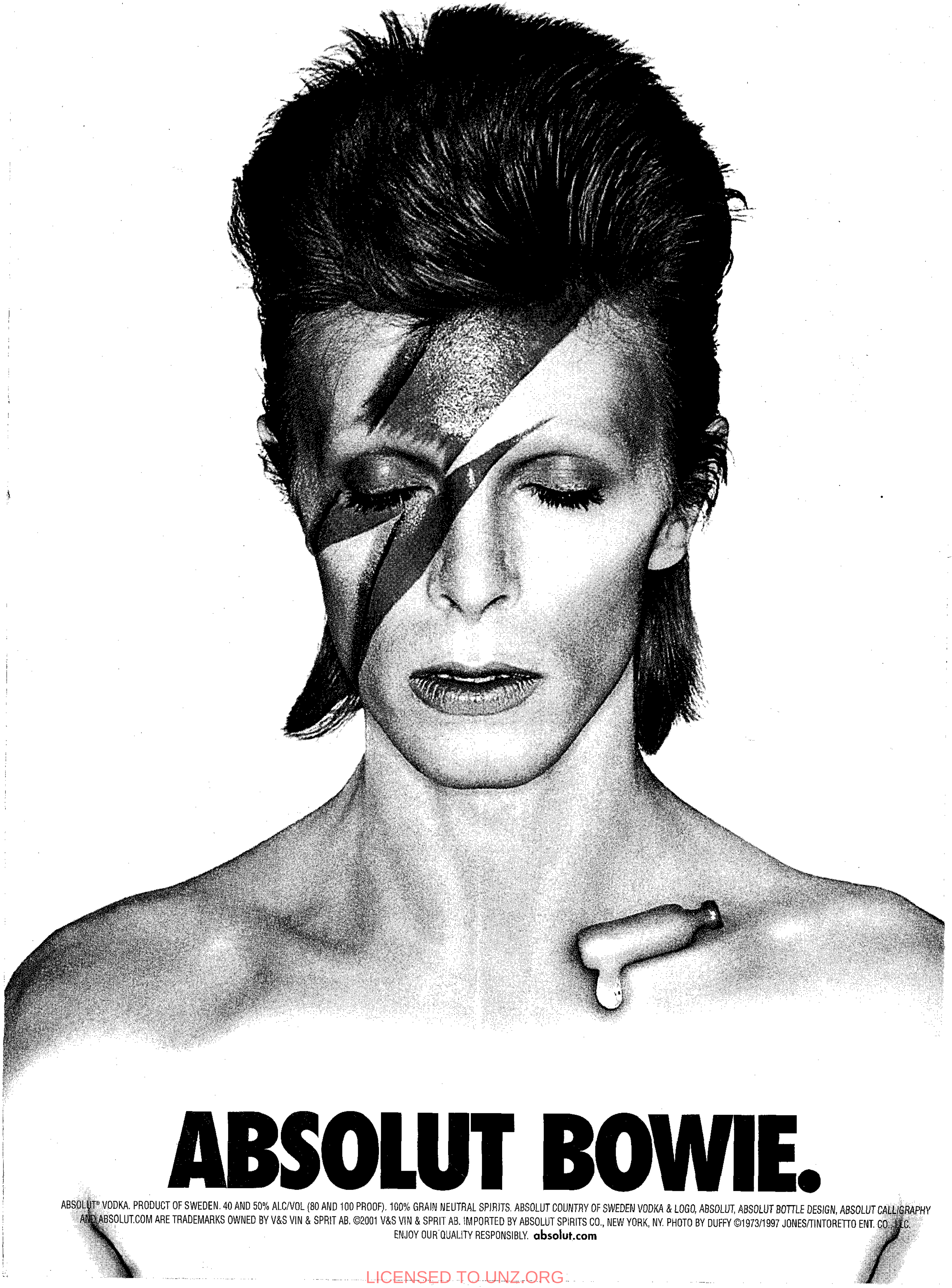
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